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BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE.

Reformed Episcopal Church

HYMNAL COMPANION

TO THE

PRAYER BOOK.

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES.

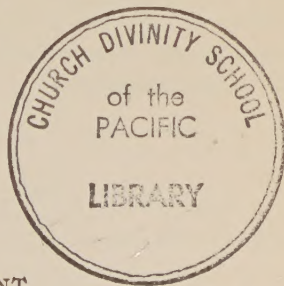
COMPILED AND HARMONIES REVISED BY

WILLIAM J. BOEHM, MUS. BAC.

SECOND EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA
HENRY RANKIN, AGENT
1126 RITNER STREET

1908



PREFACE.

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15 68 For some time past there has been urgent need in the Reformed Episcopal Church for a new edition of the "Hymnal Companion to the Prayer Book," otherwise known as "The Book of Common Praise." Taking occasion by this need the Eighteenth General Council of our Church which met in Philadelphia in May, 1906, appointed a Special Commission to revise the Church Hymnal. (See Journal of General Council of 1906, page 152.)

In the prosecution of its work, the Commission availed itself of a revision already partially executed by Bishop H. S. Hoffman, D. D., and, with this as a basis prepared the present Hymnal, which, under the authority vested in the Commission by the General Council, is now issued as the Revised and Enlarged Hymnal of our Church.

The Commission has earnestly aimed to set forth the fulness and positiveness of Evangelical truth, expressed in the choicest language of Christian poetry. The lyrics were selected from the rich treasuries of ancient and modern hymnody, so that side by side will be found the hymns which by long usage and tender associations have endeared themselves to the Church Universal with those that have in recent years inspired and elevated the worship of the Triune God in the great congregation. While it is probable that some will look in vain to find some old or new favorite, it will be discovered that without the incumbrance of too great weight in numbers, there is not a phase of Christian teaching and experience and of Church worship and work, that is not amply covered.

The Commission further believes that the Hymnal is in full harmony with the distinctive doctrines, principles and modes of worship prevailing in the Reformed Episcopal Church. We feel warranted in saying that the Book is an admirable digest of hymnal worship, which will commend itself to the general use of our Church, making next to the Prayer Book, a visible and potent bond of union among our people.

The Hymnal as revised and improved, is now commended to our Church and to the Christian public generally with the prayerful hope that it may prove a genuine help to the service of praise in our Church and conducive to promoting that dignified worship which befits those who would enter the Divine Presence in the beauty of holiness.

For the Commission :—

H. S. HOFFMAN, Chairman.

WILLIAM A. FREEMANTLE, Secretary.

*Philadelphia,
November 9th, 1907.*

INTRODUCTION.

The paramount purpose, in preparing the Musical edition of this Hymnal, has been to adapt the book for use in congregational singing, and thus by it inspire and elevate spiritual worship. Only tunes that were melodious and well suited to the sentiments of the hymns and which tended to promote reverent and joyful emotions in the worshipper of the Most High God, were allowed a place. While care has been exercised in selecting tunes that were inseparably associated with well-known hymns, there will be discovered many new tunes by the more eminent composers of the present day.

Most appreciative recognition is herewith expressed to Mr. William J. Boehm, Mus. Bac., to whom was committed the Musical Editorship of the Hymnal, the selection of the tunes, the revision of the harmonies, the preparation of the Indexes, and practically the supervision of the Musical edition of this book. The merit and excellence of the Hymnal as a collection of tunes is due to his musical knowledge and taste and to his painstaking, conscientious and systematic efforts.

Grateful acknowledgments are herewith expressed to the following:

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To MR. J. P. HOLBROOK, for the use of his tunes, Gerhardt, 140; Bishop, 303; Miriam, 416; Refuge, 417; Jewett, 463; Vox Jesu, 610.

To REV. ALFRED G. MORTIMER, D. D., for the use of his tunes, Haselbury, 177; St. Michael's, 337; St. John's, 349; St. Mark's, 376; Benedictus, 442; St. Clement's, 556; Mortimer, 600; St. Austin, 675.

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To MR. W. G. FISCHER, for the use of his tune, Hankey, 368.

To MR. WM. C. O'NEILL, for the words and tune, St. Paul, 430; and for the words of 468, and for recasting Hymn 641.

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To MR. W. H. WALTER, Mus. Doc., for the use of his tune, Milburn, 311.

To REV. F. F. HAGEN, for the use of his tune, Morning Star, 676.

To MR. GEORGE C. STEBBINS, for the use of his tunes, Stebbins, 17; and Whittle, 144.

To MR. S. A. WARD, Mus. Doc., for the use of his tune, Materna, 163.

To MR. GEORGE W. WARREN, Mus. Doc., for the use of his tunes, Resurrection, 276; and National Hymn, 292.

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To MR. H. R. PALMER, for the use of his tune, Palmer, 336.

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To REV. J. H. HOPKINS, D. D., for the use of his tune, Twilight, 15.

To the PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, for the use of tune, Schubert, 566, by William W. Gilchrist, Mus. Doc.

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Thanks are hereby expressed to the firm of Armstrong-Keyser Music Topographers, for many courtesies and valuable advice rendered during the time that the Hymnal was in process of preparation.

The undersigned has been most anxious to make due acknowledgment to all who are entitled to the same. If any have been overlooked, they will be acknowledged in future editions.

The book is now committed to the Christian public, in the hope that it will prove acceptable and promote the service of song wherever used.

November 9th, 1907,

Philadelphia.

H. S. HOFFMAN.

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Hymnal Companion

to the

Prayer Book.

Book of Common Praise.

Morning.

1 WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

"Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch."

1. God of the morn-ing, at Whose Voice The cheer-ful sun makes haste to rise,

And like a gi-ant doth re-joice To run his jour-ney thro' the skies. A-men.

2 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!

3 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

4 Lord! Thy commands are clean and pure.
Enlighten our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

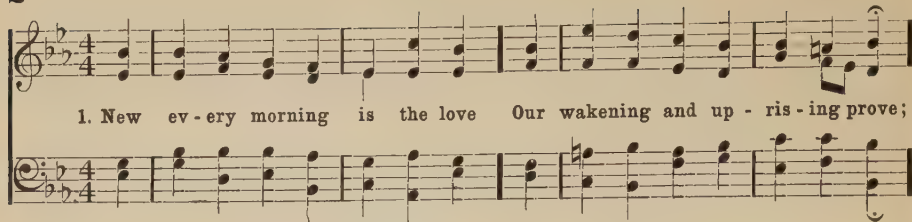
5 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

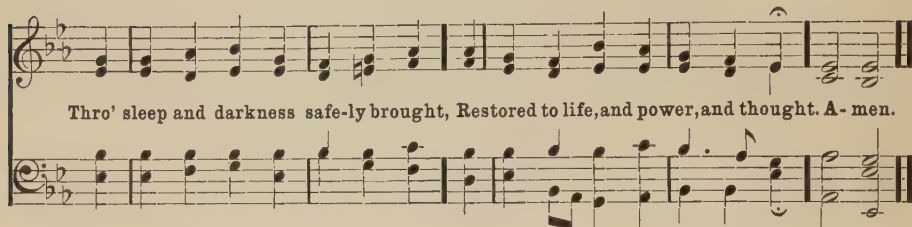
Morning.

2 MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBBE.



1. New ev - ery morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;



Thro' sleep and darkness safe - ly brought, Restored to life, and power, and thought. A - men.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves: a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

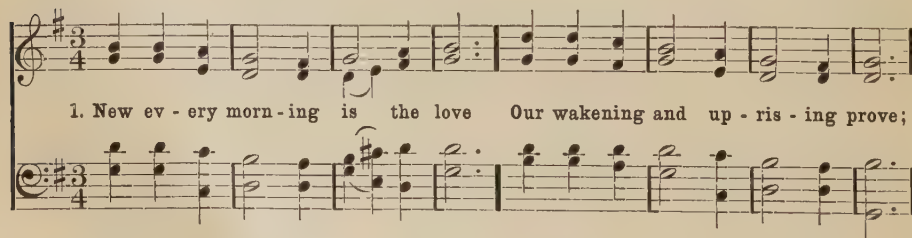
3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

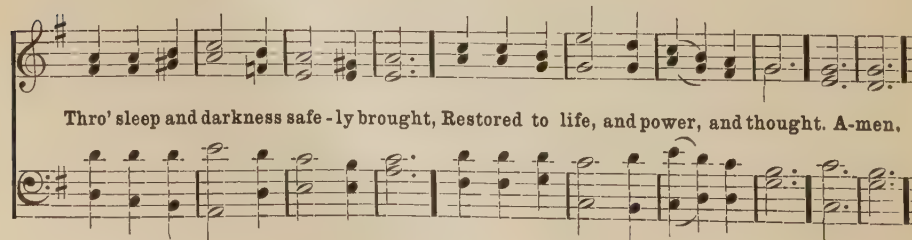
REV. JOHN KEBLE.

POLYCARP. L. M. (Second Tune.)

IG. PLEYEL.



1. New ev - ery morn - ing is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;

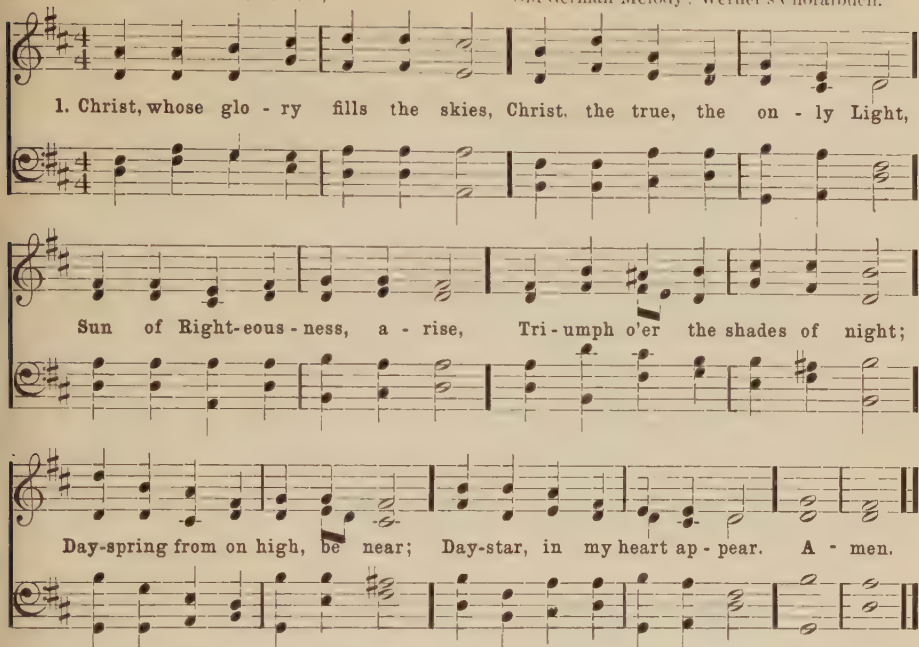


Thro' sleep and darkness safe - ly brought, Restored to life, and power, and thought. A - men.

Morning.

3 RATISBON. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Old German Melody. Werner's Choralbuch.



1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear. A - men.

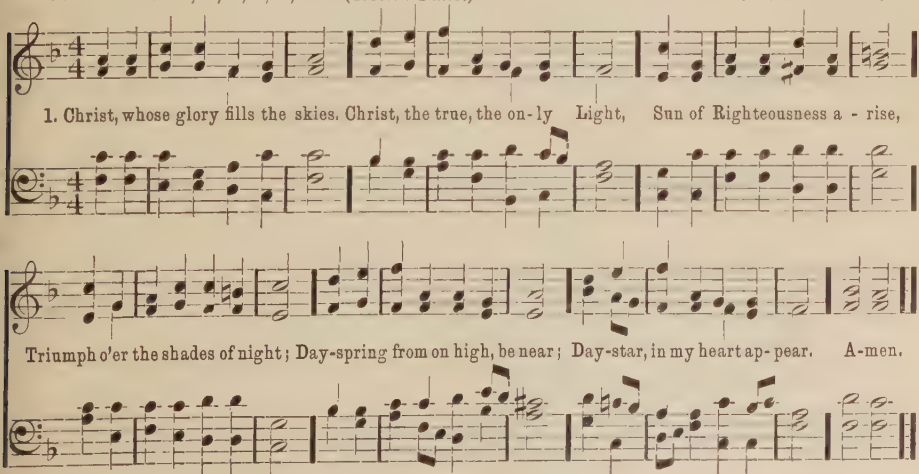
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiance divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Rev. C. WESLEY.

NASSAU. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. (Second Tune.)

J. ROSENMULLER.



1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light, Sun of Righteousness a - rise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear. A - men.

Morning.

4 MORNING HYMN. L. M.

F. H. BARTHELEMON.

1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri-fice. A-men.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

3 By influence of the light Divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

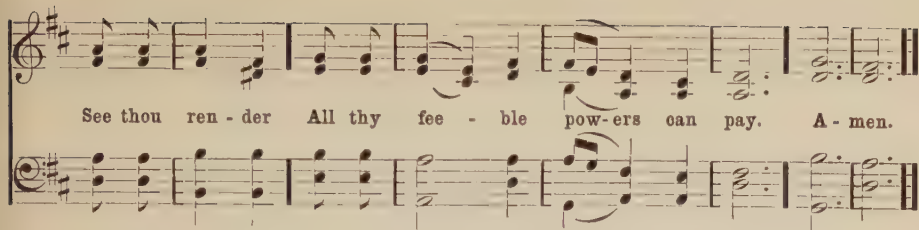
Bishop THOMAS KEN, (Text of 1709.)

5 HAYDN 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7.

Arr. from J. HAYDN.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing; Now is break-ing O'er the
earth an-oth-er day: Come to Him who made this splendor;

Morning.



2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

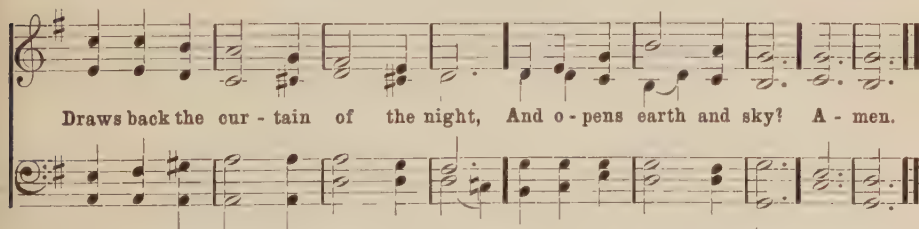
4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. CAINTZ. Tr. N. J. BUCHOLD.

6 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



2 'Tis Thine, my God, the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

3 'Tis Thine my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat;

That bore me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.

5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

6 May that dear hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to Thine holy hill,
And to Thy dwelling-place.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Morning.

7 ST. ATHANASIUS. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Ev-ery morning mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew; Ev-ery morning let us pay

Tribute with the ear - ly day: For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas-sion doth endure: A-men.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Every morning, for the strife,
Feed us with the Bread of Life.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-bless'd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Rev. GREVILLE PHILLIMORE, alt.

8 BROWNELL. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morn-ing light sa - lutes mine eyes,

0 Sun of Right-eous-ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine,

Morning.

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day. A-men.

2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend!
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

WM. SHRUBSOLE.

MELITA. ♩, ♩, ♩, ♩, ♩. (Second Tune.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. When, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes,

O Sun of Right-eous-ness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine,

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my darkness in - to day. A - men.

Evening.

9 TALLIS' HYMN. L. M.

T. TALLIS.

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own almighty wings. A - men.

2 For give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.

4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds;
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see.

7 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN.

10 HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTER. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if
Thou be near: O may no earth-born cloud arise

Evening.

To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes. A - men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let Him no more lie down in sin.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE.

ABENDS. L. M. *(Second Tune.)*

H. S. OAKELEY.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if

Thou be near: O may no earth - born cloud a - rise

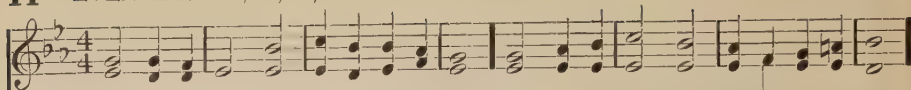
Org.

To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes. A - men.

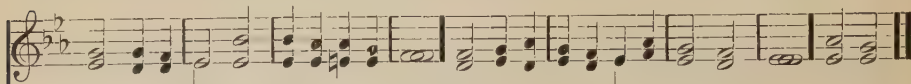
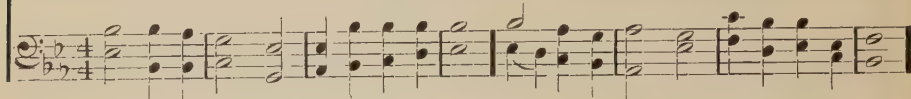
Evening.

11 EVENTIDE. 10, 10, 10, 10.

W. H. MONK.



1. A-bide with me: fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a-bide:



When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me. A-men.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

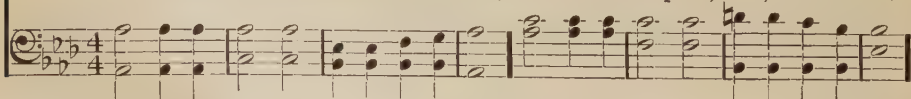
REV. H. F. LYTE.

BENEDICTION. 10, 10, 10, 10. (Second Tune.)

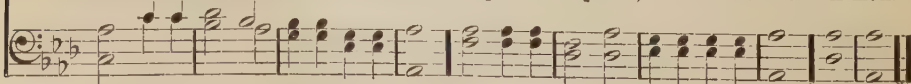
E. J. HOPKINS.



1. A-bide with me: fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:



When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O abide with me. A-men.



Evening.

12 BAMBOROUGH. 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8.

A. H. BROWN.



1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray Thee that of - fence - less



The hours of dark may be. O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the coming night! A-men.



2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
"Against him I have now prevailed;
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

From Greek Service Book, Rev. J. M. NEALE.

ST. ANATOLIUS. 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8. (Second Tune.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray Thee that of - fence - less



The hours of dark may be, O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the coming night! A-men.



Evening.

13 NUTFIELD. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

W. H. MONK.

1. God, who mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark - ness and light; Who the day for

toil hast giv-en, For rest the night; May Thine angel-guards defend us, Slumber sweet Thy

mer - cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night. A-men.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:

When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

Bishop R. HEBER. R. WHATELEY.

14 STELLA. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

H. F. HEMY.

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will

Evening.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. A-men.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, etc.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, etc.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day, etc.

5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.

F. W. FABER.

ST. MATTHIAS. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. (Second Tune.)

W. H. MONK.

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. A-men.

Evening.

15 ST. COLUMBA. 6, 4, 6, 6.

H. S. IRONS.

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

TR. E. CASWALL.

TWILIGHT. 6, 4, 6, 6. (Second Tune.)

J. H. HOPKINS.

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

1. Great God, to Thee my eve - ning song With hum-ble grat-i - tude I raise:

Oh, let Thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.</p> <p>3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.</p> | <p>4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord; His Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.</p> <p>5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy Name.</p> |
|--|--|

ANNE L. STEELE.

ST. VINCENT. L. M. (Second Tune.)

J. UGLOW.

1. Great God, to Thee my eve - ning song With hum-ble grat-i - tude I raise:

Oh, let Thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. A - men.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an even-ing bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;

Sin and want we come con-fess - ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A - men.

Copyright, 1906, by George C. Stebbins. Used by per.

- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary, Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
Darkness cannot hide from Thee; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
3 Though destruction walk around us, May the morn in heaven awake us,
Though the arrow past us fly, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON.

18 DEVOTION. 8, 8, 8, 8.

Anon.

1. In-spir - er and hear - er of prayer, Thou shep-herd and guardian of Thine.

My all to Thy cov - e - nant care, I, sleep-ing or wak-ing, re - sign. A - men.

- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
3 A sovereign protector I have, And walls of salvation surround
Unseen, yet for ever at hand; The soul He delights to defend.

19 SEYMOUR 7, 7, 7, 7.

Evening.

Arr. from C. M. von WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee. A - men.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. DOANE.

20 SCHUMANN. S. M.

Arr. from R. SCHUMANN.

1. Our day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall;

But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. A - men.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,

We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

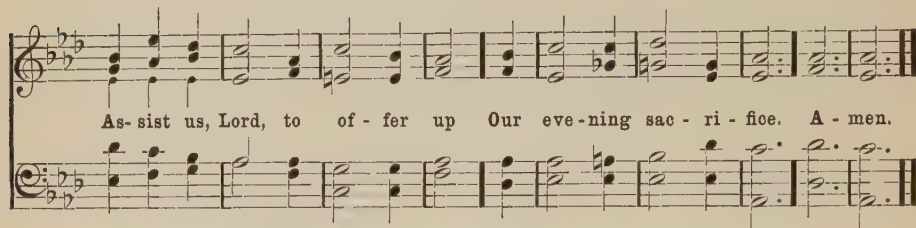
J. ELLERTON.

21 BEATITUDO. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Now from the al - tar of our hearts Let flames of love a - rise;



As - sist us, Lord, to of - fer up Our eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

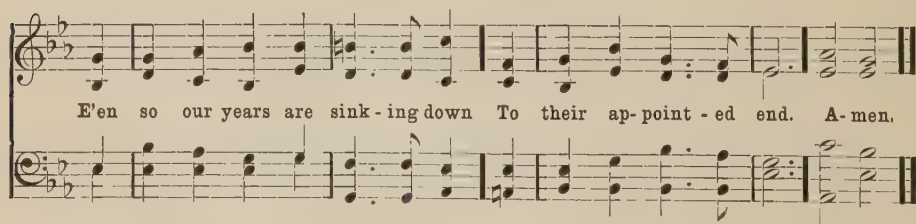
Rev. J. MASON.

22 HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

Sir J. BARNBY.



1. As now the sun's de - clin - ing rays To - ward the eve de - scend,



E'en so our years are sink - ing down To their ap - point - ed end. A - men.

2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were
To draw Thy people nigh; [stretched,
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host.

Rev. J. MASON.

Evening.

23 ST. LEONARD. (HILES.) C. M. D.

H. HILES.

1. The shad - ows of the even - ing hours Fall from the dark - ening sky;

Up - on the fra - grance of the flowers The dew - s of even - ing lie:

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy chil - dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things Divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord.
O give us now repose.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Evening.

24 VESPERI LUX. 7, 7, 7, 5.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With thy love's per - pet - ual ray;
Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day Light at eve - ning time. A - men.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;

Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

R. H. ROBINSON,

25 ANGELUS. L. M.

Alt. from GEORG JOSEPHI.

1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay;
O in what di - vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a - way! A - men.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near,
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;

And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Evening.

26 BENEDICTION. 10, 10, 10, 10.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac-cord our part-ing hymn of praise;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease; Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

PAX DEI. 10, 10, 10, 10. (Second Tune.)

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac-cord our parting hymn of praise;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease; Then, low-ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace. A-men.

Evening.

27 TWILIGHT. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

Sir J. BARNBY.

1. Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;

Through the si-lent watch-es guard us; Let no foe our peace mo-lest:

Slower.

Je-sus, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-men.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

3 Triune God, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who dost seek and save the lost;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

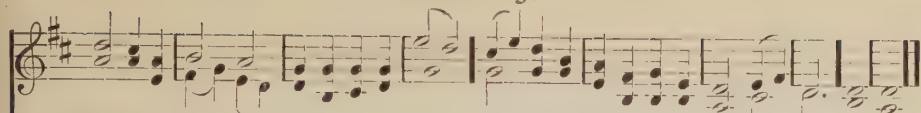
28 NACHTLIED: 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.

H. SMART.

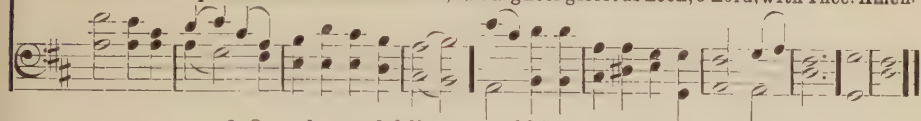
1. The day is gen-tly sinking to a close. Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:

O Brightness of thy Father's glory, Thou E-ter-nal Light of Light, be with us now:

Evening.



Where Thou art present darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. Amen.



2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide;
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is moldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

29 ST. GABRIEL. 8, 8, 8, 4.

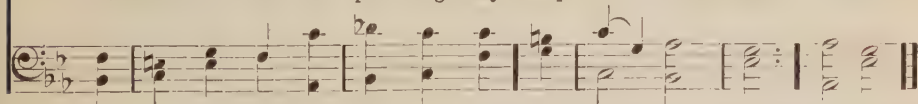
F. A. G. OUSELEY.



1. The ra-diant morn hath passed a-way, And spent too soon her gold - en store;



The shad-ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more. A - men.



2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life work done,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

The Lord's Day.

30 ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. C. M.

G. M. GARRETT.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;

Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. A-men.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's Name
To save our sinful race.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

ARLINGTON. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

T. A. ARNE.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;

Let heaven re-joice, Let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. A-men.

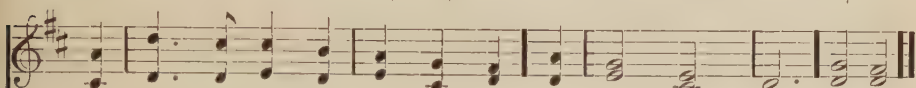
The Lord's Day.

31 WREFORD. 8, 6, 8, 4.

Rev. E. S. CARTER.



1. Hail! sa - cred day of earth - ly rest, From toil and trou - ble free:



Hail! day of light, that bring - est light And joy to me. A - men.



2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou, this day, hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

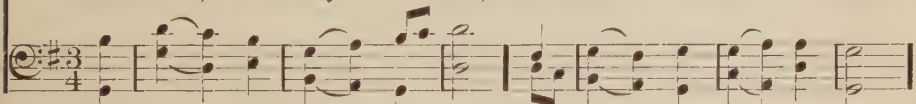
GODFREY THRING.

32 THATCHER. S. M.

G. F. HÄNDEL. "Semele."



1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise!



Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes! A - men.



2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

The Lord's Day.

33 SWABIA. S. M.

Old German Chorale. Arr. by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. This is the day of light: Let there be light to - day;

O Dayspring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way. A - men.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirit's fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

34 BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBBE.

1. Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;.....

The laborer's rest, the saint's delight, The day of prayer and praise. A - men.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;

And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear,
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

J. MASON.

The Lord's Day.

35 ROTTERDAM. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

B. TOURS.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad-ness, Most

beau-ti-ful, most bright: On thee the high and lowly, Thro' a-ges joined in tune, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly,

Ho-ly, To the great God Tri-une. A-men.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

MENDEBRAS. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. (Second Tune.)

German Melody. Arr. by L. MASON.

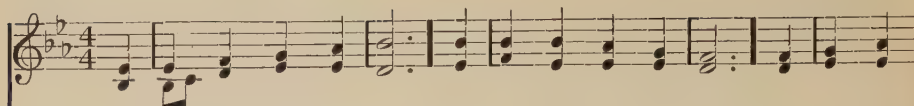
1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, }
{ O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; } On thee the high and low-ly,

Thro' a-ges joined in tune, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great God Tri-une. A-men.

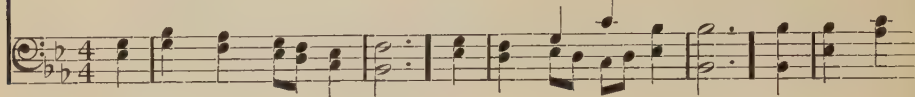
The Lord's Day.

36 BEVAN. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Sir J. Goss.



1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail the sa - cred day! In lof - tiest



songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay: Come, bless the day that



God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest. A - men.



2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain Thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

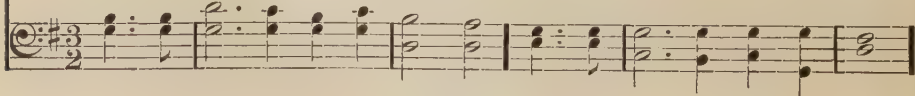
R. SCOTT. T. CATTERILL.

37 GRANGE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



1. Al - le - lu - ia! fair - est morn - ing, Fair - er than our words can say!



The Lord's Day.

Down we lay the heav - y bur - den Of life's toil and care to - day;

While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove. A - men.

2 Sabbath, full of holy glory,
Sweetest rest-day of the soul,
Light upon the world of darkness
From thy blessed moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of God's worship
We will seek our joy to-day:
It is then we learn the fulness
Of the grace for which we pray:
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it has begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That, at last, Thy servants may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

J. KRAUSE. Tr. J. BORTHWICK.

NEANDER. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. (Second Tune.)

J. NEANDER.

1. { Al - le - lu - ia! fair - est morn - ing, Fair - er than our words can say! }
Down we lay the heav - y bur - den Of life's toil and care to - day;

While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove. A - men.

The Lord's Day.

38 ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

W. JONES.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God hath called His own;

With joy the sum-mons we o - bey To wor-ship at His throne. A - men.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

H. AUER.

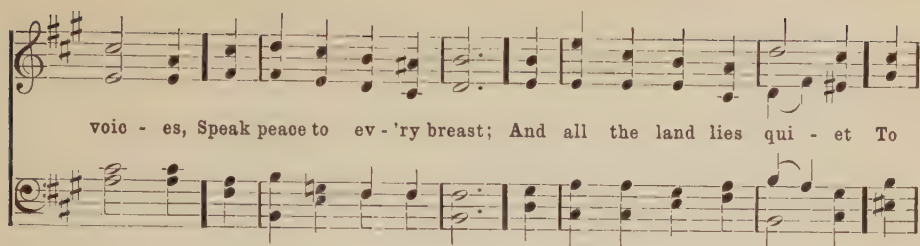
39 CLEETHORPES. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. A - gain the morn of glad - ness, The morn of light, is here; And

earth it - self looks fair - er, And heav'n it - self more near; The bells like an - gel

The Lord's Day.



voic - es, Speak peace to ev - 'ry breast; And all the land lies qui - et To

REFRAIN.



keep the day of rest. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Let all His chil-dren



say; He rose a - gain, He rose a - gain On this glad day! A - men.

2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouths shall show Thy praise.

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above—
These all adore and praise Him,
Whom we too praise and love.

4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.

5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children sing His name!
Still louder and still further
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemed
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing.

REFRAIN.—Glory be to Jesus,
Let all creation say;
He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day!

JOHN ELLERTON.

The Lord's Day.

40 SABBATH MORN. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

L. MASON.

1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing seek,

Wait-ing in His courts to-day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e-ter-nal rest.

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest. A-men.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

41 LISCHER. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Arr. from F. J. C. SCHNEIDER, by L. MASON.

1. Welcome, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest; I hail thy kind re-turn;

The Lord's Day.

Lord, make these moments blest: From the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im-

mor-tal joys, I soar..... to reach im - mor - tal joys. A - men.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne with grace;
Thy scepter, Lord extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

HAYWARD, in Dobell's Selection.

42 DARWALL. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

REV. J. DARWALL.

1. Lord of the worlds a-bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of Thy love, Thine earthly

tem-ples, are: To Thine a - bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God. A - men.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still: and happy they
That love the way to Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,

Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat; when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defense;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts, alone in Thee.

The Lord's Day.

43 ST. RAPHAEL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as-semb-ling, We, Thy peo-ple, now draw near;

Teach us to re-joice with trembling, Speak, and let Thy ser-vants hear—

Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god-ly fear. A-men.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,	3 There is worship purer, sweeter,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;	Thee Thy people shall adore;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,	Tasting of enjoyment greater.
May we run, nor weary be,	Far than thought conceived before—
Till Thy glory	Full enjoyment,
Without clouds in heaven we see.	Full, unmixed, and evermore.

T. KELLY.

44 SICILIAN MARINERS. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Sicilian Melody.

1. { Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
 Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace: }

The Lord's Day.

0 re-fresh us, 0 re-fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil-der-ness. A-men.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Let no fear of death appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey:
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

Anon. (ascribed to Rev. JOHN FAWCETT):
verse 1, l. 6, alt.; verse 3, recast by Rev. G. Thring.

STÖRL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. (Second Time.)

J. G. C. STÖRL.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace:

Oh, re-fresh us, Trav'l-ing thro' this wil-der-ness. A-men.

Advent.

45 MERTON. 8, 7, 8, 7.

W. H. MONK.

1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;

"Cast a-way the dream of darkness, O ye chil-dren of the day!" A-men.

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

4 That when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

5 Honor, glory, might and blessing,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

From Latin, Rev. E. CASWALL.

46 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Sav-iour promised long; Let ev-ry

heart pre-pare a throne, And ev-ry voice a song, And ev-ry voice a song. A-men.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,

And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
T'enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name.

Rev. P. DODDRIDGE.

Advent.

47 STUTTGART. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Come, Thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;
From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A-men.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King.

Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Rev. C. WESLEY.

48 WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch.

1. On Jor-dan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-noun-ces that the Lord is nigh;
Come then and heark-en, for He brings Glad ti-dings from the King of kings. A-men.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest:
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

4 Stretch forth Thy hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise, to fall no more;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love Divine.

5 To Him, who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given;
Like praise be to the Father done;
And Holy Spirit,—Three in One.

CHARLES COFFIN. Tr. Rev. JOHN CHANDLER.

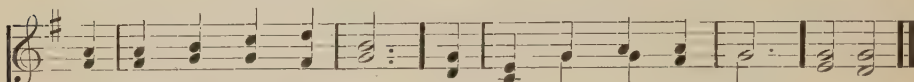
Advent.

49 ST. CECILIA. 6, 6, 6, 6.

Rev. Dr. HAYNE.



1. Thy king - dom come, O God! Thy rule, O Christ be - gin!



Break with Thine i - ron rod The tyr - an - nies of sin! A-men.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love!
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

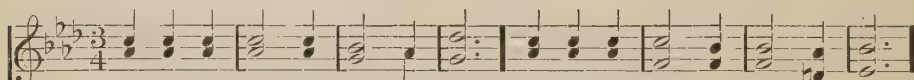
3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

5 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.


LEWIS HENSLEY.

50 PENTECOST. L. M.

W. BOYD.



1. That day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,



What pow'r shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day? A-men.

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead.

3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Advent.

51 REDHEAD, No. 1. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

R. REDHEAD.



1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, Once for our sal - va - tion slain ; Thousand angel-hosts attending



Swell the tri-umph of His train : Al - le - lu - ia ! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign. A - men.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

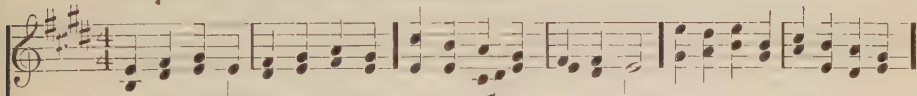
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,

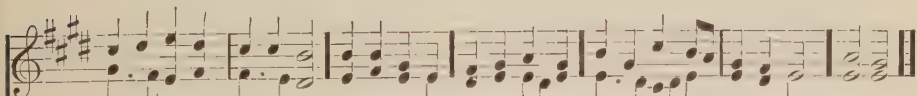
4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

JOHN CENNICK.

ST. THOMAS. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. (Second Tune.)



1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, Once for our sal - va - tion slain : Thousand angel-hosts attending



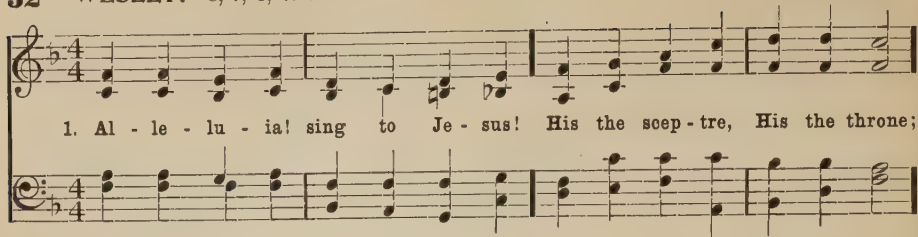
Swell the triumph of His train : Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Christ, the Lord, returns to reign. A - men.



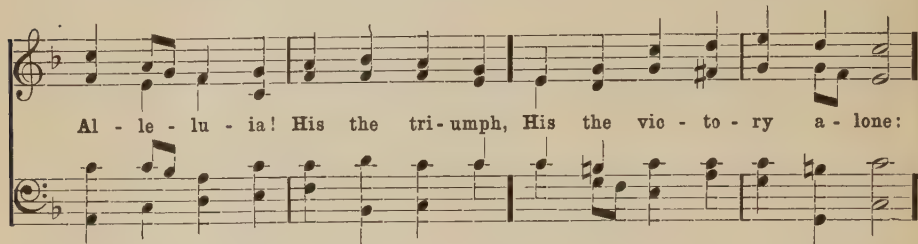
Advent.

52 WESLEY. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

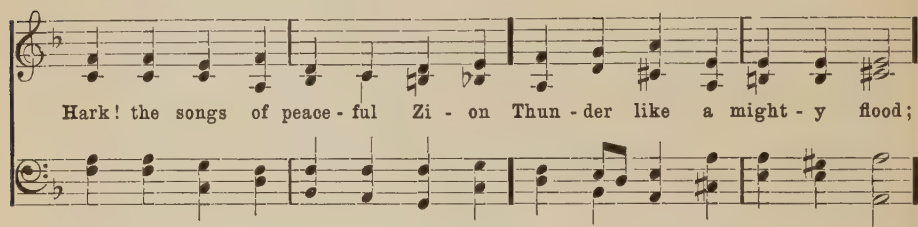
S. S. WESLEY.



1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the sceptre, His the throne;



Al - le - lu - ia! His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:



Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on Thun - der like a might - y flood;



Je - sus, out of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hath redeemed us by His blood. A - men.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans,
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore?"

3 Alleluia! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful!
Flee to Thee from day to day;

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

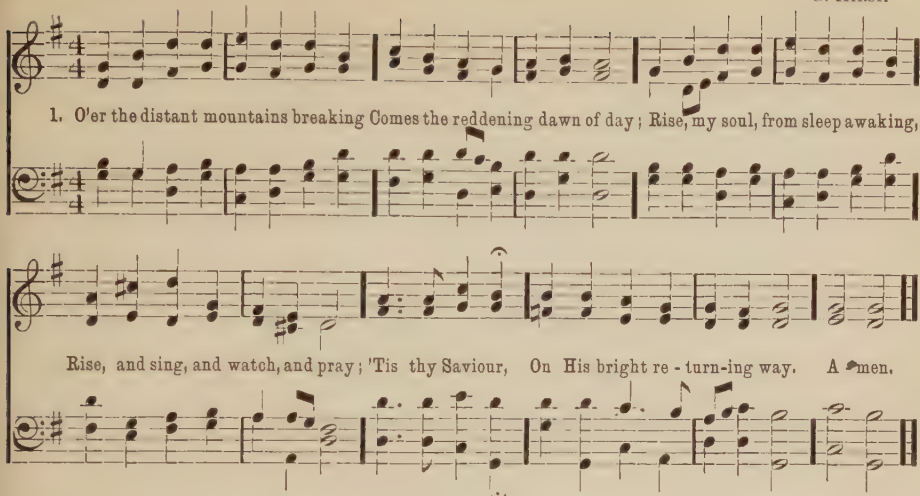
4 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

Advent.

53 HIRST. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

G. HIRST.



1. O'er the distant mountains breaking Comes the reddening dawn of day; Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray; 'Tis thy Saviour, On His bright re-turn-ing way. A - men.

2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,

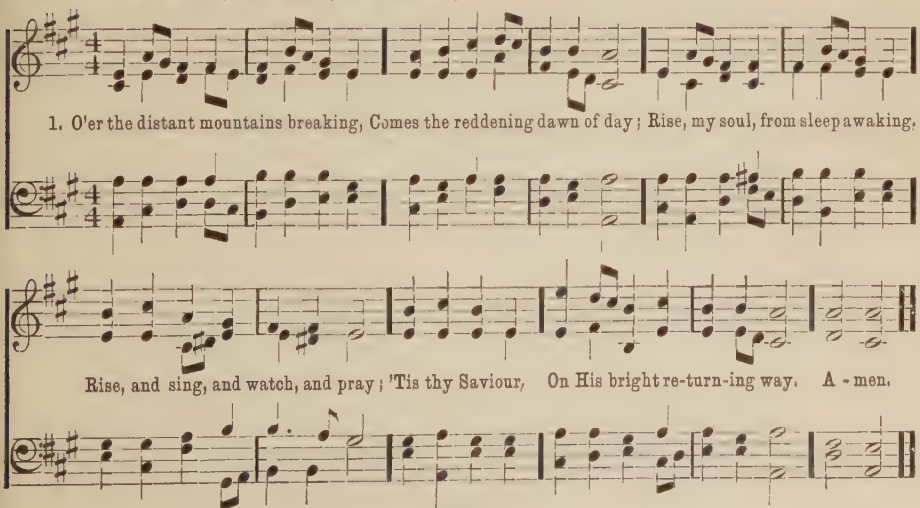
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burn-
Swift to hear and slow to roam, [ing,
Watching for Thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

STÖRL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. (Second Tune.)

J. G. C. STÖRL.



1. O'er the distant mountains breaking, Comes the reddening dawn of day; Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray; 'Tis thy Saviour, On His bright re-turn-ing way. A - men.

Advent.

54 GREENLAND. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Lausanne Psalter.

1. Re-joice, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights appear; The evening is ad-vanc-ing,
And dark-ernight is near. The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draweth nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle: At mid-night comes the cry. A - men.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With Alleluias clear.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever
When sorrow is no more.

Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold!

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

From German, Miss F. BORTHWICK.

MUNICH. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. (Second Tune.)

German.

1. { Re - joice, all ye be-lievers, And let your lights appear; }
{ The evening is ad-vancing, And dark-ernight is near. } The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing,

Advent.

And soon He draweth nigh; Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle: At midnight comes the cry. Amen.

55 ST. EDITH. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

J. H. KNECHT, and Rev. E. HUSBAND.

1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door, In low-ly patience waiting

To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His Name and sign we bear:

O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him stand-ing there! A-men.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

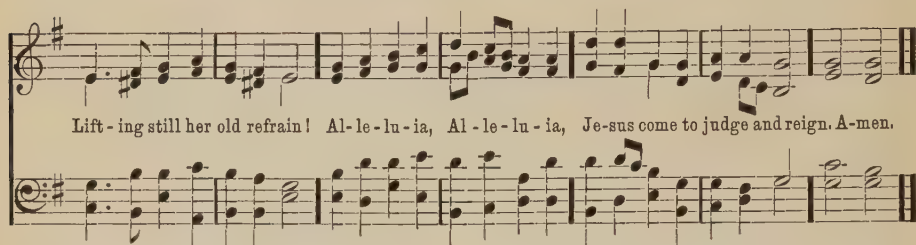
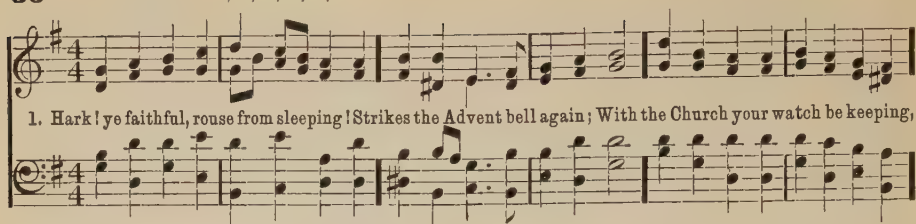
3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW.

Advent.

56 ST. LUKE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D.



2 Fast flows on the tide of ages;
Of its fullness signs appear:
Tokens by the prophet pages,
Seem to tell the Coming near:
Alleluia,
Welcome Lord and Saviour dear!

3 Waxeth cold the love of many;
Waxeth hot the Devil's spite;
Few the steadfast—hardly any
Daring for the true and right,
Alleluia,
Jesus, come in Thine own might.

4 List, the seventh trumpet pealing—
While the world keeps on its ways,
Sudden shows the last revealing;
Sudden breaks the Day of days:
Alleluia, [praise.
Come, Lord, when Thou wilt,—we'll

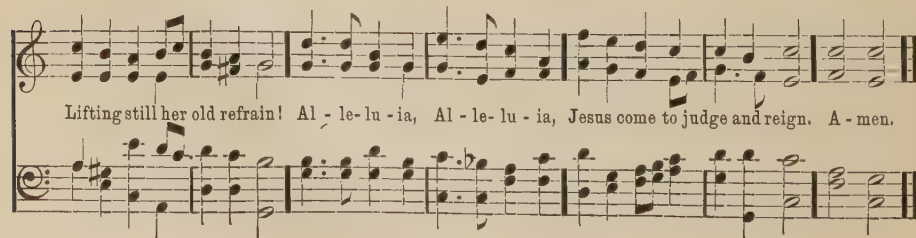
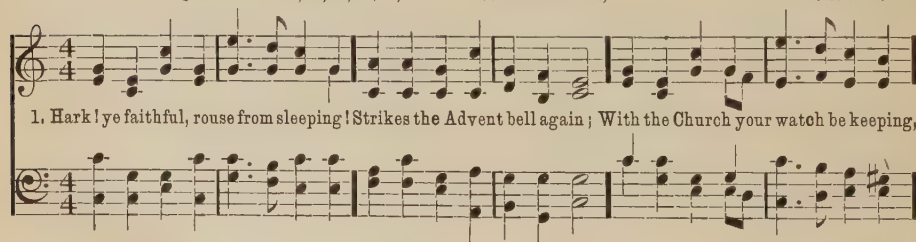
5 Join their cry who've gone before us,
Waiting for their final home:
Theirs and ours Redemption's chorus,
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come:
Alleluia,
Even so, Lord Jesus, come.

Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D.

REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

(Second Tune.)

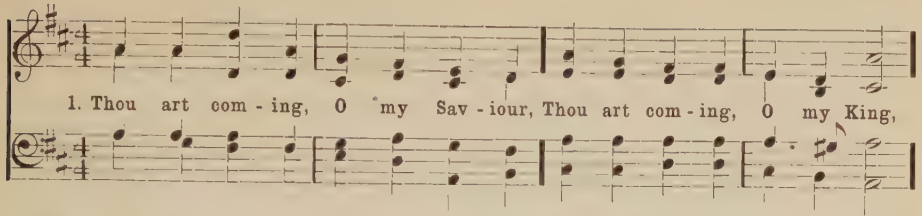
H. SMART.



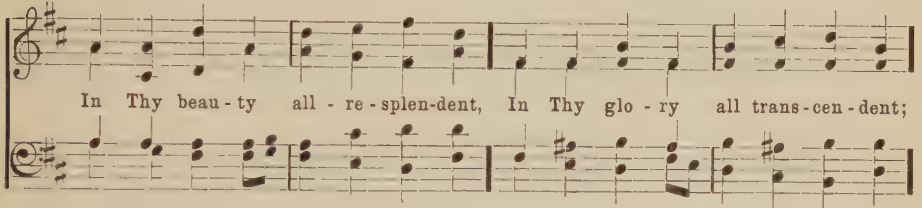
Advent.

57 ADVENT. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7.

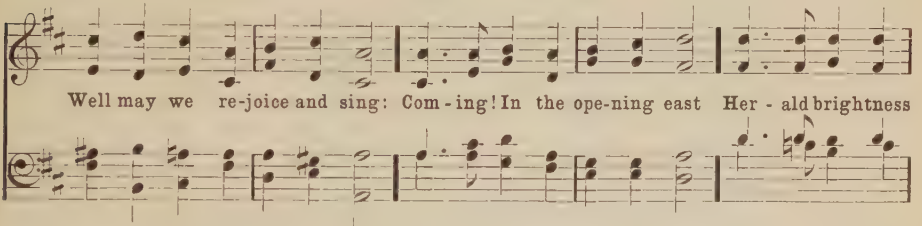
W. H. MONK.



1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour, Thou art com-ing, O my King,



In Thy beau-ty all-re-splen-dent, In Thy glo-ry all trans-cen-dent;



Well may we re-joice and sing: Com-ing! In the ope-ning east Her-ald bright-ness



slow-ly swells: Com-ing! O my glorious Priest, Hear we not Thy golden bells? A-men.

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great.
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord;
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord,
Thee, my master, and my friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

Advent.

58 STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1. The Church has wait - ed long Her ab - sent Lord to see;

And still in lone - li - ness she waits, A friendless stran - ger she. A - men.

2 How long, O Lord, our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge the suffering Church
Her sighs, her tears, and blood?

Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?

3 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory there
As here we share Thy grace.

5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.

4 Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn;

6 Come Lord, and wipe each tear away,
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

59 HARWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. With Refrain.

L. MASON.

1. {Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove; }
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic - es; Je - sus reigns the God of love; }

See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

Advent.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing.
"Glory, glory to our King!"

REV. T. KELLY.

60 VENI EMMANUEL. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

C. F. GOUNOD.

1. O come, O come Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive Is-ra-el,

That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here Un-til the Son of God ap-pear.

Re-joice! Re-joice! Emman-u-el Shall come to Thee, O Is-ra-el. A-men.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

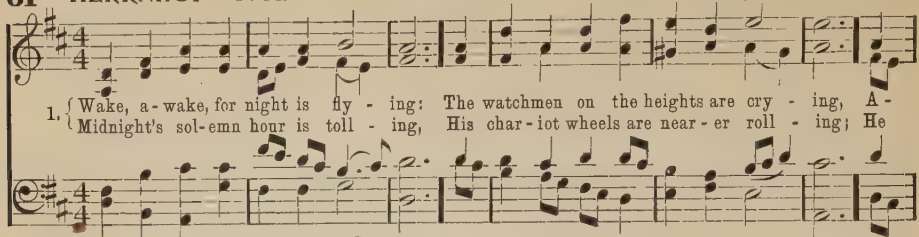
3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

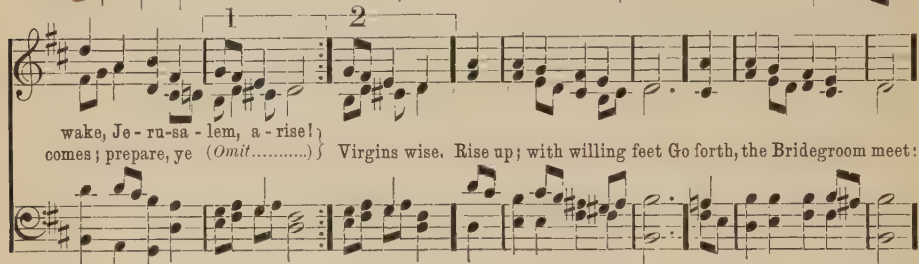
Advent.

61 HERRNHUT P. M.

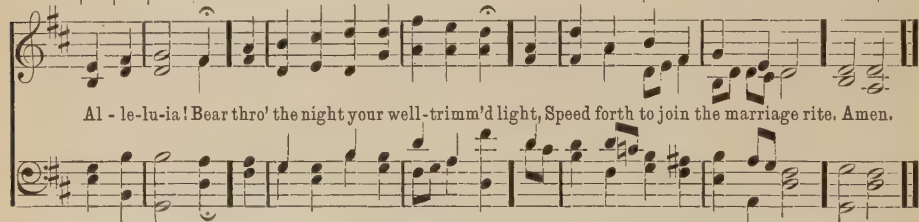
P. NICOLAI. Har. by MENDELSSOHN.



1. { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing: The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing, A -
Midnight's sol-ern hour is toll - ing, His char-iot wheels are near - er roll - ing; He



1 2
wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise! }
comes; prepare, ye (Omit.....) } Virgins wise. Rise up; with willing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet:



Al - le - lu - ia! Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the marriage rite, Amen.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our crown, and our reward!
Alleluia!

3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
By the pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:

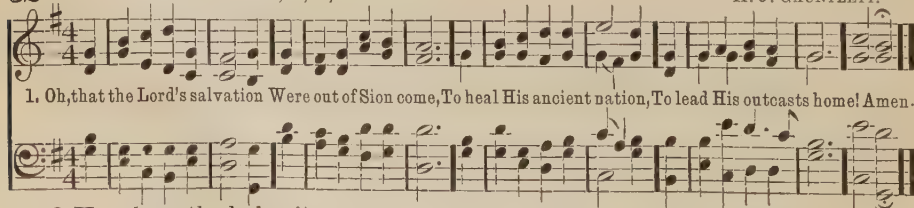
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

P. NICOLAI. Tr. by WINKWORTH.

62 ST. ALPHEGE. 7, 6, 7, 6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. Oh, that the Lord's salvation Were out of Zion come, To heal His ancient nation, To lead His outcasts home! Amen.

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;

Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Rev. H. T. LYTE.

Christmas.

63 YORKSHIRE. 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.

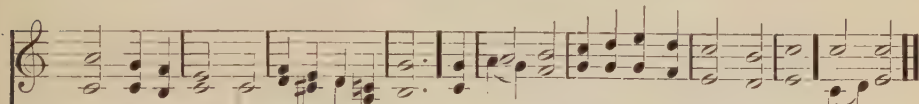
J. WAINWRIGHT.



1. Christians, a-wake! sa-lute the hap-py morn Where-on the Saviour of man-kind was born;



Rise to a-dore the mys-ter-y of love Which hosts of an-gels chanted from a - bove;



With them the joyful tidings first begun Of God in-carnate and the Virgin's Son. A - men.



2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

4 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

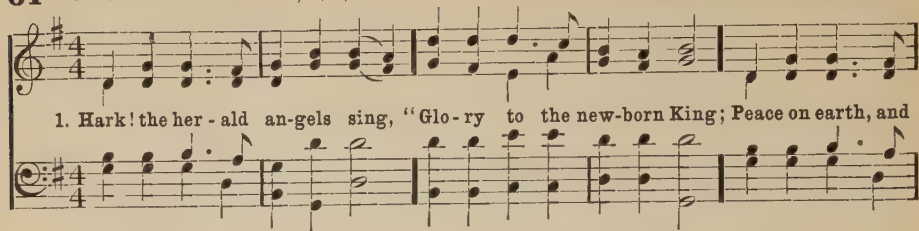
5 Then may we hope, the angelic throngs among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display,
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

J. BYROM.

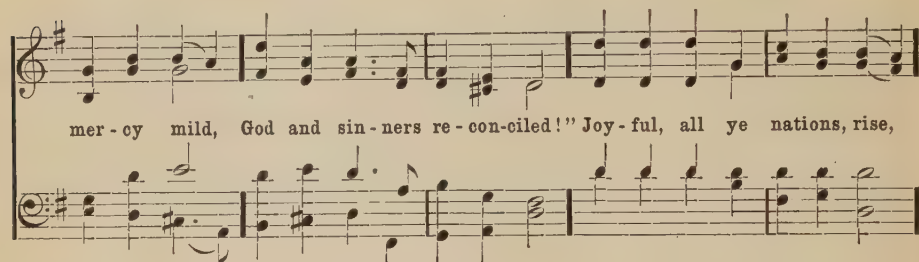
Christmas.

64 MENDELSSOHN. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

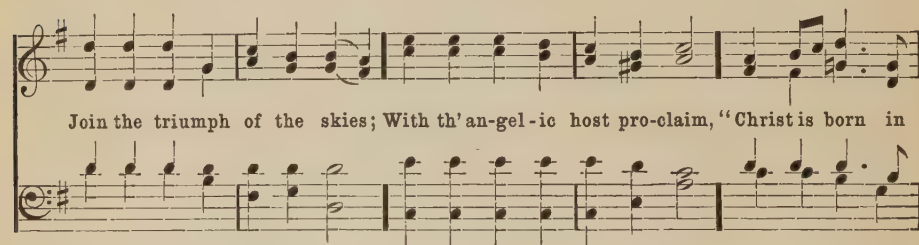
Arr. from MENDELSSOHN, by W. H. CUMMINGS.



1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and



mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise,



Join the triumph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in



Beth-le-hem!" Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King." A-men.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King; Let

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing. A - men.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

ANTIOCH. C. M. (Second Tune.)

Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre-prepare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing. A - men.

sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

Christmas.

66 ADESTE FIDELES. 11, 11, 11, 11.

J. READING.

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - umph - ant - ly sing! Come, see in the

man - ger the an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem hast - en with

joy - ful ac - cord! O come ye, come hith - er to wor - ship the Lord!

O come ye, come hith - er to wor - ship the Lord! A - men.

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither to worship the Lord!

3 Hark, hark to the angels! all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither to worship the Lord!

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth:
True Godhead incarnate! Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

Christmas.

NATIVITY. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. (Second Tune.)

Sir J. BARNEY.

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, Tri - umph - ant - ly sing; Come, see in the

man - ger The an - gels' dread King; To Beth - le - hem hast - en With

joy - ful ac - cord; O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come

hith - er, O come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord. A - men.

2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

3 Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"

To Bethlehem hasten
With joyful accord!
O come ye, come hither
To worship the Lord!

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth:
True Godhead incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

Tr. E. CASWELL AND P. SCHAFF.



Christmas.

67 TRINITY. 8, 3, 3, 6. D.

F. T. S. DARLEY.

1. All my heart this night re-joic-es, As I hear Far and near, Sweetest an-gel voic-es;

"Christ is born," their choirs are singing: Till the air, Ev-ry-where, Now with joy is ring-ing. A-men.

2 Hark, a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet
Doth entreat,

"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come, from all that grieves you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder:

Hear let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star,
That from far,
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found, of gladness;

Cling to Him, for He will guide you:
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

5 Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee;
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

6 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

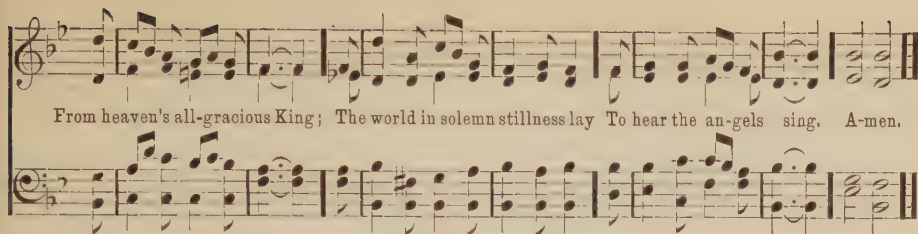
Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

68 CAROL. C. M. D.

R. S. WILLIS.

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old, From an-gels bending
near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-will to men,

Christmas.



From heaven's all-gracious King; The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing. A-men.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come Look now, for glad and golden hours
With peaceful wings unfurled; Come swiftly on the wing:
And still their heavenly music floats O rest beside the weary road,
O'er all the weary world: And hear the angels sing.

Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

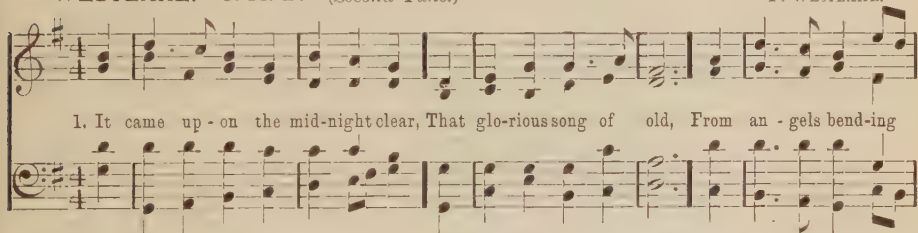
3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace, their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

REV. E. H. SEARS.

WESTLAKE. C. M. D. (Second Tune.)

F. WESTLAKE.



1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-ri-ous song of old, From an - gels bend-ing



near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From



heaven's all-gracious King; The world in solemn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing. A-men.

Christmas.

69 HOLY VOICES. 8, 7, 8, 7.

G. J. GEER.

1. Hark! what means those Ho-ly voic - es Sweet - ly sound-ing through the skies?

Lo! the an-gelic host re - joic - es, Heav'n-ly al - le - lu - ias rise. A - men.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God Most High!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing:
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
Glory be to God Most High!"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. J. CAWOOD.


AUSTRIA. 8, 7, 8, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

JOS. HAYDN.

1. Hark! what means those Ho-ly voic-es Sweet - ly sound-ing through the skies?

Lo! the an-gelic hosts re - joic - es, Heav'n-ly al - le - lu - ias rise.

Christmas.

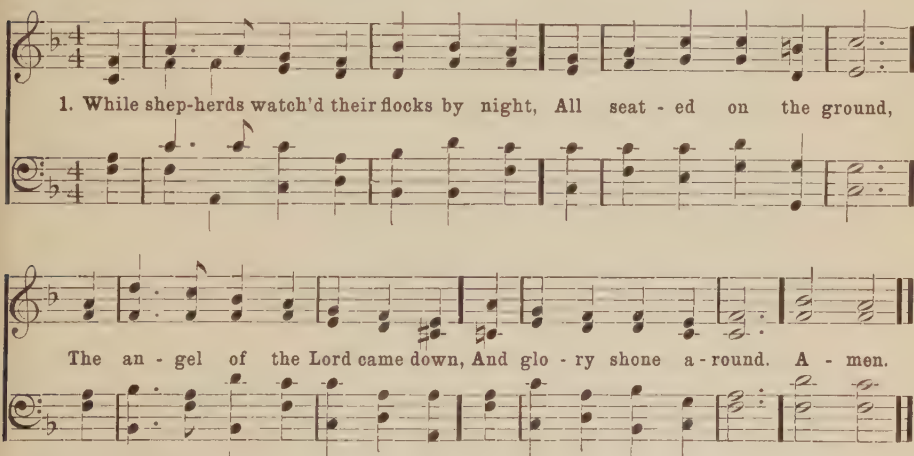


Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:

"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God Most High! A - men.

70 WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

Old or Early English.



1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. A - men.

See also CAROL, No. 68.

- 2 "Fear not," said He, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 "All Glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

Christmas.

71 AVISON. 11, 11, 12, 11. (With Refrain.)

C. AVISON.

REFRAIN.

Shout the glad ti-dings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-

si-ah is King. 1. Zi-on, the mar-vel-ous sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the

High-est, how low-ly His birth; The bright-est arch-an-gel in glo-ry ex-cel-ling, He

Repeat 1st Refrain.

After last verse.

stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up-on earth. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;

Je-ru-salem triumphs, Messiah is King, Mes-si-ah is King, Mess-i-ah is King. A-men.

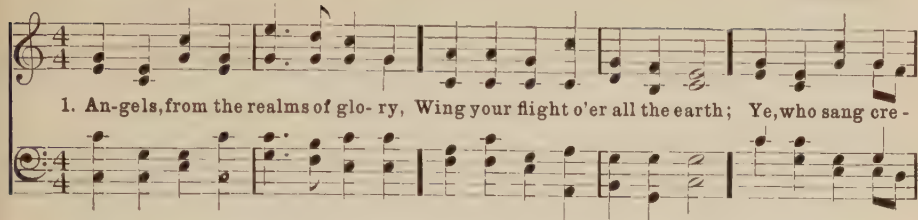
- 2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the glad-ome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Rev. W. A. MUHLBERG.

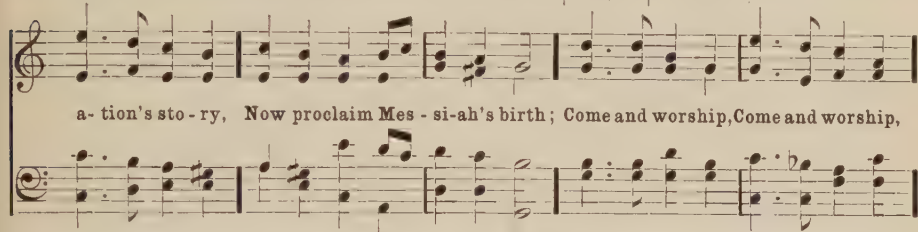
Christmas.

72 REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

H. SMART.



1. An-gels, from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye, who sang cre-



a-tion's sto-ry, Now proclaim Mes-si-ah's birth; Come and worship, Come and worship,



Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

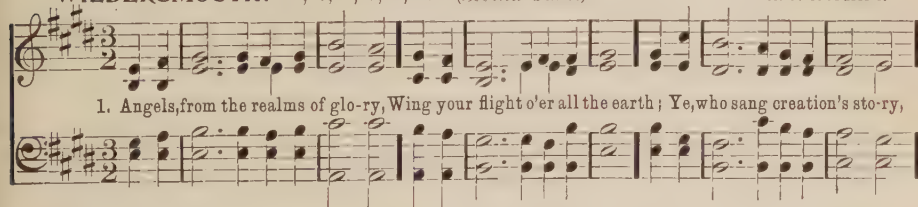
2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

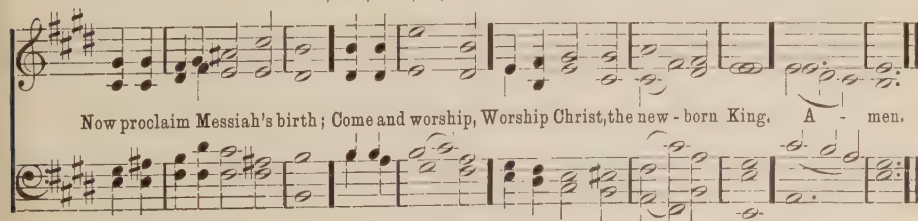
J. MONTGOMERY.

WILDERSMOUTH. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. (Second Tune.)

E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Angels, from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye, who sang creation's sto-ry,



Now proclaim Messiah's birth; Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-men.

Christmas.

73 AMBREY. C. M.

S. WEBBE.

1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,

Where wild Ju - de - a stretches far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains. A - men.

2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Rev. E. H. SEARS, D. D.

74 HEATHLANDS. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

H. SMART.

1. Sing, O sing this bless - ed morn; Un - to us a child is born,

Un - to us a Son is giv'n, God Him - self comes down from heav'n;

Christmas.



Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A - men.

2 God of God, and Light of light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, O sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, O sing, etc.

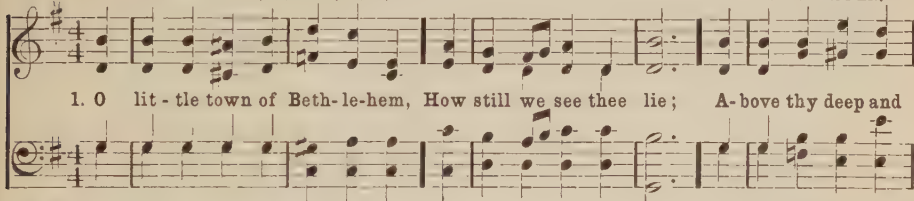
4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, O sing, etc.

5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, O sing, etc.

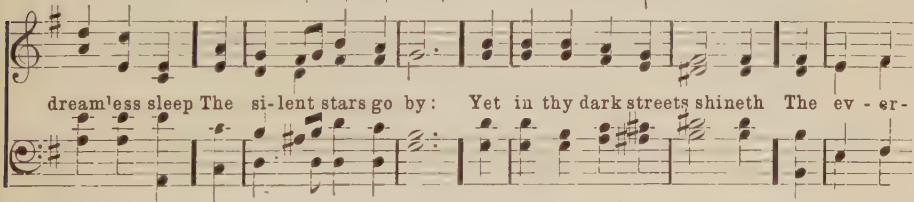
Bishop C. WORDSWORTH.

L. H. REDNER.

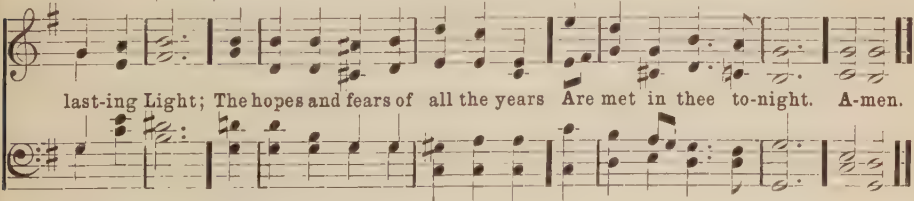
75 ST. LOUIS. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.



1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie; A - bove thy deep and



dream'less sleep The si - lent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er -



last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Christmas.

76 CANONBURY. L. M.

Arr. from R. SCHUMANN.

1. All praise to Thee, E - ter - nal Lord, Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;

Choos-ing a man - ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine alone. A - men.

2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now:
Angels who did in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms Divine,
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

3 A little Child, Thou art our Guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won:
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Old and New Year.

77 CHALVEY. S. M. D.

REV. L. G. HAYNE.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest,

A-sleep with-in the tomb. Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day;

Old and New Year.

cres. *dim. p*

O! wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not;
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

78 DUNDEE. C. M.

Arr. C. TYE.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home: A - men.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Old and New Year.

79 BENEVENTO. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Arr. from S. WEBBE.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hast-ed thro' the for- mer year, Ma- ny souls their

race have run, Never more to meet us here: Fixed in an eternal state, They have done with

all be-low; We a lit- tle lon- ger wait, But how lit- tle none can know. A- men.

2 As the wing'd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

4 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

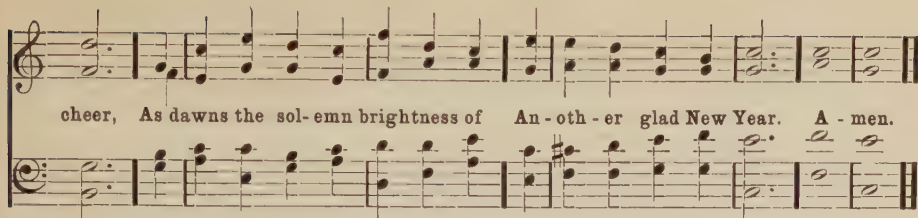
80 ST. COLOMB. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.

WILLIAM S. HOYTE.

1. From glo- ry un- to glo- ry! Be this our joy- ous song; As on the King's own

high-way, We bravely march a - long. From glo- ry un- to glo- ry! O word of stirring

Old and New Year.



cheer, As dawns the sol-emn brightness of An-oth-er glad New Year. A-men.

2 The fullness of His blessing
Encompasseth our way:
The fullness of His promises
Crowns every brightening day;
The fullness of His glory,
Is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know,
The fullness of His love.

3 And closer yet and closer
The golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord
In pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider
Shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God
That mighty love to know.

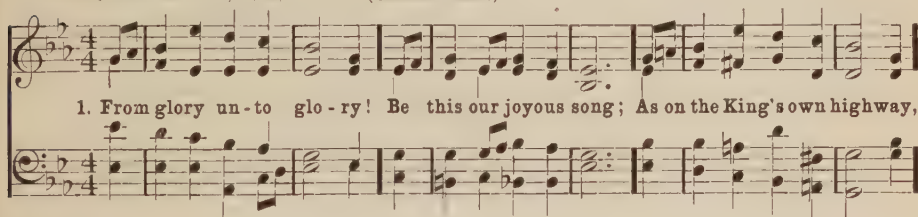
4 O let our adoration
For all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God,
While voice and life are one;
And let our consecration
Be real, and deep, and true:
O even now our hearts shall bow,
And joyful vows renew.

5 Now onward, ever onward,
From strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly
Shall from His fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition,
From glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown
Our happiest New Year.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

BERTHOLD. 7, 6, 8, 6. D. (Second Tune.)

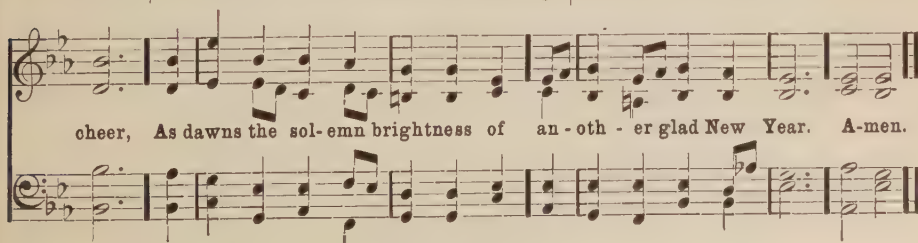
B. TOURS.



1. From glory un-to glo-ry! Be this our joyous song; As on the King's own highway,



we brave-ly march a-long. From glo-ry un-to glo-ry! O word of stir-ring



cheer, As dawns the sol-emn brightness of an-oth-er glad New Year. A-men.

Old and New Year.

81 GUIDANCE. 8, 8, 8, 6.

G. W. TORRANCE.

1. I Take my pil-grim staff a-new, Life's path un-trod-den to pur-sue;

Thy guid-ing eye, my Lord, I view, "My times are in Thy hand!" A-men.

2 Throughout the year, my heavenly Still let this thought my hope sustain
On Thy blest guidance I depend; [Friend, My times are in Thy hand.
From its commencement to its end
My times are in Thy hand.

3 Should comfort, health and peace be [mine, 5 Thy smile alone makes moments bright,
Should hours of gladness on me shine, That smile turns darkness into light;
Then let me trace Thy love divine; My times are in Thy hand. [night,
My times are in Thy hand.

4 But should'st Thou visit me again 6 That hand my steps will gently guide
With languor, sorrow, sickness, pain, Over the Jordan's swelling tide,
To Jesus on the heavenward side,
"My times are in Thy hand!"

MISS C. ELLIOTT.

82 DOVEDALE. 7, 5, 7, 5. D.

C. E. KETTLE.

1. Fa-ther, let me ded-i-cate All this year to Thee, In what-ev-er

world-ly state Thou wilt have me be: Not from sor-row, pain or care;

Old and New Year.



Freedom dare I claim; This a-lone shall be my prayer "Glori - fy Thy Name." A-men.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than he best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;

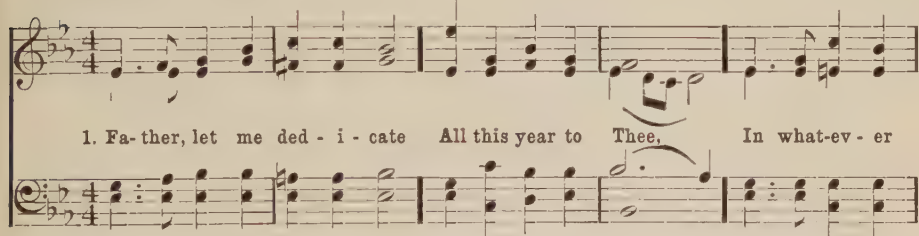
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadows come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home:
Let me think, how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on:
"Glorify Thy Name."

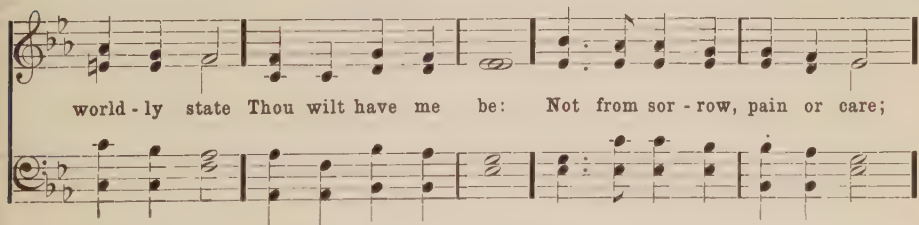
REV. L. TUTTLET.

REGINALD. 7, 5, 7, 5. D (Second Tune.)

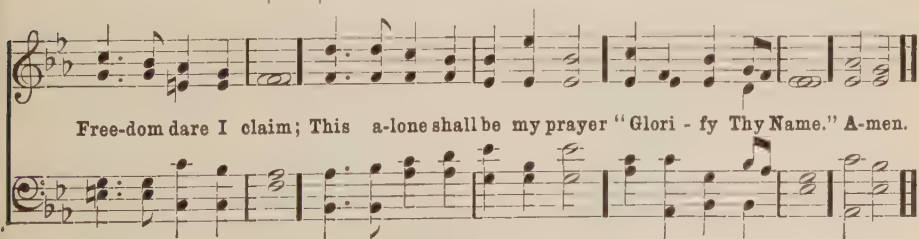
R. F. COULES.



1. Fa-ther, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee, In what-ev - er



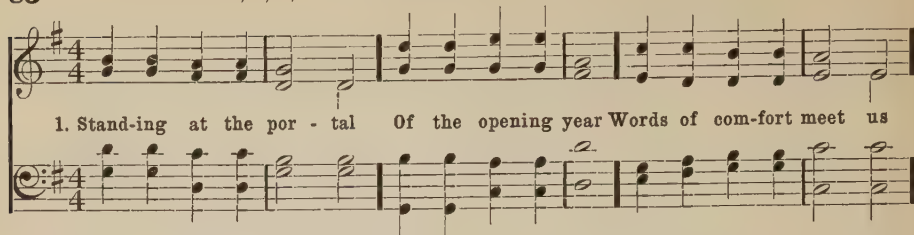
world - ly state Thou wilt have me be: Not from sor - row, pain or care;




Free-dom dare I claim; This a-lone shall be my prayer "Glori - fy Thy Name." A-men.

Old and New Year.

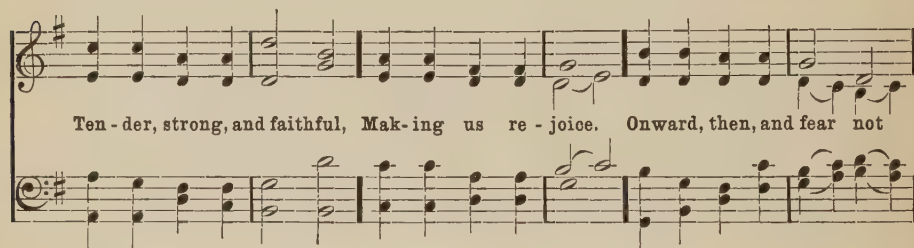
83 ST. ALBAN. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain. Arr. from HAYDN by REV. J. B. DYKES.



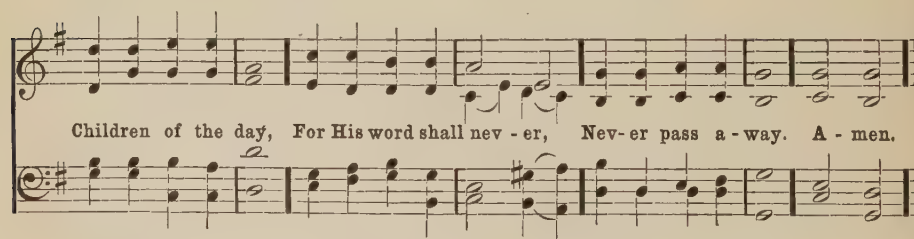
1. Stand-ing at the por - tal Of the opening year Words of com-fort meet us



Hush-ing ev - 'ry fear, Spok-en thro' the si - lence By our Fa-ther's voice,



Ten - der, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re - joice. Onward, then, and fear not



Children of the day, For His word shall nev - er, Nev - er pass a - way. A - men.

2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed;
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.'

3 For the year before us,
O, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;

For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

Circumcision.

84 ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

Day's Psalter.

1. The an - cient law de - parts And all its ter - rors cease;

For Je - sus makes with faithful hearts A cov - e - nant of peace. A - men.

2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

From Latin.

85 ST. BEES. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus! Name of won - drous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove!

Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,

When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Bishop W. W. How.

Epiphany.

86 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,

See that glo-ry-beam-ing star. Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or

hope fore-tell? Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promis-ed day of Is-ra-el. A-men.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home,
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

WATCHMAN. 7, 7, 7, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

L. MASON.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are: Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,

Epiphany.

See that glo - ry - beam - ing star. Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or

hope fore-tell? Trav-ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el. A - men.

87 CRIMEA. L. M.

T. HARRIS.

1. When, mar-shaled on the night - ly plain, The glit-tering hosts be-stud the sky,

One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wandering eye. A - men.

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2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, 3 It is my guide, my light, my all;
From every host, from every gem; It bids my dark forebodings cease;
But one alone the Saviour speaks, And thro' life's storm and danger's thrall,
It is the Star of Bethlehem. It leads me to the port of peace.

4 Thus, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

H. KIRKE WHITE

Epiphany.

88 DIX. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. from C. KOCHER.

1. { As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold; }
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright; }

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

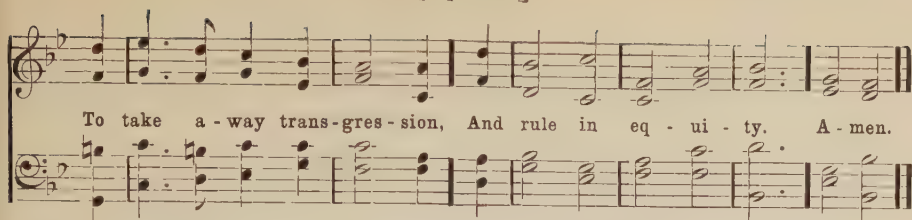
89 ZOAN. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Hail to the Lord's A-noint-ed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-point-ed,

His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the cap-tive free:

Epiphany.



2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessings and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever,
His changeless Name of Love.

J. MONTGOMERY.

90 TRUST. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.



2 Fairer than the sun at morning,
Was the star that told His birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

3 By its lambent beauty guided,
Sages from the East appear;

See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of Incense, gold and myrrh.

4 Offerings of mystic meaning,
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Epiphany.

91 RUSSIAN HYMN. 10, 10, 10, 10.

A. LWOFF.

1. Rise, crowned with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy
tow - ering head and lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark - ling por - tals
wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A - men.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. POPE.

TOULON. 10, 10, 10, 10. (Second Tune.)

C. GOUDIMEL.

1. Rise, crowned with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy

Epiphany.

tow - ering head and lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark - ling

por - tals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A - men.

92 WESTWOOD. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

R. H. MCCARTNEY.

1. O One with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might, The brightness of His

glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of Light; O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy

rays are streaming now; The shadows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. Amen.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise!
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod:
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

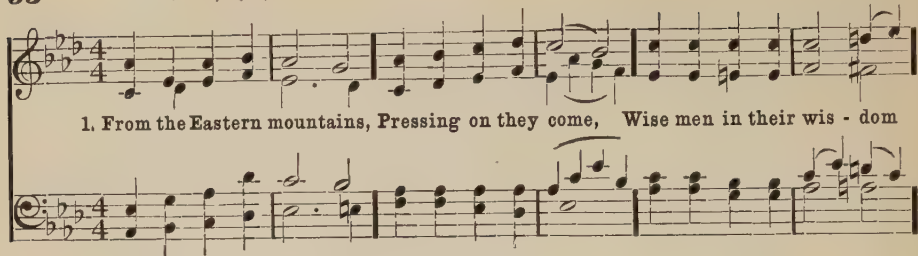
3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

Bishop W. W. How.

Epiphany.

93 VALOUR. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.

A. H. MANN.

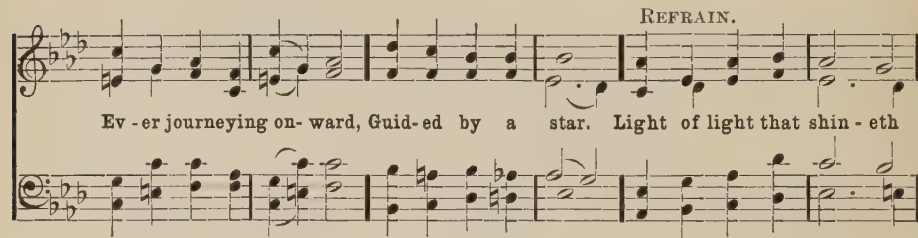


1. From the Eastern mountains, Pressing on they come, Wise men in their wis - dom

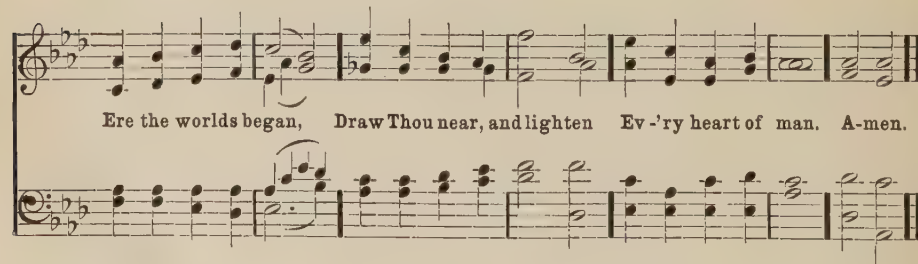


To His humble home; Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,.....

REFRAIN.



Ev - er journeying on - ward, Guid - ed by a star. Light of light that shin - eth



Ere the worlds began, Draw Thou near, and lighten Ev - 'ry heart of man. A - men.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.—REF.

3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.—REF.

Epiphany.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.—REF.

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,

Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star:—REF.

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.—REF.

G. THRING.

GUIDING STAR. 6, 5, 6, 5, D. With Refrain. (*Second Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. { From the East - ern mount - ains, Press - ing on they come,
Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion Hast - ing from a - far,

Wise men in their wis - dom To His hum - ble home; }
Ev - er jour - neyng on - ward, Guid - ed by a star. }

REFRAIN.

Light of light that shin - eth Ere the worlds be - gan,

Draw Thou near, and light - en Ev - 'ry heart of man. A - men.

Epiphany.

94 ST. EDWARD. - 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

C. STEGGALL.

1. Songs of thank - ful - ness and praise Je - sus, Lord, to Thee we raise,

Man - i - fest - ed by the star To the sa - ges from a - far,

Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem, In Thy birth at Beth - le - hem;

An - thems be to Thee ad - dressed, God in man made man - i - fest. A - men.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme,
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign;
All will then the trumpet hear,
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou,
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in man made manifest.

Bishop C. WORDSWORTH.

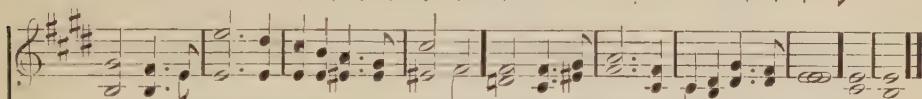
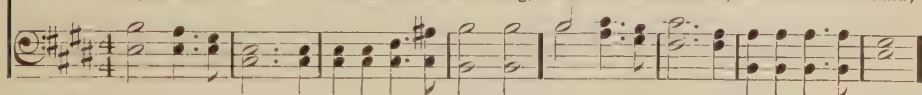
Epiphany.

95 CONSOLATION. 11, 10, 11, 10.

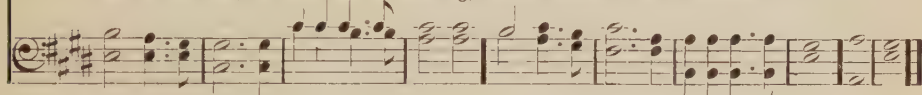
Arr. from FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.



1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;



Star of the East, the ho-ri-son a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Redeemer is laid. A-men.



2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

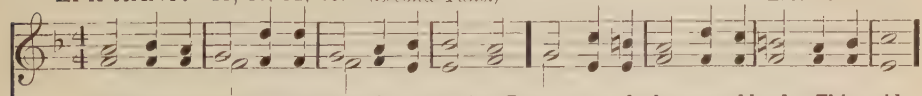
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

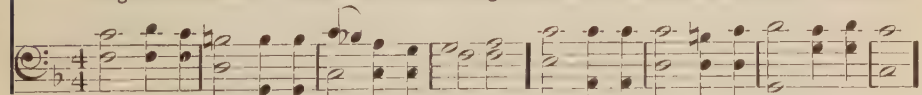
Bishop R. HEBER.

EPIPHANY. 11, 10, 11, 10. (Second Tune.)

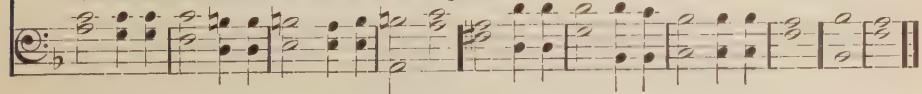
E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;



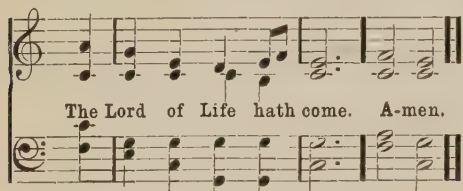
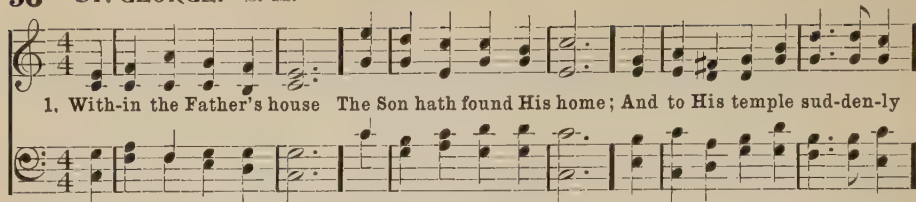
Star of the East, the ho-riz-on a-dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. A-men.



Epiphany.

96 ST. GEORGE. S. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



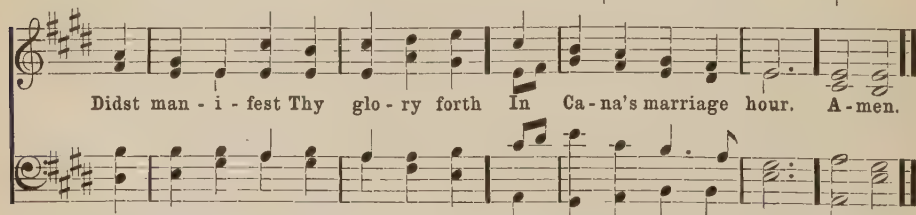
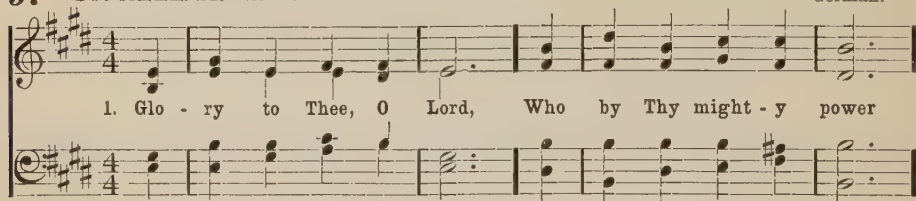
- 2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.
- 3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the earthly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

- 4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.
- 5 Lord, visit Thou our souls
And teach us by Thy grace,
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;
- 6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day;
- 7 Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One.

J. R. WOODFORD.

97 ST. HELENA. S. M.

German.



- 2 Thou spakest: it was done:
Obedient to thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaimed the present Lord.
- 3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.
- 4 And blessed they who know
Thine unseen presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

- 5 For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thine is the cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the heavenly Bread.
- 6 O may that grace be ours,
Ever in Thee to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams,
Which Thou alone canst give:
- 7 So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
Thy great Epiphany.

H. W. BEADON.

98 THATCHER. S. M.

Epiphany.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Fierce was the storm of wind, The surg-ing waves ran high, Failed
the dis-ci-ples' hearts with fear, Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh. A-men.

2 But at the stern rebuke
Of Thy almighty word,
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee God and Lord.
3 So now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terrors fill,
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."
4 When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,

Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial-hour.
5 And, when amid the signs,
Which speak Thine Advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves,
Fills faithless hearts with fear;
6 May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads and hail with joy
Thy great Epiphany.

H. W. BEADON.

99 SCHUMANN. S. M.

R. SCHUMANN.

1. Not by Thy might-y hand, Thy won-drous works a-lone,
But by the mar-vels of Thy Word, Thy glo-ry, Lord, is known. A-men.

2 Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.
3 And still from age to age,
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The Bearer forth of goodly seed,
The Sower still unseen.
4 And Thou wilt come again,
And heaven beneath Thee bow,

To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and Reaper Thou.
5 Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field,
With Thine unsleeping eye,
The children of the Kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany;
6 That, when in Thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
We may be surely gathered in
With all Thy saints to Thee.

J. R. WOODFORD.

Septuagesima, etc.

100 ST. GREGORY. L. M.

Ancient Plain Song.

1. Cre - a - tor of the world, to Thee An end-less rest of joy be-longs;

And heavenly choirs are ev - er free To sing on high their fes-tal songs. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 But we are fallen creatures here,
Where pain and sorrow daily come;
And how can we in exile deare
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of home? | 4 But, weeping, grant us faith to rest
In hope upon Thy loving care;
Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
Their songs of praise in heaven to share. |
| 3 O Father, who dost promise still
That they who mourn shall blessed be,
Grant us to weep for deeds of ill
That banish us so long from Thee: | 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. |

Tr. from the Latin.

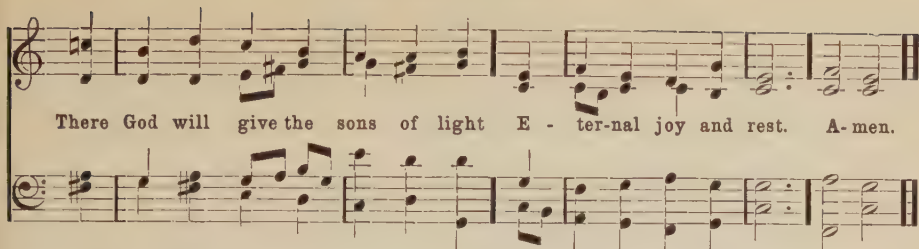
101 PASSION CHORALE. 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

H. L. HASSLER. Har. by J. S. BACH.

1. { In ex - ile here we wan - der: In heaven is our a - bode, - }
The cit - y of the an - gels, The cit - y of our God.

And here we toil, and strive, and fight, With sin and woe op - prest;

Septuagesima, etc.



There God will give the sons of light E - ter-nal joy and rest. A-men.

2 Through many sore temptations
By many sorrows torn,
We strive to win the glory;
Our many falls we mourn.
But faith holds out the vision bright
Of our eternal home;
And hope assures that realm of light,
When we have overcome.

3 Jesus, our joy and gladness,
To Thee for aid we flee;
Give tears of true contrition;
Our souls from guilt set free:

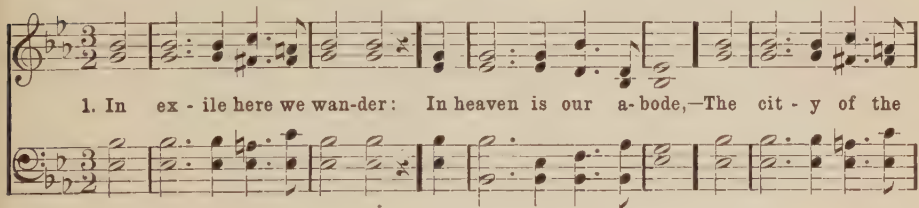
And we shall rise in that great day,
In bodies like to Thine,
And with Thy saints, in bright array,
Shall in Thy glory shine.

4 There we, as children dwelling,
Who here as exiles groan,
God's praises shall be telling
Before His glorious throne:
There in our endless home shall rest,
From strife and sorrow free,
And join the anthem of the blest,
Forever, Lord, to Thee.

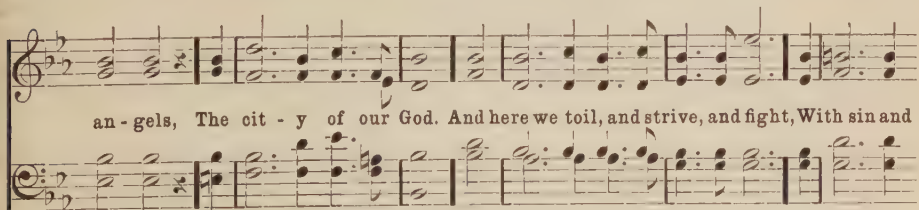
W. COOKE.

HODNET. 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6. (Second Tune.)

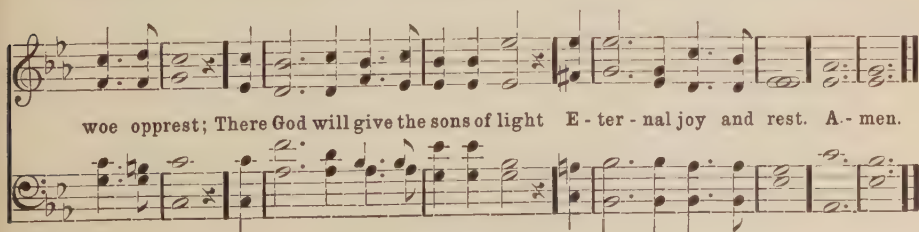
Arr. from S. THALBERG.



1. In ex - ile here we wan-der: In heaven is our a-bode,—The cit - y of the



an - gels, The cit - y of our God. And here we toil, and strive, and fight, With sin and



woe oppress; There God will give the sons of light E - ter - nal joy and rest. A - men.

Septuagesima, etc.

102 THE HOMELAND, No. 1. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Be - hold, the heaven-ly Sow - er Goes forth with ho - ly seed,

The word of sure sal - va - tion, With feet and hands that bleed;

Here in this world 'tis scat - tered, Our spir - its are the soil;

Then let an am - ple fruit-age Re - pay His pain and toil. A - men.

2 O praise the heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watched and watered duly,
And ripened for our need.
Oh, beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

3 One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where He has sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with Him bring His own.
And then the fan of judgment
Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.

Septuagesima, etc.

103 MILMAN. 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



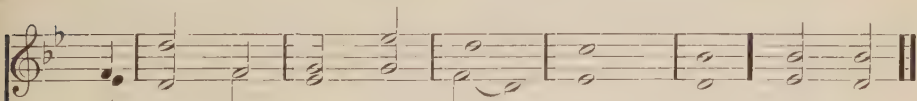
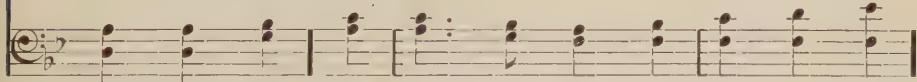
1 Lord, we raise our cry to Thee, Like the blind be -



side the way; Make our dark-ened souls to see Glo - ries of Thy



per - fect Day. O Lord! re - buke our sul - len night,



And give Thy - self un - to..... our sight! A - men.



2 Lord! we ask for brighter rays
Than this dim and earthly sun,
For the Light That still shall blaze
When the stars their course have run—
That Light That gilds Thy Blest Abode,
The Glory of the Lamb of God!

3 Lord! our soul's Blest Light, to Thee
We poor sinners lift our prayer;
Hear this day our Litany,—
Hear, and in Thy mercy spare!
O! Holy One! O! Blessed Three!
Blest be Thy Name Eternally.

Septuagesima, etc.

104 CHARITY. 7, 7, 7, 5.

Sir J. STAINER.

1. Gra-cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most

Voices in Unison.

Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n-ly Love. A - men.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;

Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love.

Bishop C. WORDSWORTH.

105 QUINQUAGESIMA. 8, 5, 8, 5.

T. EVANCE JONES.

1. Thou, who on that won - drous jour - ney Sett'st Thy face to die,

By Thy ho - ly, meek ex - am - ple Teach us char - i - ty! A - men.

2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering
Didst not put from Thee;
O most loving of the loving,
Give us charity!

3 Thou, Who reignest, bright in glory,
On God's throne on high,

Oh, that we may share Thy triumph,
Grant us charity!

4 Send us faith, that trusts Thy promise;
Hope, with upward eye;
But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us charity!

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

106 ROCKINGHAM OLD. L. M.

E. MILLER, Mus. Doc.

1. In pray'r to-gether let us fall, And cry for mer-cy one and all;
And weep be-fore the Judge, and say, O turn from us Thy wrath a-way. A-men.

2 Thy grace we have offended sore,
By sins, O God, which we deplore;
Pour down upon us, from above,
The riches of Thy pardoning love.

3 Remember, Lord, though frail we be,
That yet Thine handiwork are we:
Nor let the honor of Thy Name
Be by another put to shame.

4 Forgive the ill that we have wrought,
Increase the good that we have sought;
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
May please Thee now and evermore.

5 Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.

Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

107 HEINLEIN. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Nürnbergger Gebetbuch.

1. For-ty days and for-ty nights Thou wast fast-ing in the wild;
For-ty days and for-ty nights Tempt-ed, and yet un-de-filed. A-men.

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

5 So shall we have peace Divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be,
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

G. H. SMYTTAN.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

108 BLUMENTHAL. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Arr. from J. BLUMENTHAL.

1. Saviour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the adoring knee, When, repent-ant, to the skies Scarce we

lift our weeping eyes, O by all the pains and woe Suffered once for man below, Bending from Thy

throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-an-y. Amen.

3 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By Thy purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus! look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany.

2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus! look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany.

4 By Thy bright'ning heavens above,
By Thy finished work of love,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord!
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour! hear our cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.

Sir ROBERT GRANT.

SPANISH HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

Air. by B. CARR.

1. { Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee, }
{ When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes, }

D.C.—Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - an - y.

O by all the pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low. A - men.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

109 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. O Thou! to whose all-searching sight, The darkness shin-eth as the light,

Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free. A-men.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord! art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God! art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus! Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

Rev. J. WESLEY, from Zinzendorf.

110 BEETHOVEN. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Though I should seek to wash me clean In wa-ter of the driv-en snow,

My soul would yet its spot re-tain, And sink in con-scious guilt and woe. A-men.

2 Ah! not like erring man is God,
That men to answer Him should dare;
Condemned, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before His bar.

3 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who God and man may both embrace;

With God, for man, to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

4 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crowned;
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found!

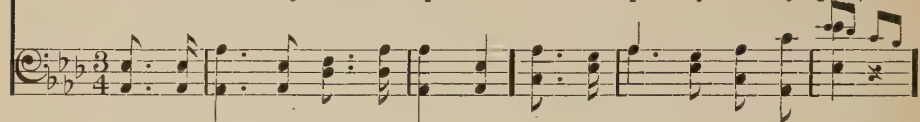
Ash Wednesday and Lent.

111 AUTUMN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

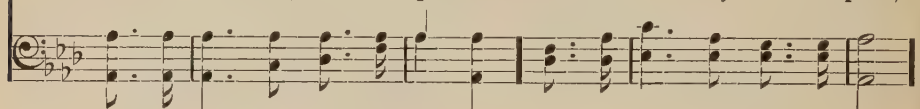
L. VON ESCH.



1. God of mer - cy and com-pas-sion! Look with pit - y on my pain;



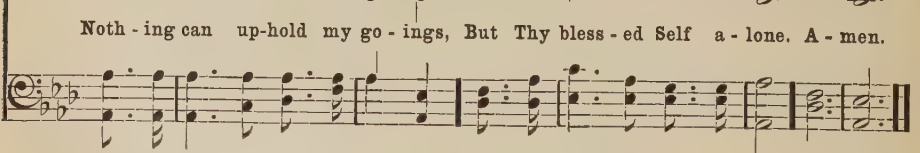
Hear a mourn - ful, bro - ken spir - it Pros-trate at Thy feet com-plain;



Ma - ny are my foes, and might-y; Strength to con - quer I have none;



Noth - ing can up-hold my go - ings, But Thy bless - ed Self a - lone. A - men.



2 Saviour, look on Thy beloved,
Triumph over all my foes:
Turn to heavenly joy my mourning,
Turn to gladness all my woes:
Live or die, or work or suffer,
Let my weary soul abide,
In all changes whatsoever,
Sure and steadfast by Thy side.

3 When temptations fierce assault me,
When my enemies I find,
Sin and guilt, and death and Satan,
All against my soul combined;
Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above,
Righteousness, divine Atonement,
Peace, and everlasting Love.

Anon.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

112 PENITENCE. L. M.

C. ELVEN.

1. With bro-ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me. A - men.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

C. ELVEN.

113 ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus! the sin - ner's friend, to Thee, Lost and un - done, for aid I flee:
Wea - ry of earth, my - self and sin O - pen Thine arms and take me in. A - men.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.

Here, then, to Thee, I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee:

4 What can I say Thy grace to move?
Lord! I am sin, but Thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
Lord! I am lost, but Thou hast died!

REV. C. WESLEY.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

114 ILLA. L. M.

Anon.

1. O that my load of sin were gone, O that I could at last sub-mit
At Je-sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet. A-men.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free,
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.

5 I would, but Thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

Rev. C. WESLEY.

115 SALZBURGH. C. M.

Arr. from M. HAYDN.

1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord,
How oft my roving thoughts de-part, For-get - ful of His word. A - men.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

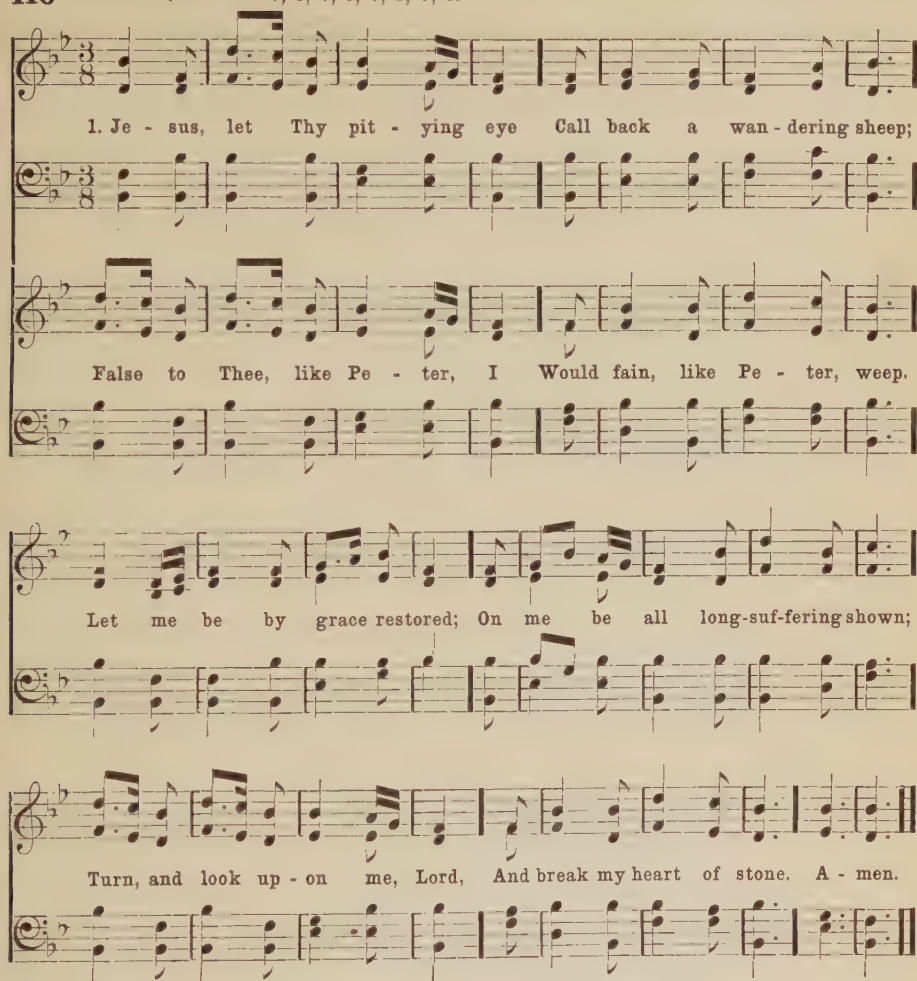
4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how Divine!
That can to bliss and life restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

116 CONTRITION. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.

W. H. OAKLEY.



1. Je - sus, let Thy pit - ying eye Call back a wan - dering sheep;

False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain, like Pe - ter, weep.

Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long-suf-fering shown;

Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone. A - men.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from Thy gracious eye;

Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

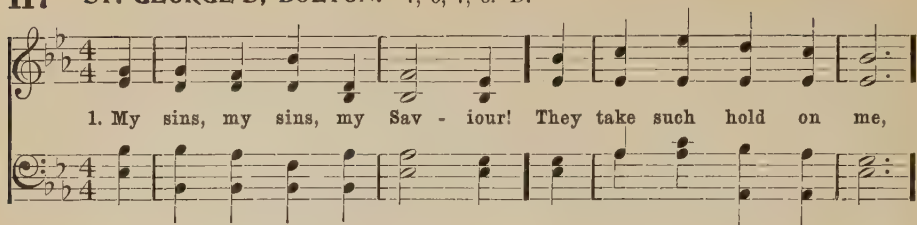
4 Look, as when Thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die
My Saviour prayed, "forgive!"
Surely, with that dying word, [done!]
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

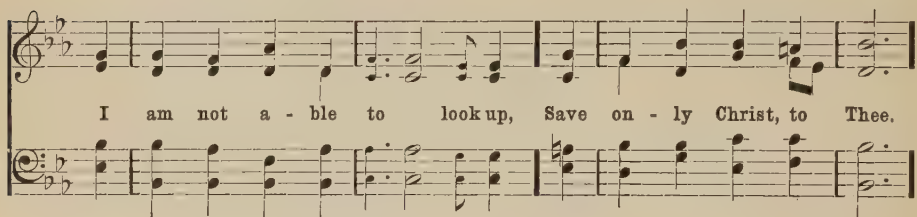
Ash Wednesday and Lent.

117 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

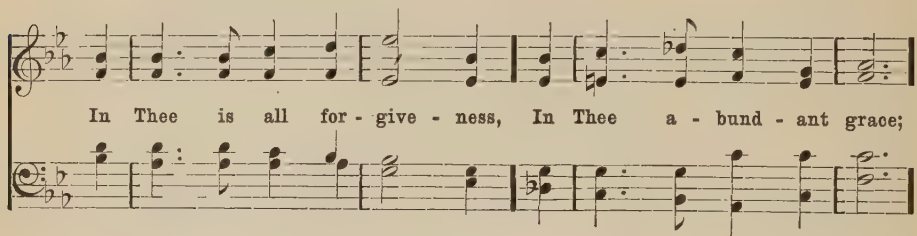
J. WALCH.



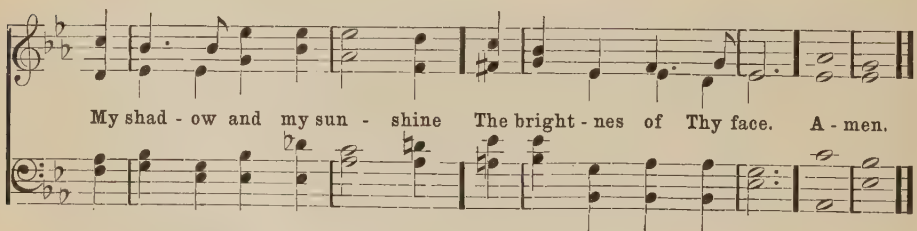
1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,



I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly Christ, to Thee.



In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bund - ant grace;



My shad - ow and my sun - shine The bright - nes of Thy face. A - men.

See also ST. EDITH, No. 151.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on Thee they fall!
See through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.
I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with Thee in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;

Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Makes glad those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

J. S. B. MONSELL,

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

118 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. O Thou, from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;

In all my sor - rows, conflicts woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me. A - men.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day!
For good, remember me.

5 And O when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me!

T. HAWEIS.

MANOAH. C. M. (Second Tune.)

ROSSINI.

1. O Thou, from whom all good - ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;

In all my sor - rows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me. A - men.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

119 **LANGRAN.** 10, 10, 10, 10.

J. LANGRAN.

1. Wea - ry of earth and la - den with my sin, I look at heaven and long to en - ter in,

But there no e - vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come," A - men.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the witness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child.
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord,
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

S. J. STONE.

TOULON. 10, 10, 10, 10. (*Second Tune.*)

C. GOUDIMEL,

1. Wea-ry of earth and la-den with my sin, I look at heaven and long to en-ter in,
But there no e-vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come," A-men.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

120 ST. PHILIP. 7,7,7.

W. H. MONK.

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall
pass a - way On our knees we fall and pray. A - men.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe,
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

I. WILLIAMS.

121 RHODES.

C. W. JORDAN.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye. A - men.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

REV. BENJAMIN B. BEDDOME.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

122 WAVERTREE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

W. SHORE.

1. Weary of wand'ring from my God, And now made willing to re-turn, I hear and bow me to the rod;

For Thee, not without hope I mourn; I have an Advocate above, A Friend before the throne of love. Amen.

2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

H. F. HEMY.

STELLA. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. (*Second Tune.*)

1. Wea-ry of wan-d'ring from my God, And now made will-ing to re-turn,

I hear and bow me to the rod; For Thee, not with-out hope, I mourn;

I have an Ad-vo-cate a-bove, A Friend be-fore the throne of love. A-men.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

123 SEYMOUR. 7, 7, 7, 7.

WEBER.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?

Can my God his wrath for-bear,— Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? A-men.

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.
E. DREWETT.

124 ELMHURST. 8, 8, 8, 6.

1. O Thou, the con-trite sinners' Friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,

On this a-lone my hopes de-pend, That Thou wilt plead for me. A-men.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold

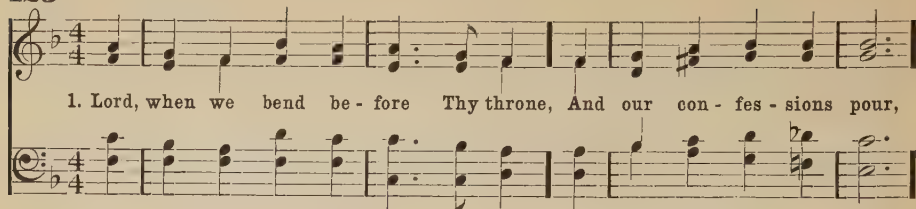
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.
5 And when my dying hour draws near,
O'ercast with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.
6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O say Thou plead'st for me.

C. ELLIOTT.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

125 DALEHURST. C. M.

A. COTTMAN.



1. Lord, when we bend be-fore Thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour,

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de-plore. A-men.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;

And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

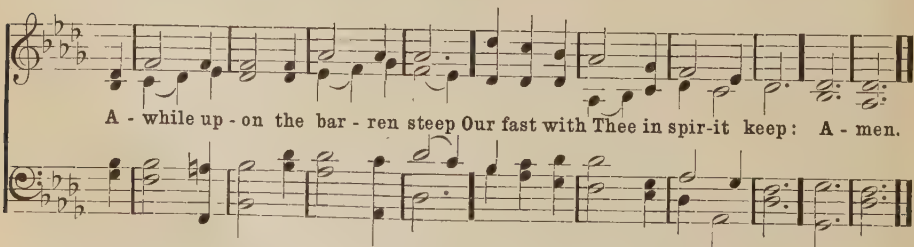
4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And wait it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

REV. JOSEPH D. CARLYLE.

126 RIVAUUX. L. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. A-while in spir-it, Lord, to Thee In-to the des-ert would we flee;



A-while up-on the bar-ren steep Our fast with Thee in spir-it keep: A-men.

2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn
False Satan's wileful lures to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
"Man liveth not by bread alone."

3 O Thou once tempted like as we,
Thou knowest our infirmity;

Be Thou our Helper in the strife,
Be Thou our true, our inward Life.

4 And while at Thy command we pray
"Give us our bread from day to day,"
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread.

J. F. THURPP.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

Sir J. BARNBY.

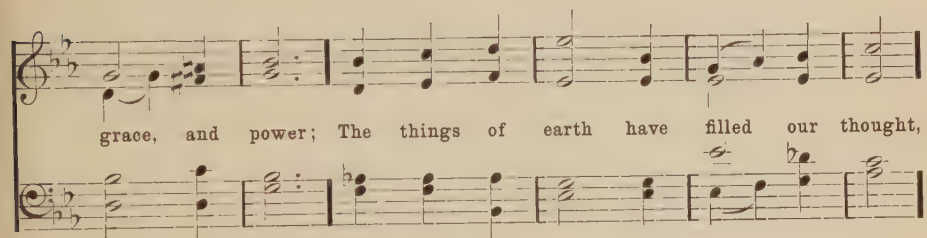
127 JESU, DOMINE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



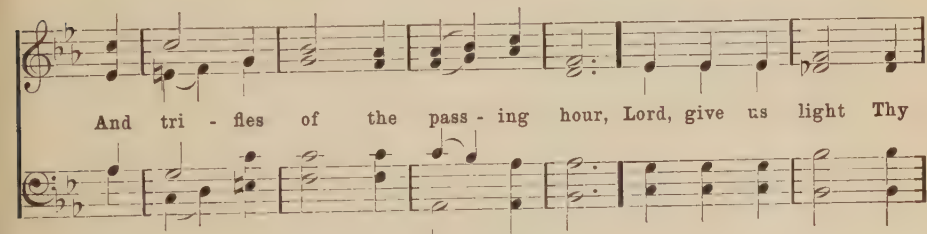
1. We have not known Thee as we ought, Nor learned Thy wis - dom,



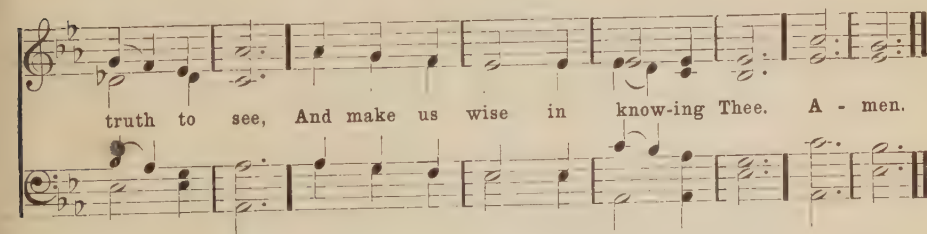
grace, and power; The things of earth have filled our thought,



And tri - fles of the pass - ing hour, Lord, give us light Thy



truth to see, And make us wise in know-ing Thee. A - men.



2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,
Remembering that God was nigh.
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see.
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love Thou art.

4 We have not served Thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervor wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright?
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light?
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK.


Ash Wednesday and Lent.

128 BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.



1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see their God:



The se-cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a - bode. A-men.

2 The Lord, who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King.—

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,

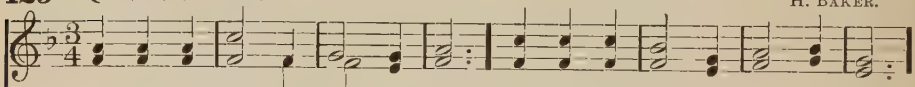
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

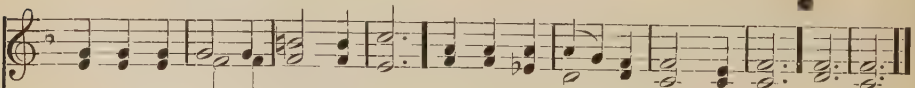
REV. JOHN KEBLE AND W. J. HALL.

129 QUEBEC. L. M.

H. BAKER.



1. Thou, Lord, by strict-est search hast known My ris-ing up and ly-ing down;



My secret thoughts are known to Thee, Known long be-fore con-ceived by me. A - men.

2 From Thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
O where can I Thy influence shun,
Or whither from Thy presence run?

3 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;

Through midnight shades Thou find'st
As in the blazing noon of day. [Thy way,

4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and
If mischief lurk in any part; [heart,
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

TATE AND BRADY.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

130 ST. BERNARD. C. M.

Arr. by J. RICHARDSON.

1. When wound-ed sore the strick-en soul Lies bleed-ing and un-bound,

One on - ly hand, a pierc-ed hand, Can salve the sin-ner's wound. A - men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.</p> <p>3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.</p> | <p>4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.</p> <p>5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.</p> |
|--|--|

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

SABBATA. C. M. (Second Tune.)

H. F. HEMY.

1. When wound-ed sore the strick-en soul Lies bleed-ing and un - bound,

One on - ly hand, a pierc-ed hand, Can salve the sin-ner's wound. A - men.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

131 POLYCARP. L. M.

Arr. from IG. PLEYEL.

1. Lord Je - sus, when we stand a - far And gaze up - on Thy ho - ly cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self, O may we count the world as loss. A - men.

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

Embracing in Thy wondrous love,
The sinful world that lies below!

3 O holy Lord! uplifted high
With out-stretched arms, in mortal woe,

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

Bishop W. W. How.

132 LITANY No. 5. 7, 7, 7, 6,

W. S. HOYTE.

1. God the Fa - ther, God the Son, God the Spir - it, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heav - enly throne: Spare us, Ho - ly Trin - ity, A - men.

2 Father hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten, and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent we breathe Thy name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

133 LACRYMÆ. 7, 7, 7.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Heal me, O my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me as I
sup - pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par - don seal. A - men.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

4 Thou the true physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal.

G. THRING.

134 HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. L. MASON.

1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to my - self and Thee:
Amidst a thou-sand tho'ts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love. A-men.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

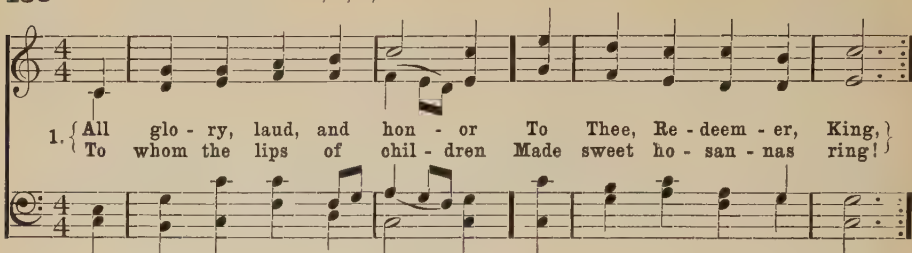
3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

Holy Week and Good Friday.

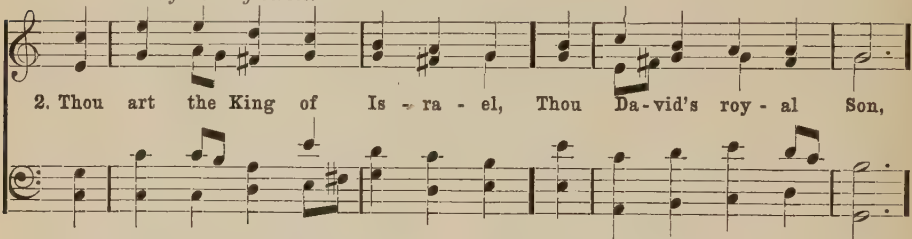
135 ST. THEODULPH. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

M. TESCHNER.

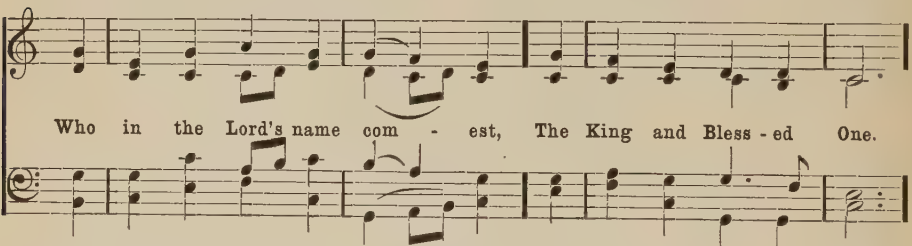


1. { All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King, }
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring! }

The 2d and following verses.

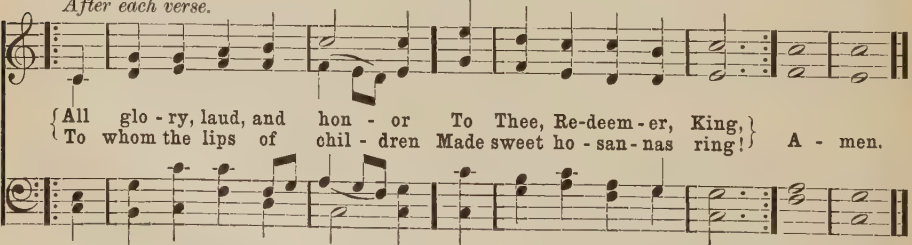


2. Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,



Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.

After each verse.



{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King, }
{ To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring! } A - men.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayers and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Holy Week.

136 ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty; Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;

O Sav-iour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed. A-men.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty,
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

Dean H. H. MILMAN.

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M. (Second Tune.) "Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch."

1. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty; Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;

O Sav-iour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed. A-men.

Holy Week.

137 SAWLEY. C. M.

J. WALCH.

1. O Thou, who through this ho - ly week Didst suf - fer for us all;

The sick to heal, the lost to seek, To raise up them that fall: A - men.

2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear:
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy hand the victory won:

4 To God, the blessed Three in One,
All praise and glory be:
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won
The victory through Thee.

Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

138 GETHSEMANE. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r; Your Redeemer's con-flict see;

Watch with Him one bit-ter hour: Turn not from His griefs away; Learn of Jesus Christ to pray. A - men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!"—hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Holy Week.

139 OUSELEY. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY.

1. Throned up-on the aw - ful tree, King of grief I watch with Thee: Darkness veils Thine anguished face,

None its lines of woe can trace, None can tell what pangs unknown Hold Thee silent and a-lone. A - men.

2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?
“Why hast Thou forsaken Me?”

3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left—
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.

ROSEFIELD. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. (*Second Time.*)

A. H. C. MALAN.

1. { Throned up - on the aw - ful tree, King of grief, I watch with Thee: }
Dark - ness veils Thine an - guished face, None its lines of woe can trace, }

None can tell what pangs un-known Hold Thee si - lent and a - lone. A - men.

Holy Week.

140 PASSION CHORALE. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

H. L. HASSLER.

1. { O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, }
 Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, tho' de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A - men.

2 O noblest brow and dearest,
 In other days the world
 All feared when Thou appearedst;
 What shame on Thee is hurled!
 How art Thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn;
 How does that visage languish
 Which once was bright as morn!

3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

4 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine for ever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Be near when I am dying,
 O show Thy cross to me;
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, to set me free:
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely, through Thy love.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. P. GERHARDT.—J. W. ALEXANDER.

GERHARDT. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. O sa - cred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully sur - round - ed

Holy Week.

With thorns, Thine on-ly crown; O sa-cred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet tho' de-spised and go-ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.

141 RATHBUN. 8, 7, 8, 7.

I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime. A-men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure.
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Holy Week.

142 ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:

'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears:
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.</p> <p>3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:</p> | <p>Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.</p> <p>4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.</p> |
|--|---|

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

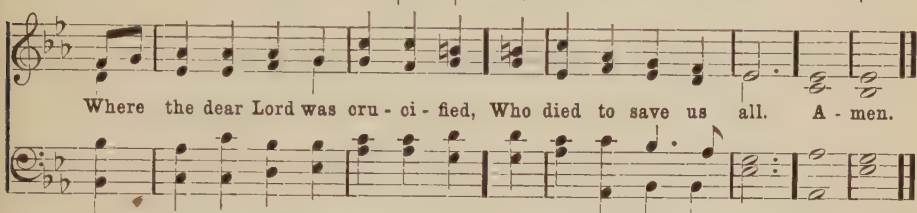
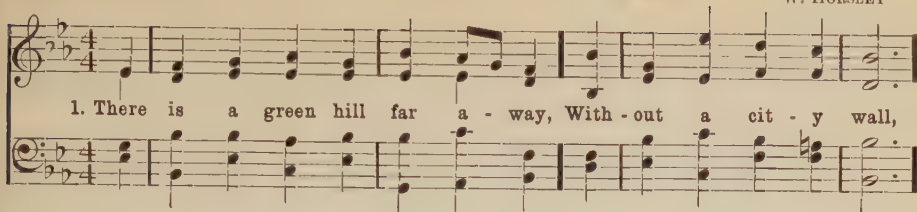
143 FAITH. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. I see the crowd in Pi - late's hall, I mark their wrath - ful mien;

Their shouts of "cu - ri - cy" ap - pall, With blas - phe - my be - tween. A - men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own.</p> <p>3 I see the scourges tear His back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock
I feel that I am one.</p> <p>4 Around yon cross the throng I see,
Mocking the sufferer's groan;</p> | <p>Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.</p> <p>5 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.</p> <p>6 Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin;
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.</p> |
|---|---|



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

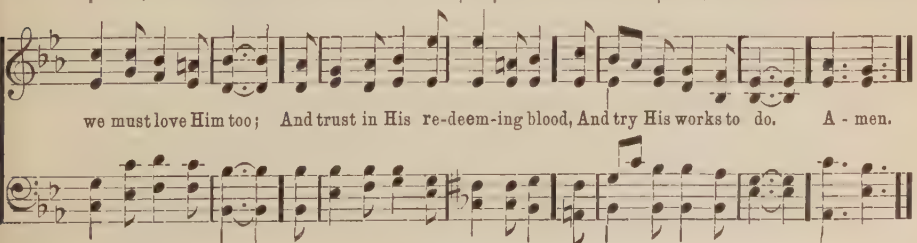
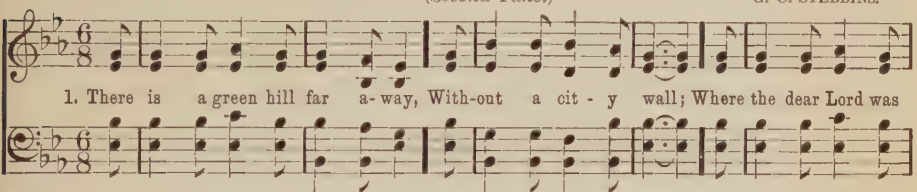
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

WHITTLE. C. M. With Refrain. (Second Tune.)

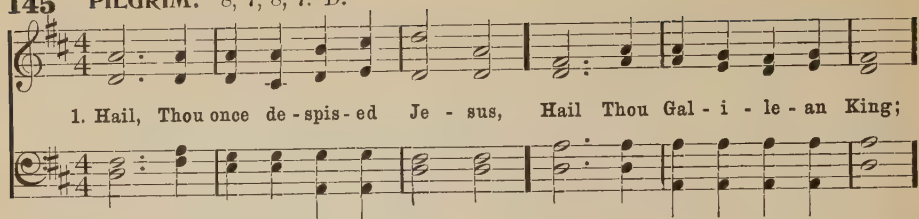
G. C. STEBBINS.



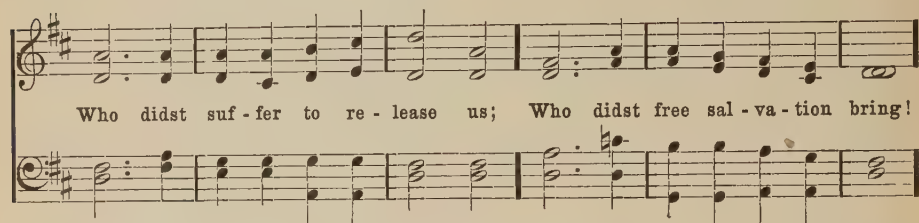
Holy Week.

145 PILGRIM. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

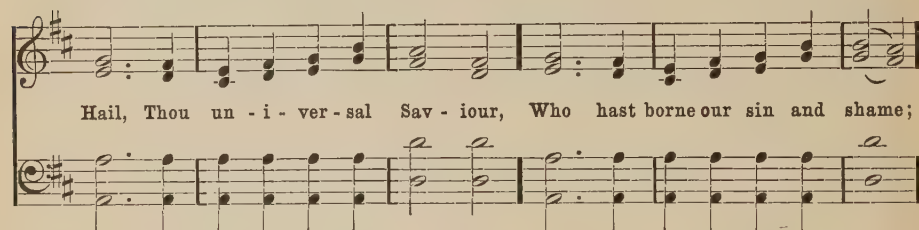
Anon.



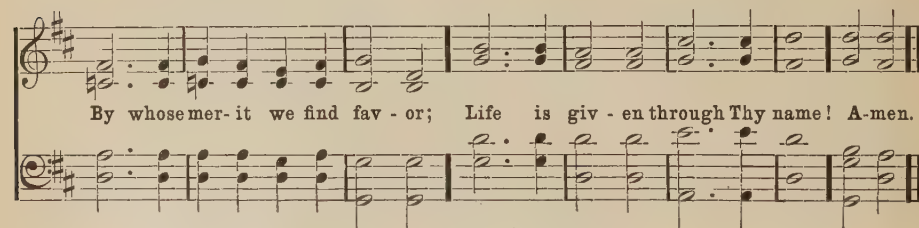
1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail Thou Gal - i - le - an King;



Who didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Who didst free sal - va - tion bring!



Hail, Thou un - i - ver - sal Sav - iour, Who hast borne our sin and shame;



By whose mer - it we find fav - or; Life is giv - en through Thy name! A-men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins were on Thee laid;
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 Every sin may be forgiven
 Through the virtue of Thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide,
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side;

There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 "Spare them yet another year;"
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
 Thou art worthy to receive:
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give!
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Jesus' merits,
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

REV. JOHN BAKEWELL.

Holy Week.

146 ST. FABIAN. 8, 8, 8, 6.

J. SUMMERS.

1. His are the thou-sand spark-ling rills That from a thou-sand fount-ains burst,
And fill with mu-sic all the hills, And yet He saith "I thirst." A-men.

2 All fiery pangs on battle fields,
On fever beds where sick ones toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the cross. [then,
3 But more than pains that racked Him
Was the deep longing thirst Divine,

That thirsted for the souls of men;
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

4 O love most patient give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee:
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst was all for me.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

147 VEXILLA REGIS. L. M.

H. W. PARKER.

1. The roy-al ban-ners for-ward go, The cross shines forth in mys-tic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sentence bore, our ran-som paid. A-men.

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2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the nations' King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,

How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung,
The ransom He alone could pay,
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done,
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

V. FORTUNATUS. Tr. REV. J. M. NEALE.

Holy Week.

148 CROSS OF JESUS. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Sir J. STAINER.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. A-men.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see Divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

Addition tune, Appendix, No. 678

5 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

6 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

7 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.

Rev. WALTER SHIRLEY.

DORRANCE. 8, 7, 8, 7. (*Second Tune.*)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. A - men.

Holy Week.

149 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died. A - men.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, for 'tis Thy blood alone,
Can purify my heart.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Alt. from Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

150 ROCKINGHAM NEW. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. "Tis fin-ished:" so the Sav-iour cried, And meek-ly bowed His head and died:
"Tis finished:" yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won. A-men.

2 "Tis finished:" all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

4 "Tis finished:" this My dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, My last expiring breath.

3 "Tis finished:" Aaron now no more
Must stain His robes with purple gore:
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

5 "Tis finished:" let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"Tis finished:" let the echo fly [and sky.
Through heaven and hell, through earth

Holy Week.

151 ST. EDITH. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. H. KNECHT, Rev. E. HUSBAND.

1. Forgive them, O my Father, They know not what they do," The Saviour spake in anguish,

As the sharp nails went through. No pain'd reproaches gave He, To them that shed His blood,

But pray'r, and ten - derest pit - y, Large as the love of God. A - men.

2 For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness,
As much as any there.
It was my pride and hardness,
That hung Him on the tree;
Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
Were driven in by me.

3 And often I have slighted
Thy gentle voice that chid;
Forgive me too, Lord Jesus;
I knew not what I did.
O depth of sweet compassion!
O Lord Divine, and true!
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,
And know not what they do.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

152 VOX SALUTIS. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Sir J. BARNEY.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;

Holy Week.

See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:

Voices in Unison.

In Harmony.

"It is finished!" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry. A - men.

2 "It is finished!"—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;

Death and hell no more shall awe:

"It is finished!"

Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's Name:
Alleluia!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

REV. JONATHAN EVANS.

ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. (*Second Tune.*)

T. HASTINGS.

1. { Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; }
See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky: "It is finished!"

Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry: "It is finished!" Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry. A - men.

Holy Week.

153 ROCKINGHAM OLD. L. M.

E. MILLER, Mus. Doc.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss And pour contempt on all my pride. A-men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

REV. ISAAC WATTS

HAMBURG. L. M. (Second Tune.)

Gregorian, arr. by L. MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-men.

Holy Week.

154 ABER. S. M.

W. H. MONK.

1. O per - fect life of love! All, all is fin - ished now;

All that He left His throne a - bove To do for us be - low. A - men.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one
The Scriptures have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

Rev. Sir HENRY W. BAKER.

NEWLAND. S. M. (*Second Tune*.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. O per - fect life of love! All all is fin - ished now;

All that He left His throne a - bove To do for us be - low. A-men.

Holy Week.

155 AGAPÉ. 7, 7, 7, 6.

Anon.

1. Je - sus, Who for us didst bear Scorn and sor - row, toil and care,

Hear - ken to our low - ly prayer, Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A - men.

2 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 By Thy seven words there said,
By the bowing of Thy head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss
But Thee only on Thy cross,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

4 By Thy nailing to the tree,
By the title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 So, with Thee in hope made fast,
When death's bitterness is past
We may see Thy face at last,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

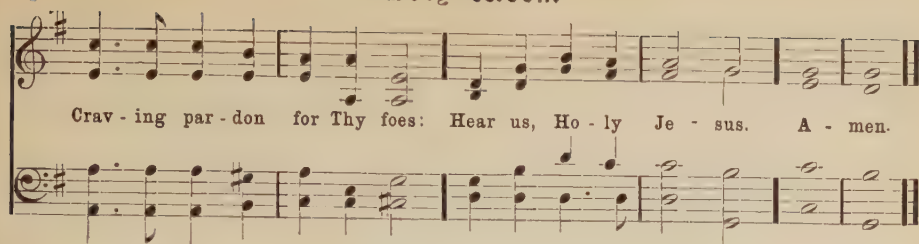
Anon.

156 LITANY, No. 5. 7, 7, 7, 6.

Arr. by Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Je - sus, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life-blood flows,

Holy Week.



Crav - ing par - don for Thy foes: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A - men.

PART I.—“*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.*”

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 O may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART II.—“*To-day shalt Thou be with Me in Paradise.*”

1 Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 May we in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 O remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope Divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART III.—“*Woman, behold thy Son!*”
“*Behold thy mother!*”

1 Jesus, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART IV.—“*My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*”

1 Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,

In the darkness be our Stay:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART V.—“*I thirst.*”

1 Jesus, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil;
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART VI.—“*It is finished.*”

1 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed;
By Thy sufferings perfect made:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Save us in our soul's distress;
Be our Help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Brighten all our heavenward way
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

PART VII.—“*Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit.*”

1 Jesus, all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past;
Yielding up Thy soul at last:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

REV. THOMAS B. POLLOCK.

Holy Week.

157 ELLIOTT. C. M.

H. NEWCOMBE.

1. O Thou, th' E - ter - nal Son of God, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

We wor - ship, while Thy head is bowed In ag - o - ny and pain. A - men.

2 None tread with Thee the holy place;
Thou sufferest alone;
Thine is the perfect sacrifice
Which only can atone.

4 The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
And brakes Thy sacred heart.

3 Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-robcs
To-day are laid aside;
And human sorrows, Son of Man,
Thy Godhead seem to hide.

5 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make Thou that cross our only hope,
O Jesus crucified.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

158 SEYMOUR. 7, 7, 7, 7.

WEBER.

1. In the Lord's a - ton - ing grief Be our rest and sweet re - lief;

Store we deep in heart's re - cess All that shame and bit - ter - ness. A - men.

2 Thorns and cross, and nails, and lance,
Wounds, our treasure that enhance;
Vinegar and gall and reed,
And the pang His soul that freed.

We with saintly bands unite
In the realms of heavenly light.

3 Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore;

4 Christ, by coward hands betrayed,
Christ, for us a captive made,
Christ, upon the bitter tree,
Slain for man, be praise to Thee.

From Latin, Rev. FRED. OAKELY.

Easter.

159 FORTUNATUS. 11, 11, 11, 11, 11.

Sir. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Welcome happy morning! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is

won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more; Him, their true Cre-

a-tor, all His works a-dore. Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say. A-men.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee,
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

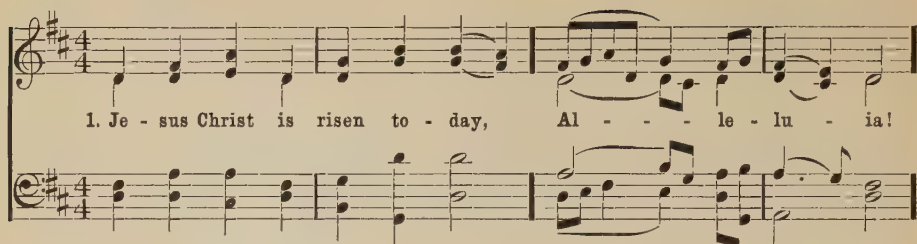
6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

V. H. C. FORTUNATUS. Tr. Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.


Easter.

160 WORGAN. 7, 7, 7, 7. With Alleluias.

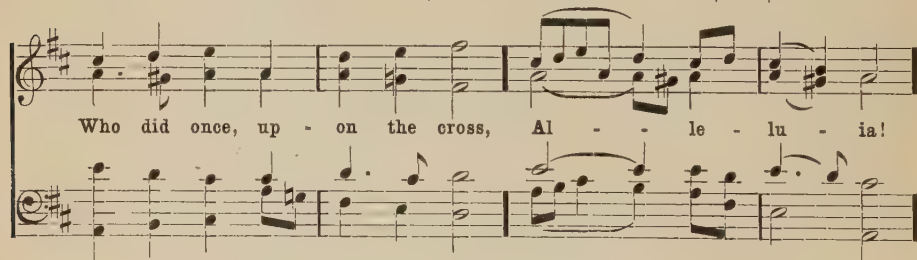
Lyra Davidica.



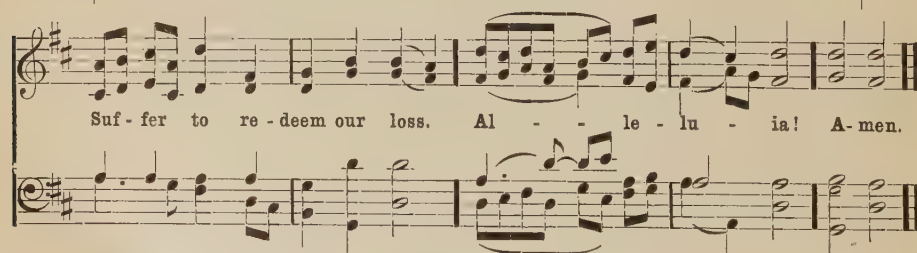
1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Who did once, up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

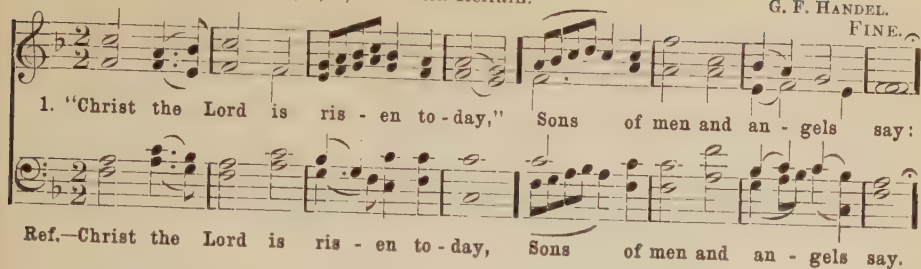
4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

From Latin, TATE AND BRADY.

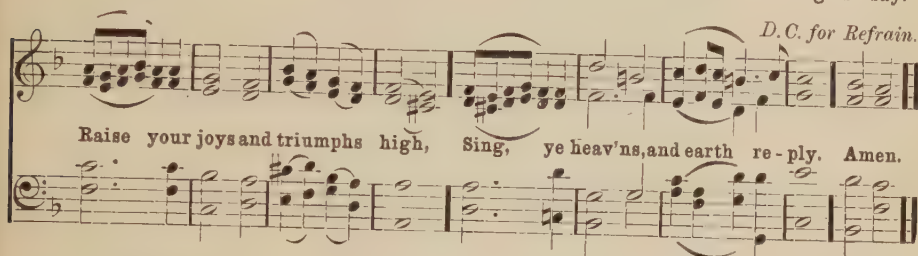
Easter.

161 MACCABÆUS. 7, 7, 7, 7. With Refrain.

G. F. HANDEL.
FINE.



1. "Christ the Lord is ris - en to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say:
Ref.—Christ the Lord is ris - en to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say.



Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Amen.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more,—REF.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.—REF.

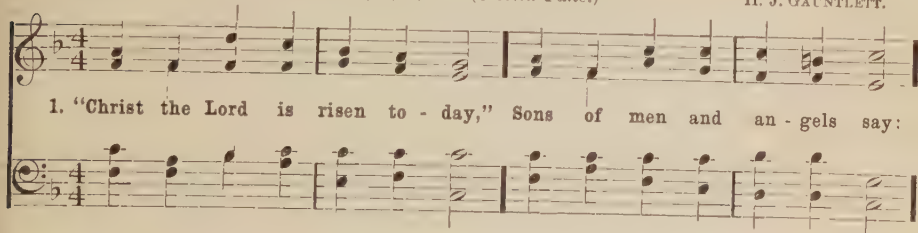
4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.—REF.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

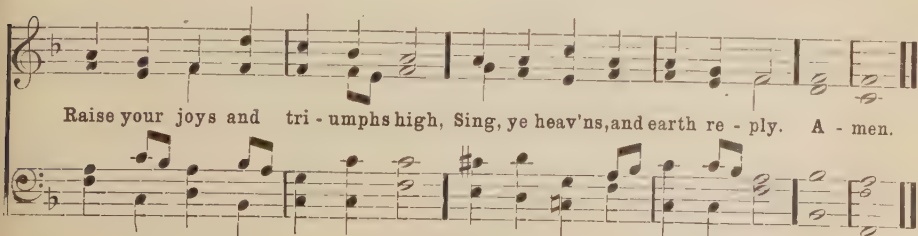
This Hymn can also be sung to tune "Worgan," on opposite page.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7, 7, 7, 7. (Second Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. "Christ the Lord is risen to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say:



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. A - men.

Easter.

162 PALESTRINA. 8, 8, 8. With Alleluias.

Arr. from G. P. da Palestrina.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org.

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to -

ry of life is won; The song of tri - umph

has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

D.S.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

Easter.

163 MATERNA. C. M. D.

S. A. WARD.

1. The morn - ing pur - ples all the sky, The air with prais - es rings;

De - feat - ed hell stands sul - len by, The world ex - ult - ing sings:

Glo - ry to God! our glad lips cry; All praise and wor - ship be.....

On earth, in heav'n, to God Most High, For Christ's great victo - ry. A - men.

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- 2 While He, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory.
- 3 Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered He has lain;
But He has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.
- 4 The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
For Christ's great victory.

Easter.

164 RANSOM. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

E. BUNNETT.

1. To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy - ing pain,

In Unison. *In Harmony.*

Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! To Him, the Lamb our Sac - ri - fice,

Who gave His Blood our ran - som-price, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 To Him Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

A. T. RUSSELL.

165 HALLETT. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

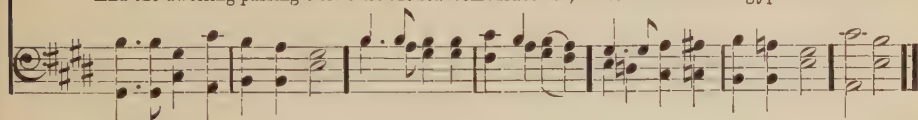
J. H. SHEPHERD.

1. Once the an-gel start-ed back, When he saw the blood-stained door, Pausing on his vengeful track,

Easter.



And the dwelling passing o'er. Once the sea from Israel fled, Ere it rolled o'er Egypt's dead. A-men.



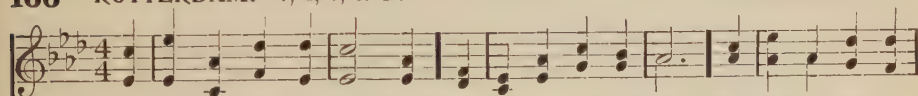
2 Now our Passover is come,
Dimly shadowed in the past,
And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ the Lord, is slain at last.
Then, with hearts and hands made meet,
Our unleavened bread we'll eat.

3 Blessèd Victim sent from heaven,
Whom all angel hosts obey,
To whose will all earth is given,
At Whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou hast conquered death's dread strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life.

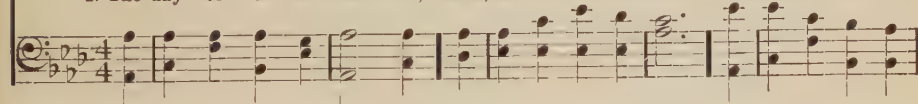
Tr. Bishop WILLIAMS.

166 ROTTERDAM. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

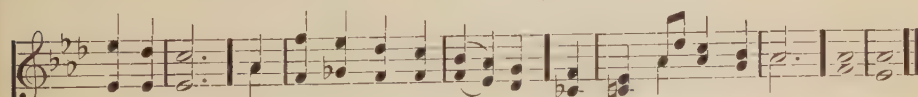
BERTHOLD TOURS.



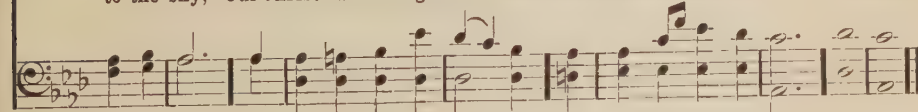
1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a-broad, The pass - o - ver of



glad - ness, The pass - o - ver of God, From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un-



to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-men.



2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

Tr. by Rev. JOHN M. NEALE.

Easter.

167 RESURREXIT. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 5, 7, 5. With Refrain.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en! He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris-en,

Christ is ris-en! Al-le-lu-ia! swell the strain. For our gain He suf-fer'd loss

By di-vine de- cree; He hath died up-on the cross, But our God is He.

REFRAIN.

Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en; He hath burst His bonds in twain;

Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en! Al-le-lu-ia! swell the strain. A-men.

2 See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side.
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.—REF.

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;

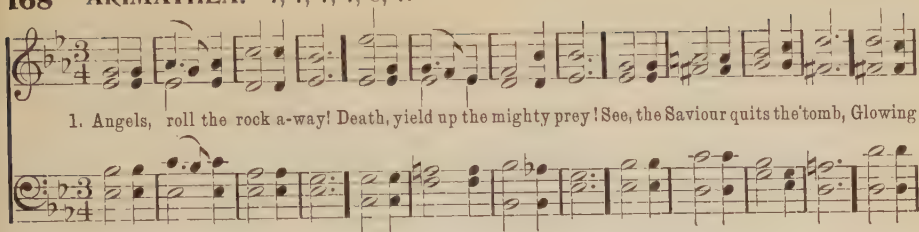
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice,
Gleam, ye starry train;
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign.

REF.—Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is risen, Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign.

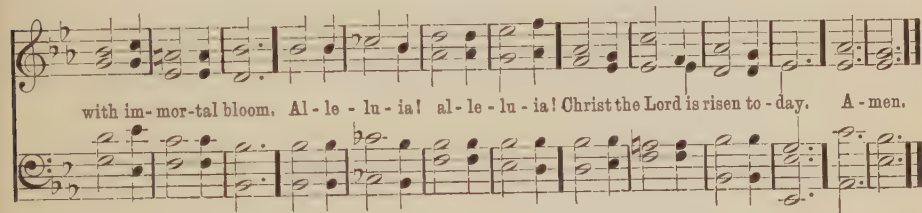
Easter.

168 ARIMATHEA. 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7.

C. F. ROPER.



1. Angels, roll the rock a-way! Death, yield up the mighty prey! See, the Saviour quits the tomb, Glowing



with im-mor-tal bloom. Al-le-lu-ia! al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day. A-men.

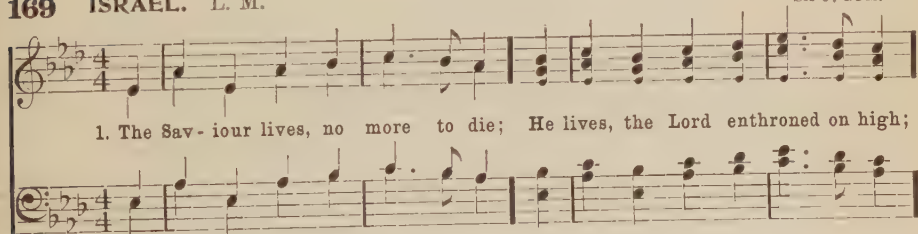
2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

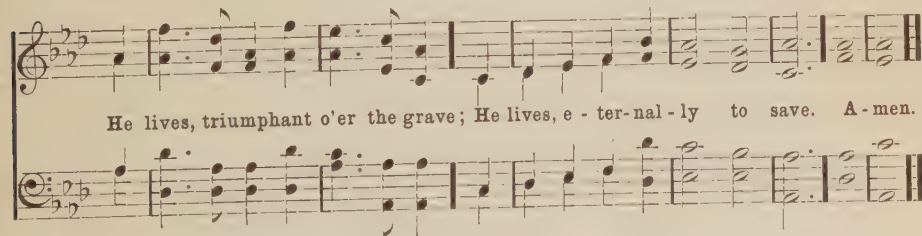
T. SCOTT AND T. GIBBONS.

169 ISRAEL. L. M.

Sir J. Goss.



1. The Sav-iour lives, no more to die; He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;



He lives, triumphant o'er the grave; He lives, e-ter-nal-ly to save. A-men.

2 He lives, to still His servants' fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.

With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;

4 His saints He loves and never leaves;
The contrite sinner He receives;
Abundant grace will He afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

Rev. L. MEDLEY.

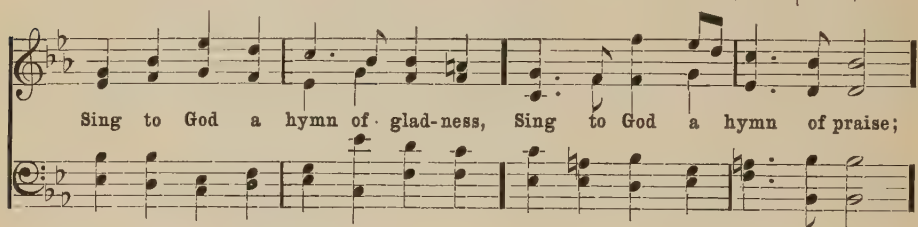
Easter.

170 DAWN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

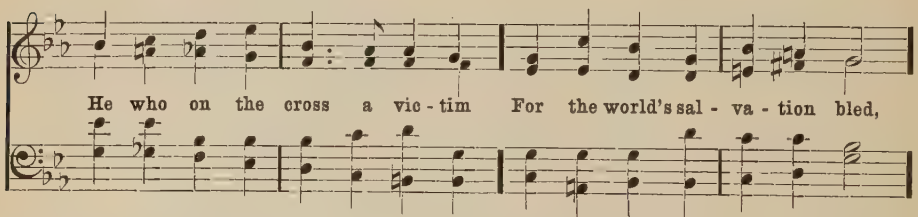
M. B. FOSTER.



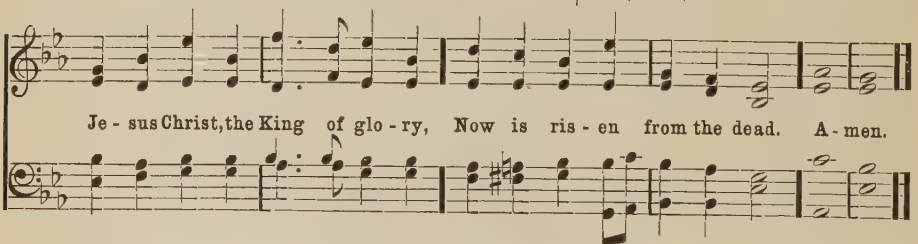
1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heaven and voic - es raise;



Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;



He who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,



Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

Bishop C. WORDSWORTH

Easter.

LUX EOI. 8, 7, 8, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

Sir. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heaven and voices raise; Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise; He who on the cross a victim For the world's salvation bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.

171 WIRTEMBURG. 7, 7, 7, 7. With Alleluia.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Christ is ris - en from the dead: He has set His peo - ple free; Bruised for us the Serpent's head, Won for us the vic - to - ry! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 2 Christ is risen from the dead,
Mighty in His power to save!
And, as our Ascended Head,
Reaps the harvest of the grave.
Alleluia!
- 3 Now, before the Throne He stands
Crown'd the Victor in the strife,

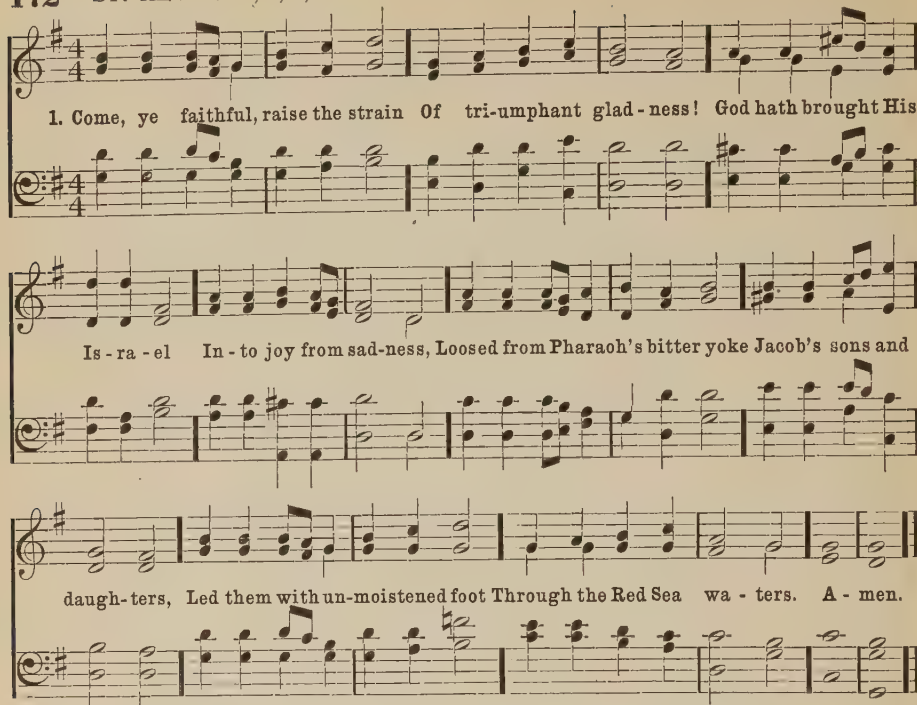
Shows His wounded feet and hands,
In the power of endless life.
Alleluia!

- 4 As our First-Fruits He appears,
In Him all His people rise;
And through everlasting years,
Share His glory in the skies.
Alleluia!

Easter.

172 ST. KEVIN. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of tri-umphant glad-ness! God hath brought His

Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness, Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and

daugh-ters, Led them with un-moistened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters. A-men.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;

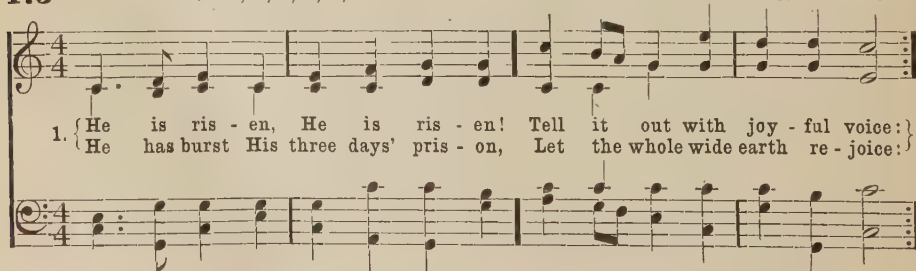
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who, with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection!

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

JOHN of Damascus. Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.


173 NEANDER. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

J. NEANDER.



1. { He is ris-en, He is ris-en! Tell it out with joy-ful voice: }
{ He has burst His three days' pris-on, Let the whole wide earth re-joice: }

Easter.



Death is conquered, man is free. Christ has won the vic - to - ry. A - men.

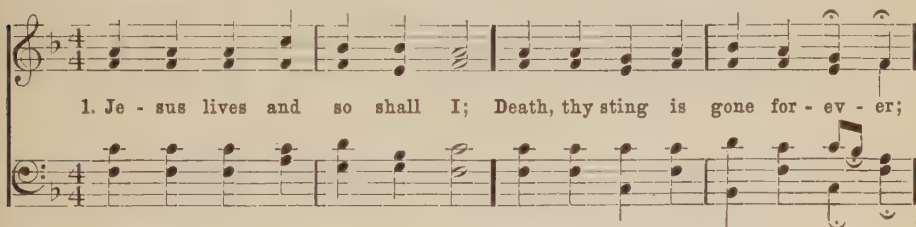
2 He is risen! He is risen!
He hath opened heaven's gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state.
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream,

3 Triune God, let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who by grace dost us restore:
Praise to Thee for evermore!

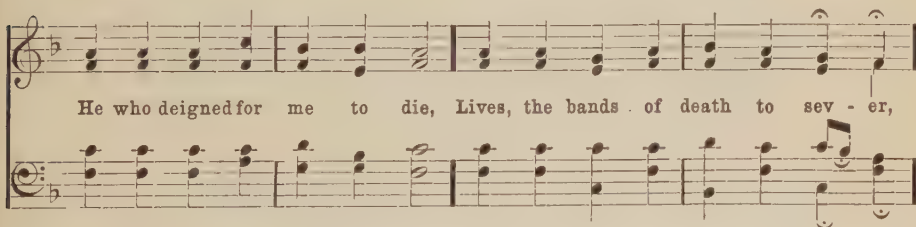
C. F. ALEXANDER.

174 MEINHOLD. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

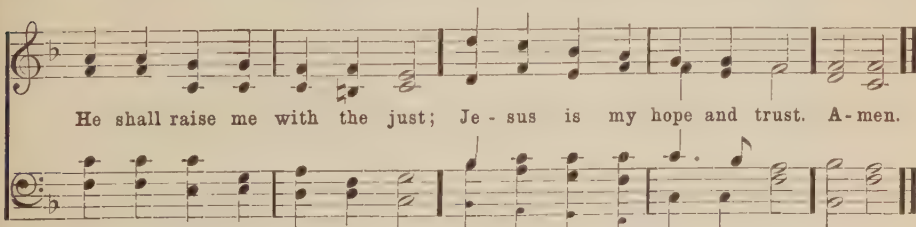
J. S. BACH.



1. Je - sus lives and so shall I; Death, thy sting is gone for - ev - er;



He who deigned for me to die, Lives, the bands of death to sev - er,



He shall raise me with the just; Je - sus is my hope and trust. A - men.

2 Jesus lives, and reigns supreme;
And, His kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must!
Jesus is my hope and trust.

3 Jesus lives, and I am sure
Naught shall e'er from Jesus sever;
Satan's wiles and Satan's power,

Pain or pleasure, ye shall never!
Christian armor cannot rust,
Jesus is my hope and trust.

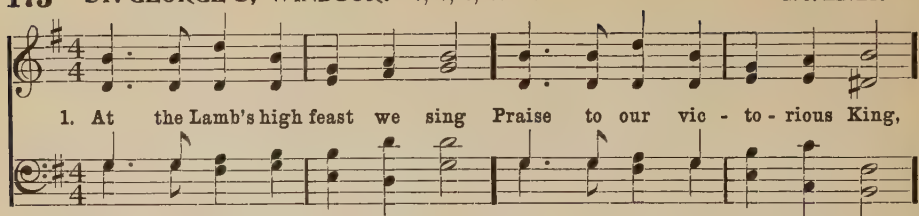
4 Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory,
Courage! then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just,
Jesus is the Christian's trust.

From German, Rev. P. SCHAFF, D. D.

Easter.

175 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

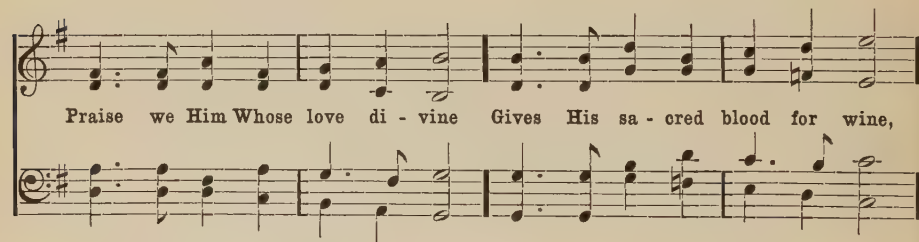
G. J. ELVEY.



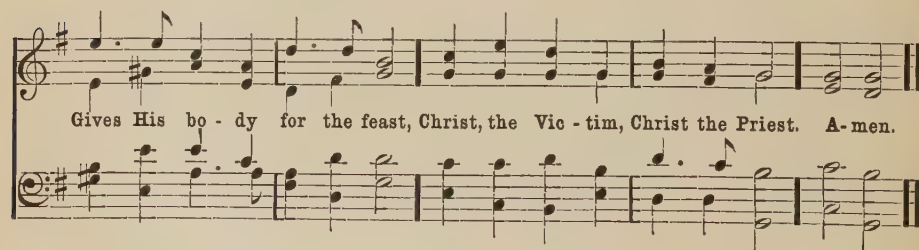
1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,



Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side;



Praise we Him Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,



Gives His bo - dy for the feast, Christ, the Vic - tim, Christ the Priest. A - men.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword,
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:

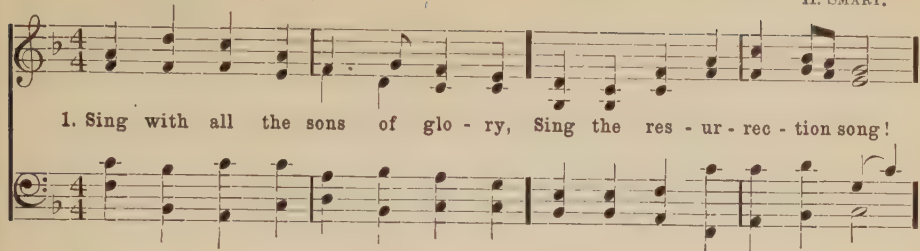
Now no more can death appal
Now no more the grave enthal;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise,

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

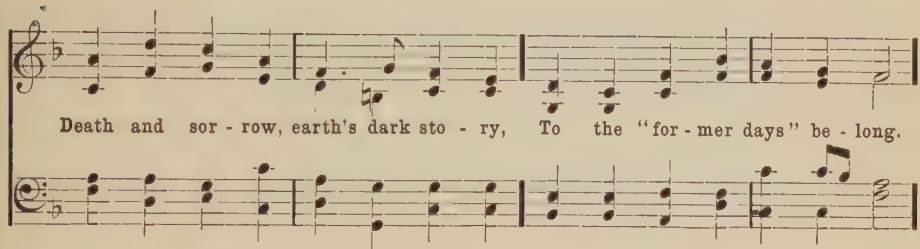
Easter.

176 CRUCIFIER. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

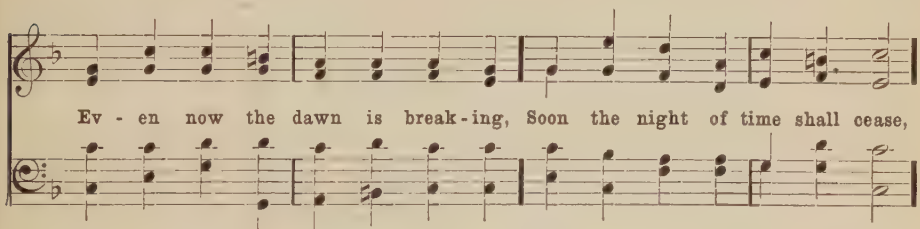
H. SMART.



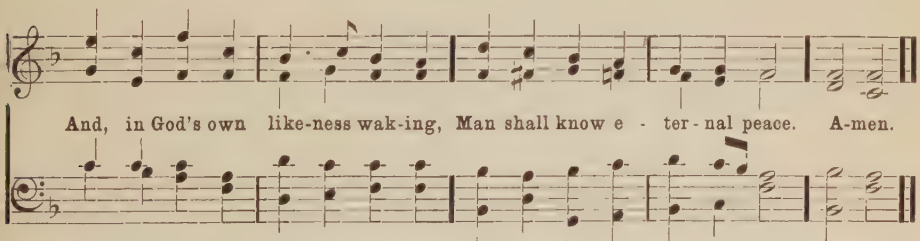
1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song!



Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the "for - mer days" be - long.



Ev - en now the dawn is break - ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,



And, in God's own like-ness wak - ing, Man shall know e - ter - nal peace. A-men.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it;
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 "Life eternal!" Heaven rejoices;
Jesus lives Who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices;
Child of God lift up thy head.

Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 "Life eternal!" Oh, what wonders
Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
Oh! to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!"

Ascensio[n]tide.

177 HASELBURY. S. M. D.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER, D. D.

1. Thou art gone up on high, To realms be - yond the skies;

And round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise;

But we are ling - 'ring here, With sin and care op - pressed;

Lord, send Thy promised Com - fort - er, And lead us to our rest. A - men.

See also CHALVEY, No. 77.

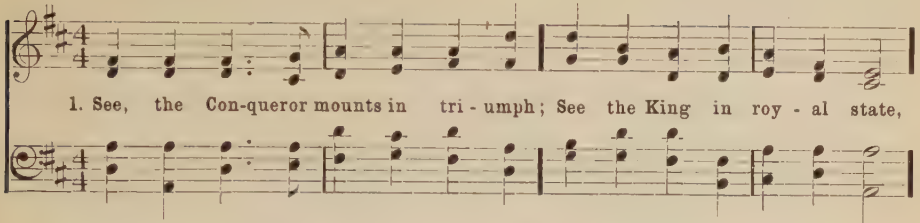
3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

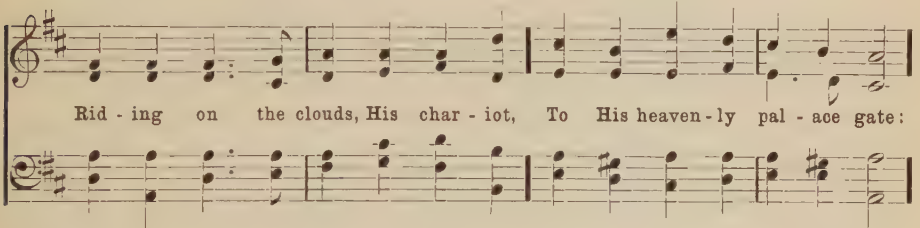
Ascensiontide.

178 ST. ASAPH. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



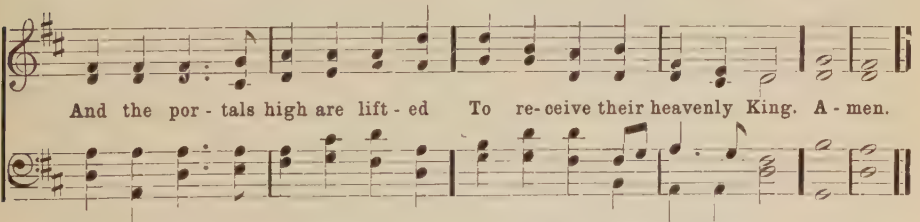
1. See, the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy-al state,



Rid-ing on the clouds, His char-iot, To His heaven-ly pal-ace gate:



Hark! the choirs of an-gel voic-es Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,



And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heavenly King. A-men.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends: { Him,
He who walked with God, and pleased
Preaching truth and doom to come,
Christ, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

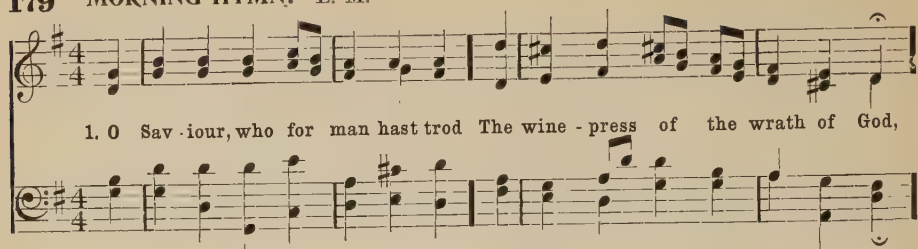
4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

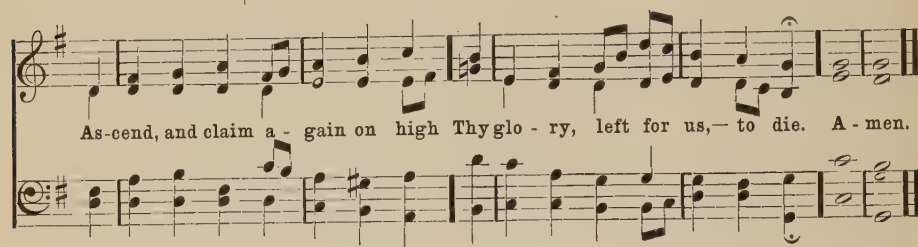
Ascensiontide.

179 MORNING HYMN. L. M.

F. H. BARTHELEMON.



1. O Sav-iour, who for man hast trod The wine - press of the wrath of God,



As-cend, and claim a - gain on high Thy glo - ry, left for us, — to die. A - men.

2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

3 The Angel host enraptured waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God and man! The Father's Throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

4 Our great High Priest and Shepherd Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

5 And thence the church, Thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

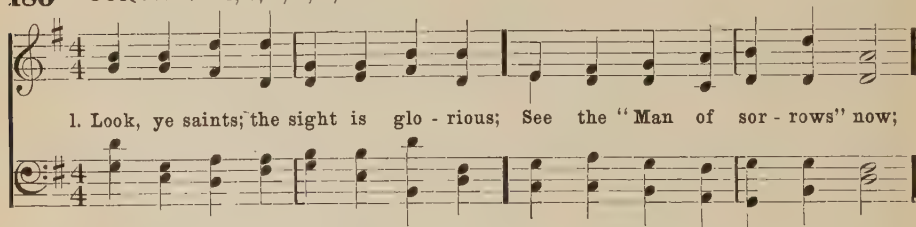
6 O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.

7 All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

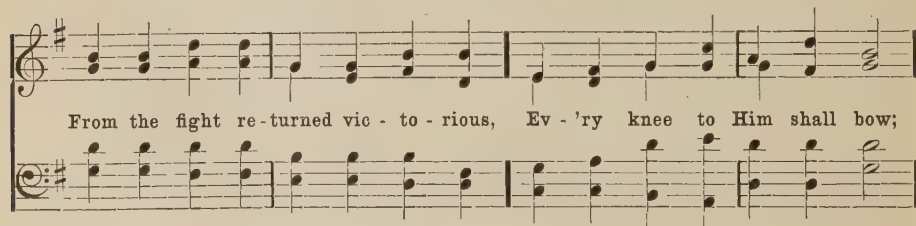
From Latin, Rev. J. CHANDLER.

180 CORONÆ. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

W. H. MONK.



1. Look, ye saints; the sight is glo - rious; See the "Man of sor - rows" now;



From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow;

Ascensiontide.

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him; Own His title, praise His name:
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings; Crown Him! Crown Him!
 On the seat of power enthrone Him, Spread abroad the Victor's fame!
 While the vault of heaven rings; 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
 Crown the Saviour King of kings. Jesus takes the highest station;
 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him; Oh, what joy the sight affords!
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Saints and angels crowd around Him, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

T. KELLY.

W. H. MONK.

181 ASCENSION. 7, 7, 7, 7. With Alleluia.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia! To His throne a -

bove the skies: Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners given, Al - le -

lu - ia! En - ters now the high - est heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 2 There for Him high triumph waits;
 Lift your heads, eternal gates;
 He hath conquered death and sin;
 Take the King of glory in.
 Alleluia!

- 3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
 Though returning to His throne,
 Still He calls mankind His own.
 Alleluia!

- 4 See! He lifts His hands above:
 See! He shows the prints of love;

- Hark! His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on His Church below.
 Alleluia!


- 5 Still for us He intercedes,
 His prevailing death He pleads,
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 He the first-fruits of our race.
 Alleluia!

- 6 Lord, though parted from our sight
 Far above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking Thee above the skies.
 Alleluia!

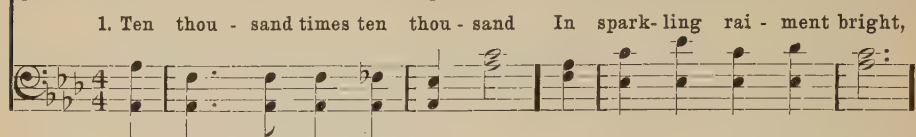

Ascensiontide.

182 ALFORD. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.

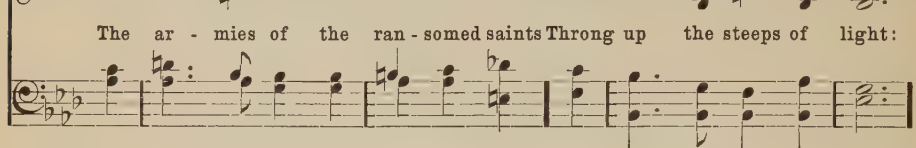

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



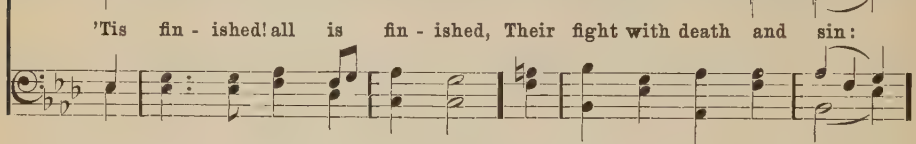
1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steep - s of light:

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:




Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates And let the vic - tors in. A - men.



2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
Oh, joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!
3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

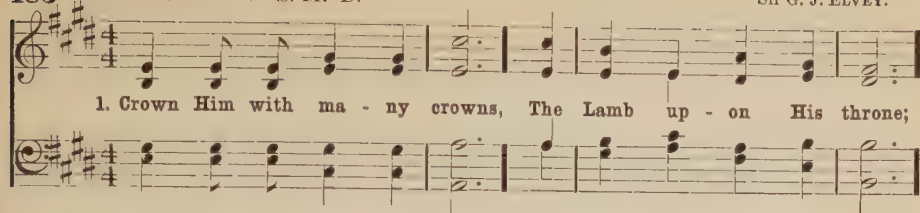
4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

H. ALFORD.

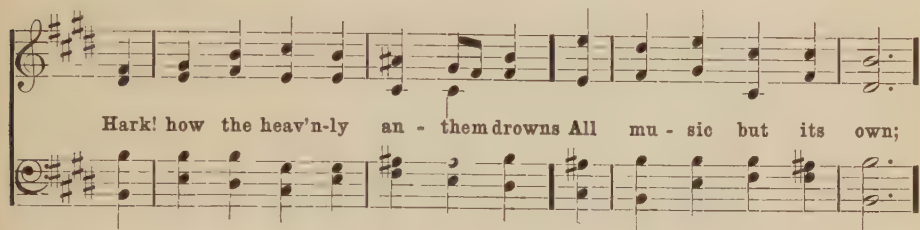
Ascensiontide.

183 DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

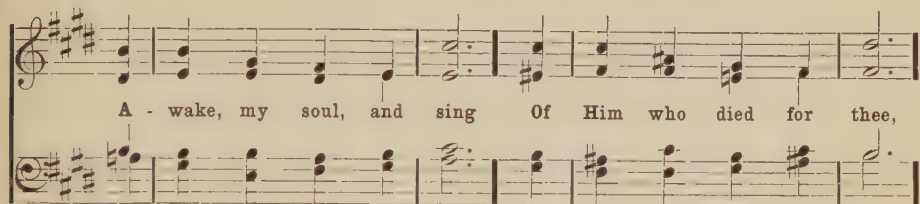
Sir G. J. ELVEY.



1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - themdrowns All mu - sic but its own;



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.


5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to whom is given,
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

M. BRIDGES.


Ascensiontide.

184 CHRIST CHURCH. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

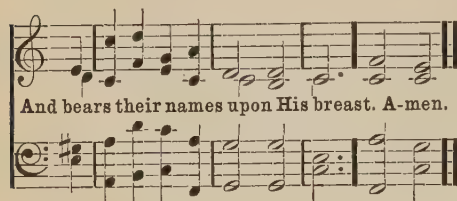
C. STEGGALL.



1. The aton-ing work is done, The Vic-tim's blood is shed; And Je-sus now is gone



His peo - ple's cause to plead: He stands in heaven their Great High Priest,



And bears their names upon His breast. A-men.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His:
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

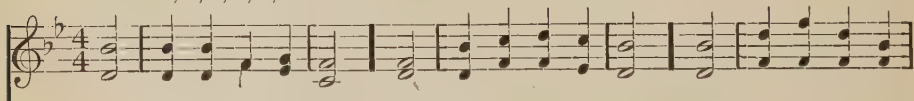
2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their Great High Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.


REV. THOMAS KELLY.

LENOX. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. (Second Tune.)

L. EDSON.



1. The atoning work is done, The Victim's blood is shed: And Je-sus now is



gone His peo - ple's cause to plead: He stands in heaven their Great High Priest, And


Ascensiontide.




bears their names upon His breast, And bears their names upon His breast. A - men.

185 WESTON. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

J. H. ROE.



1. Christ our King to heaven ascendeth, Past the blue sky's utmost bound; Christ our King to



heaven ascendeth Clouds of angels close Him round, Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia



loud they cry: Christ our King to heaven ascendeth, Glory be to God on high! A - men.

2 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain!
Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
On God's throne He lives again;
Pleads His sacrifice of wonder.
Claims the fruit of all His pain:
Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
Peace on earth; good-will to men.

3 Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
Cloven tongues of fire appear.
Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the rushing wind is here!

Mighty armies forth with banners
Conquering and to conquer go:
Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
He shall reign o'er all below.

4 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
All His foes before Him fall;
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
He shall triumph over all.
King of kings shall men behold Him,
Lord of lords for evermore:
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
Bow before Him, and adore!

Rev. J. H. HOPKINS.

186 ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

Day's Psalter.

1. Lord God the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,

As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy power. A - men.

- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

- 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

187 ST. CUTHBERT. 8, 6, 8, 4.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell. A - men.

- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each thought, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

HARRIET AUBER.

1. When God of old came down from heaven, In power and wrath He came;

Be - fore His feet the clouds were riven, Half darkness and half flame; A - men.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud:

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind,

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love and
Open our ears to hear; [Power,
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

REV. J. KERLE.

189 BROOKFIELD. L. M.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.

1. Spir - it of mer - cy, truth and love, O shed Thine in-fluence from a - bove;

And still from age to age con-vey The won - ders of this sa - ored day. A - men.

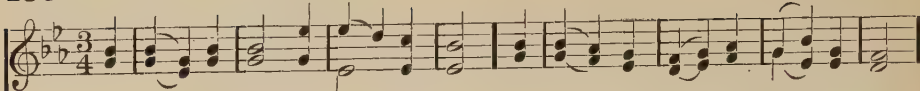
2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth and love.

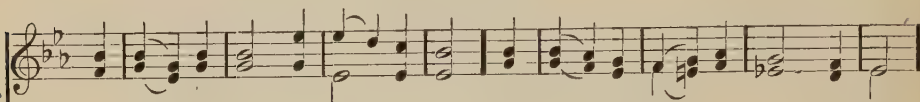
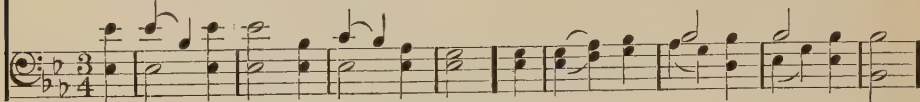
REV. R. W. KYLE.

190 STELLA. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

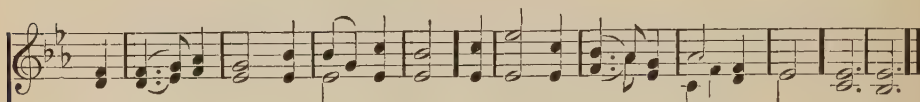
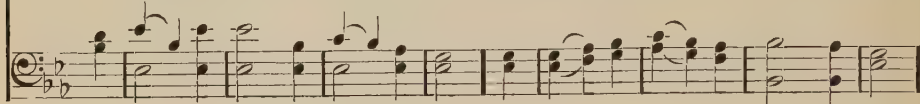
H. F. HEMY.



1. Cre - a - tor, Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun-da - tions first were laid



Come, vis - it ev - ery hum - ble mind, Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind,



From sin and sor - row set us free, And make Thy tem - ples wor - thy Thee. A - men.



2 O source of uncreated light
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,

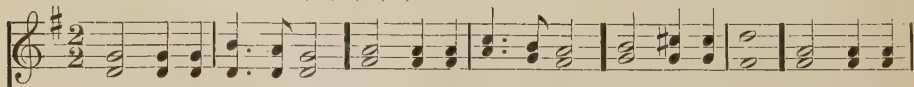
And practice all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

From Latin, JOHN DRYDEN.

191 NEW HAVEN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

T. HASTINGS.



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove Thine own bright ray: Di - vinely



Tabitsuntide.



2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light, serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

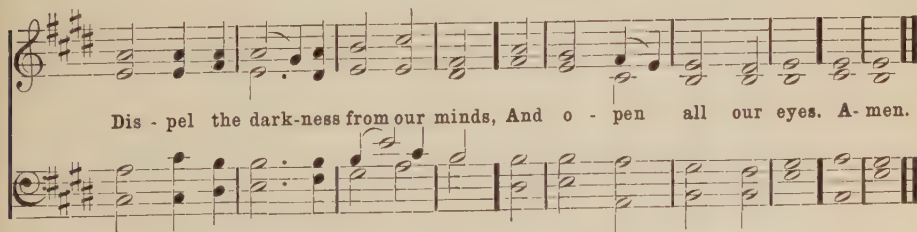
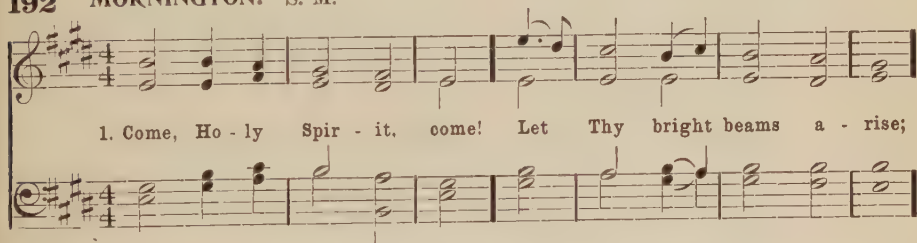
4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Latin. Tr. Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D.

192 MORNINGTON. S. M.

Earl of Mornington.



2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. HART. Alt. Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faithful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side, Gent-ly lead us by the hand,

D. S.—Whispering soft-ly, "Wanderer, come!
D. S.

FINE.

Pilgrims in a des-ert land: Weary souls for e'er rejoice, While they hear that sweetest voice A - men.

Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear:
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,—
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide Thee home."

MARCUS M. WELLS.

194 BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

Spir - it of truth, come down, Re - veal the things of God,

Make Thou to us Christ's God-head known Ap - ply His pre - cious blood. A - men.

2 His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living Word,

4 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."


5 The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
Oh, testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

Whitsuntide.

195 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.


4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.


REV. ISAAC WATTS.

196 ST. BOTOLF. 8, 8, 6.

J. H. GOWER.



1. To Thee, O Com - fort - er Di - vine, For all Thy grace and power be-nign,



Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

4 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia!

Copyright by John H. Gower.

2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin
Sing we Alleluia!

Trinity.

197 NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10. Irregular.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Bishop R. HEBER.

Trinity.

198 ST. ATHANASIUS. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King,
By the heav'ns and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

2 Since by Thee were all things made.
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly,
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly Host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop C. WORDSWORTH.

Trinity.

199 MOULTRIE. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

G. F. COBB.

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim

Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn:

"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy full - ness stored;

Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho ly, Lord." A - men.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

R. MANT.

1. Fa-ther of all, whose love pro-found A ran-som for our souls hath found,

Be-fore Thy throne we sin-ners bend, To us Thy pardoning love ex-tend. A-men.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,

Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

REV. EDWARD COOPER.

201 WAREHAM. L. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord, Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,

For-ev - er be Thy Name adored, Thy glo-ries let the world proclaim. A-men.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,

Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

Trinity.

202 CHERUBIM. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

G. F. LEJEUNE.

1. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais-ing.

Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, In un-ceas-ing cho-rus prais-ing,

Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac-cord,— Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord. A-men.

2 Lo! the apostolic train
Join Thy sacred name to hallow.
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the church the song goes on.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
While in essence only One,

Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

C. A. WALWORTH.

203 DORT. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

L. MASON.

1. Fa-ther of Light and Love! Who, from Thy throne above, Lookest on me, Help me to

Trinity.



seek Thy face; Me in Thine arms embrace; And, in Thy sovereign grace, Bring me to Thee. Amen.



2 Jesus, The Crucified!
Jesus! for me Who died,
Teach me I pray,
All that Thy love can do;
My evil heart renew;
My stubborn will subdue
To Thine, this day!

Cleanse Thou my spirit's sight;
And, in my heart, the light
Of Jesus shine!

4 All-glorious Three in One!
To Thy great Name alone,
In earth and heaven;
Thou undivided Three
All praise and glory be
Now and eternally,
Joyously given!

3 Spirit of Holiness!
Sent forth to guide and bless
Those who are Thine,
Strengthen me with Thy might;

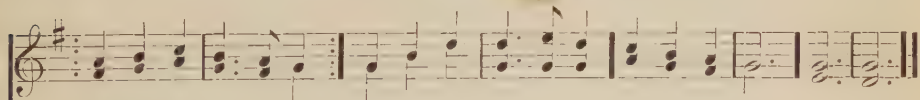
Rev. Wm. NEWTON, D. D.

204 ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

F. de GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:



{ Fa-ther! all glo-ri-ous, }
{ O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, } Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of Days! A-men.



2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

1. Sound a - loud Je - ho - vah's prais - es, Tell a - broad the

aw - ful name; Heav'n the cease - less an - them rais - es, Let the earth her

God pro - claim: God, the hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, God, the source of

con - so - la - tion, Ho - ly, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

2 This the name from ancient ages
Hidden in its dazzling light;
This the name that kings and sages
Prayed and strove to know aright,
Through God's wondrous incarnation
Now revealed the world's salvation,
Ever blessed Trinity!

3 Into this great name and holy
We all tribes and tongues baptize;
Thus the highest owns the lowly,
Homeward, heavenward bids them rise,
Gathers them from every nation,
Bids them join in adoration
Of the blessed Trinity!

4 In this name the heart rejoices,
Pouring forth its secret prayer;
In this name we lift our voices,
And our common faith declare,
Offering praise and supplication,
And the thankful life's oblation,
To the blessed Trinity!

5 Still Thy name o'er earth and ocean
Shall be carried, "God is love,"
Whispered by the heart's devotion,
Echoed by the choirs above,
Hallowed through all worlds for ever,
Lord, of life the only Giver,
Blessed, glorious Trinity!

1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; An-cient of ev-er-

last-ing days, And God of love: Je-hovah! Great I AM! By earth and heaven con-

fessed; I bow and bless the sa-cred Name, For ev-er blest. A-men.

2 The God of Abraham praise
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;

On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!

Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM!
We worship Thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Rev. THOMAS OLIVERS.

Trinity.

207 ST. GODRIC. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love, For

all our com-forts here, And all our hopes a - bove: He sent His own E -

ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A - men.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power

Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers;
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

208 HOLLINGSIDE. 7, 7, 7, 7, D.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,

Out of darkness, at Thy word, Is - sued in - to glo - rious birth,

D.S.—While they sang, with one ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

Trinity.

D.S.

All Thy works be - fore Thee stood, And Thine eye be - held them good, A-men.

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

209 REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

H. SMART.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,

Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His right-eous-ness;

Heavenly Fa-ther, Heaven-ly Fa - ther, Thro' the Sav - iour hear and bless. A - men.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy name;
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,

Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love!

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!

Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

Bishop A. V. GRISWOLD,

Communion of Saints.

210 SARUM. 10, 10, 10, 4.

Sir. J. BARNBY.

1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,
be for ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

Communion of Saints.

211 LUX EOL. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,

Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.

Clear be - fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light:

Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fearless through the night. A-men.

See also "St. Joseph," 178.

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:

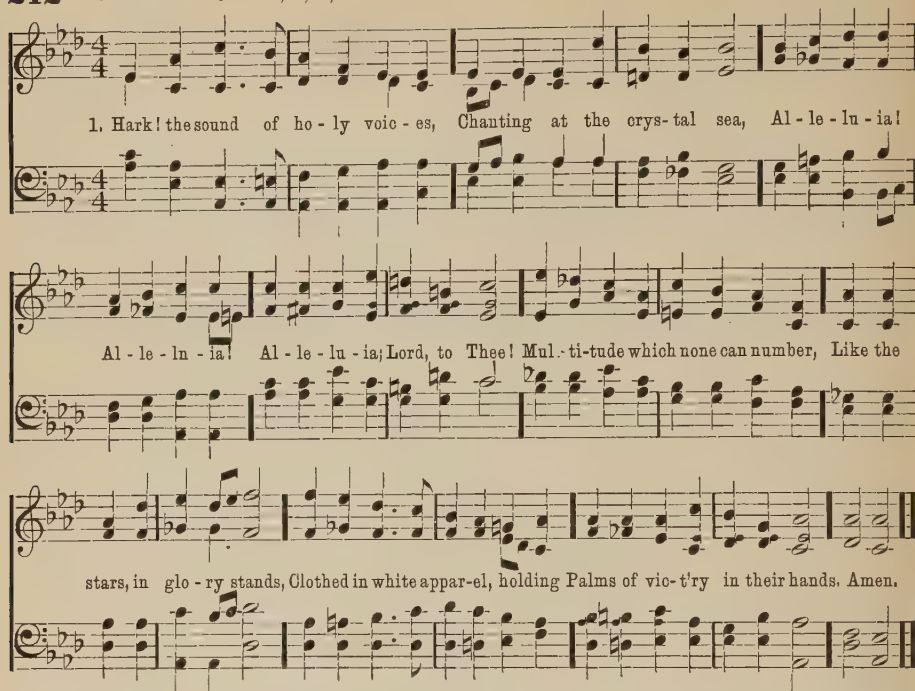
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

Communion of Saints.

212 SANCTUARY. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chanting at the crys - tal sea, Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia; Lord, to Thee! Mul - ti - tude which none can number, Like the
stars, in glo - ry stands, Clothed in white appar - el, holding Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. Amen.

2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

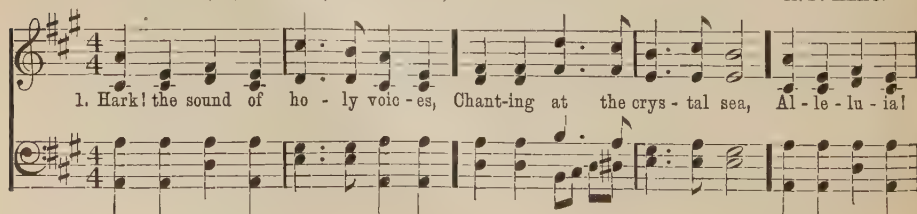
3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

4 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

DURBIN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

H. F. HEMY.



1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chanting at the crys - tal sea, Al - le - lu - ia!

Communion of Saints.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee! Mul - titude which none can num - ber, Like the
stars, in glo - ry stands, Clothed in white apparel, holding Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A - men.

213 DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. NAEGLI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus' love: The
fel - low - ship of Christian minds Is like to that a - bove. A - men.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

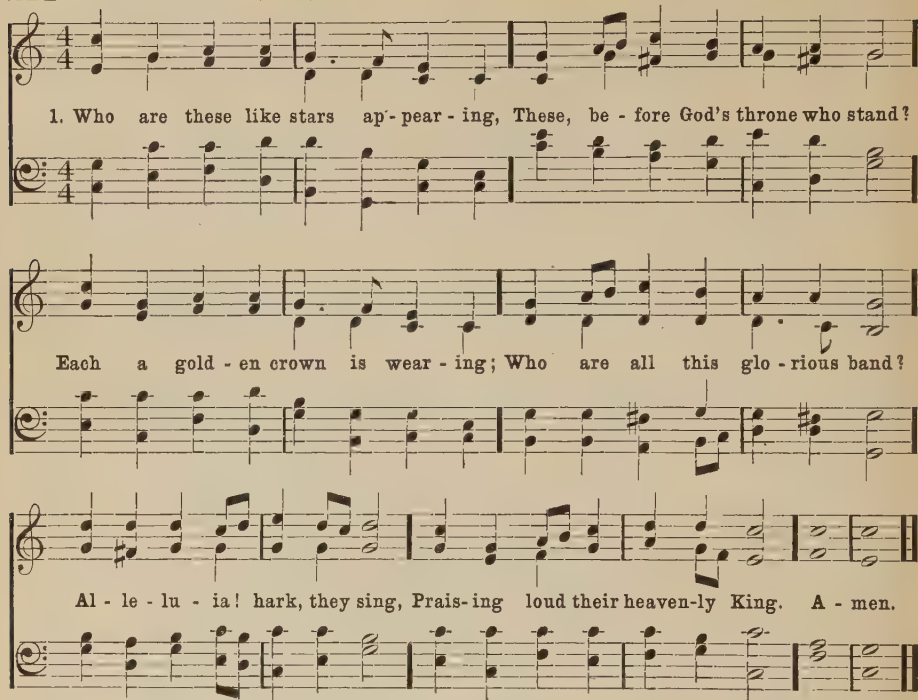
5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, D. D.

Communion of Saints.

214 SCHAPERT. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

Darmstädter Gesangbuch.



1. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These, be-fore God's throne who stand?
Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glo-rious band?
Al-le-lu-ia! hark, they sing, Prais-ing loud their heaven-ly King. A-men.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes where lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

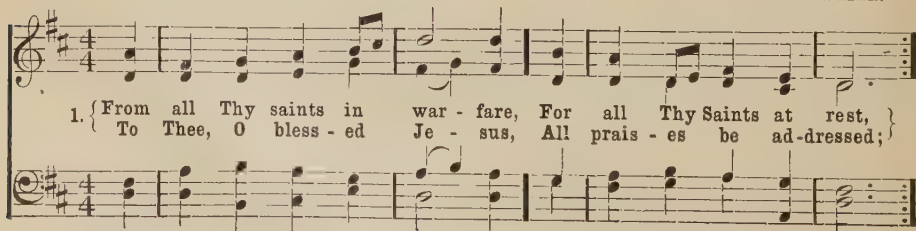
3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

5 These, like priests, have watched and
Offering up to Christ their will, [waited,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

H. T. SCHENCK, Tr. F. E. COX.

215 PÆAN. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

F. WEBER.



1. { From all Thy saints in war-fare, For all Thy Saints at rest, }
To Thee, O bless-ed Je-sus, All prais-es be ad-dressed;

Communion of Saints.



Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might con-querors be;



Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A-men.



2 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.

EARL NELSON.

216 AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER, arr. by L. MASON.



1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove That have ob-tained the prize,



And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise. A - men.



2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

Communion of Saints.

217 REST. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

Sir. J. STAINER.

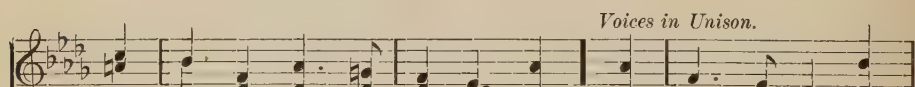


1. The saints of God, their con - flict past, And life's long bat - tle



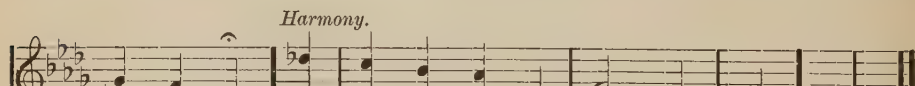
won at last, No more they need the shield or sword,

Voices in Unison.



They cast them down be - fore their Lord: O hap - py saints! for

Harmony.



ev - er blest, At Je - sus' feet how safe your rest! A - men.

2 The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal;
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our guide and friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

Communion of Saints.

218 MEAR. C. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness - es En - com - pass us a - round!

Men once like us with suf - f'ring tried, But now with glo - ry crown'd. A-men.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the Cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.

3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path;
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

Scotch Paraphases.

219 BEATITUDO. C. M.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Letsaints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;

For all the ser - vants of our King In heaven and earth are one. A-men.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now,

5 Jesus, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, ATT. MURRAY.

Communion of Saints.

220 MANOAH. C. M.

FROM FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. Lord, Thou on earth didst love Thine own, Didst love them to the end;

O still from Thy ce - les - tial throne Let gifts of love de - scend. A - men.

2 The love the Father bears to Thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all Thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As Thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear Thy name.

4 One blessed fellowship of love,
Thy living Church shall stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at Thy right hand.

5 O glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at His side,
She shall forget her tears!

REV. RAY PALMER, D. D.

221 ROCKINGHAM NEW. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Kin - dred in Christ! for His dear sake A heart - y wel - come here re - ceive;

May we to - geth - er now par - take The joys which on - ly He can give. Amen.

2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 We'll talk of all He did, and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away
We'll love and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

The Church.

222 AURELIA. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;

She is His new cre - a - tion By His e - ter - nal word;

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

The Church.

223 AUSTRIA. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

He whose word can - not be brok-en Formed thee for His own a - bode:

On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

With sal - va-tion's walls sur-rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A-men.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near,

Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity;
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the wordling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

The Church.

224 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,

The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood. A - men.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given -
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

225 TRURO, L. M.

C. BURNEY.

1. Tri - umph - ant Zi - on! lift Thy head From dust, and dark - ness, and the dead:

Though humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. Amen.

See also PARK STREET, No.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread,

No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

The Church.

226 GRASMERE. 7, 7, 8, 7. D.

EDWIN MOSS.

1. Head of the Church tri-umph - ant! We joy - ful - ly a - dore Thee;

Till Thou ap-pear, Thy mem-bers here Shall sing like those be - fore Thee.

We lift our hearts and voic - es, In blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion,

And cry a-loud, and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion. A - men.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We lift our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The love Divine which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:

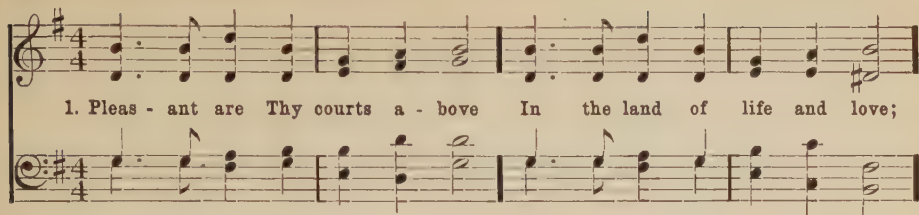
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
Through Thee we shall break through them
And sing the song of Moses. [all,

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand
To take us up to heaven.

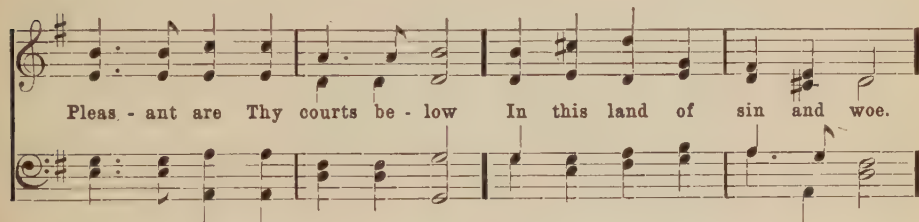
The Church.

227 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.



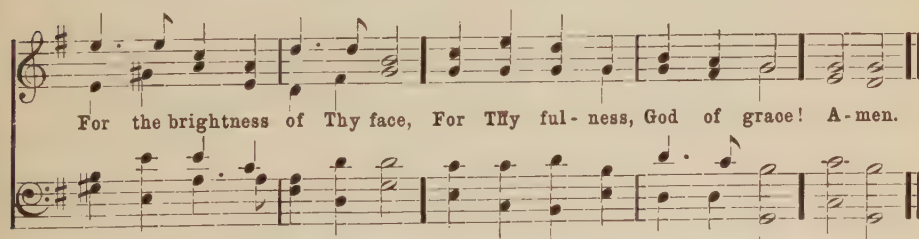
1. Pleas - ant are Thy courts a - bove In the land of life and love;



Pleas - ant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.



O my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,



For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace! A-men.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their Lord repair
And enjoy Him ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:

On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart,
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

REV. H. F. LYTE.

The Church.

228 HULL. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

C. CHANDLER.

1. Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - ver-throw;

Dread not his rage and power; What though your cour - age sometimes faints,

His seem - ing tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour. A - men.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord:

Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail

A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own;
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer;
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again;
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

Tr. Miss. C. WINKWORTH.

L. MASON.

MERIBAH. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. (Second Tune.)

1. Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - ver-throw; Dread

not his rage and power; { What tho' your courage sometimes faints, } Lasts but a lit - tle hour. A - men.
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints

The Church.

229 ETON COLLEGE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Sir. J. BARNBY.

1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round-ed, Zi - on, kept by power di - vine;

All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Though the world in arms com-bine;

Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine! A - men.

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY.

ZION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. (Second Tune.)

T. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.

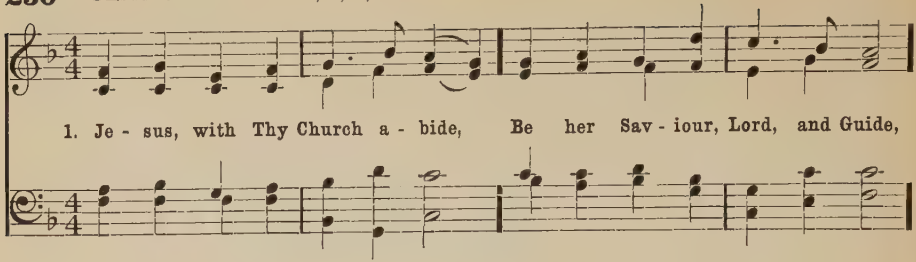
1. { Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on kept by power di - vine; } Happy Zi - on,
{ All her foes shall be confounded, Though the world in arms combine; }

What a favored lot is thine! Hap - py Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine; A - men.

The Church.

230 CLAY'S LITANY. 7, 7, 7, 6.

F. E. CLAY.



1. Je - sus, with Thy Church a - bid, Be her Sav - iour, Lord, and Guide,



While on earth her faith is tried: We be - seech Thee, hear us. A - men.

2 Keep her life and doctrine pure;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee hear us.

3 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Baptism of Infants.

231 SILOAM. C. M.

J. B. WOODBURY.

1. See Is-rael's gen-tle Shep-herd stand With all en-gag-ing charms;

Hark! how He calls the ten-derlambs, And folds them in His arms. A-men.

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Rev. P. DODDRIDGE.

232 VIGIL. S. M.

St. Alban's Book.

1. The gen-tle Sav-iour calls..... Our chil-dren to His breast;.....

He folds them in His gra-cious arms, Him-self de-clares them blest. A-men.

2 "Let them approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to Thee,
Imploring that, as we are Thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

Rev. P. DODDRIDGE.

Baptism of Infants.

233 BROCKLESBURY. 8, 7, 8, 7.

C. A. BARNARD.

1. Sav-iour, who Thy flock art feed-ing With the shep-herd's kind - est care,

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share; A - men.

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving;
Save them from the lion's prey;

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG

234 BELMONT. C. M.

S. WEBBE.

1. Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer We now de - vote to Thee,

Let them Thy covenant mer-cy share, And Thy sal - va - tion see. A - men.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray,
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In the holy faith and fear,
And then to heaven our souls receive,
And bring our children there.

Bishop E. BICKERSTETH.

Baptism of Adults.

235 LOUISVILLE. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.



1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which



God supplies Through His E - ter - nal Son, Through His E - ter - nal Son. A - men.



- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
- 4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,

- Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

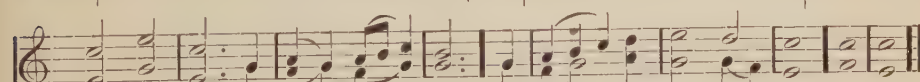
REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

236 SILVER STREET. S. M.

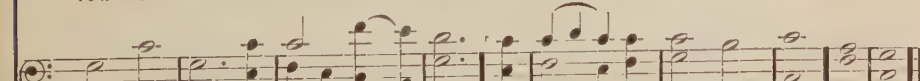
I. SMITH.



1. Stand, sol-dier of the cross, Thy high al - le - giance claim, And



vow to hold the world but loss For thy Re-deem-er's Name. A - men.



- 2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.
- 3 No more thine own, but Christ's—
With all the saints of old;
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled,—

- 4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.
- 5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

Bishop W. W. How,

The Lord's Supper.

237 DALEHURST. C. M.

A. COTTMAN.

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - men.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

EVAN. C. M. (Second Tune.)

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - men.

The Lord's Supper.

238 PAX DEI. 10, 10, 10, 10.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle
things un - seen, Here grasp with firm - er hand the eter - nal grace,
And all my wea - ri - ness up - on..... Thee lean. A - men.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me:
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

4 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is In Thy might, Thy might alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

6 Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

The Lord's Supper.

239 HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread? And does Thy cup with love o'er - flow?

Thither be all Thy chil-dren led, And let them all its sweet-ness know. A - men.

See also ROCKINGHAM OLD, No. 106.

- 2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?

Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

- 4 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Rev. P. DODDRIDGE.

240 LEICESTER. C. M.

W. HURST.

1. I am not worth-y, ho - ly Lord That Thou shouldst come to me;

Speak but the word; one gracious word Can set the sin - ner free. A - men.

- 2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.
- 3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay,

Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom price to pay?

- 4 O come, in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food Divine.
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

The Lord's Supper.

241 FAITH. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. To our Re-deem-er's glo-rious Name A-wake the sa-cred song;
O may His love—im-mor-tal flame! Tune ev-'ry heart and tongue. A-men.

2 His love, what mortal tho't can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

Miss ANNE STEELE.

H. BAKER.

242 QUEBEC. L. M.

1. Je-sus, Thou joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth im-parts We turn unfilled to Thee a-gain. A-men.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

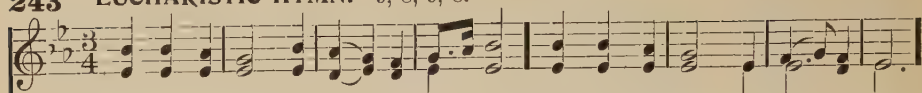
5 O Jesus ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

Tr. Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D.

The Lord's Supper.

243 EUCHARISTIC HYMN. 9, 8, 9, 8.

J. S. B. HODGES.



1. Bread of the world in mer-cy bro-ken, Wine of the soul in mer-cy shed,



By whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-men.



2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER.

CORPUS CHRISTI. 9, 8, 9, 8. (Second Tune.)

PUGET.



1. Bread of the world, in mer-cy bro-ken, Wine of the soul in mer-cy shed;



By whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in whose death our sins are dead. A-men.



The Lord's Supper.

244 WELLS. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

D. BORTNIANSKI.

1. "Till He come:" oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords; Let the lit-tle while be-tween

In their golden light be seen; Let us think how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come." A- men.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast.
All our life joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread,
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till He come."

Bishop E. H. BICKERSTETH, D. D.

245 WARE. L. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. I Thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleans-ing blood,

To dwell within Thy wounds; there pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain. A- men.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side,
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live!

4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

From the German. Tr. Rev. JOHN WESLEY.

The Lord's Supper.

246 MAITLAND. C. M.

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Come let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne,
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues But all their joys are one. A-men.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise!
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

247 AMBREY. C. M.

1. Shepherd of souls, re-fresh and bless Thy cho-sen pil-grim flock
With man-na in the wil-der-ness, With wa-ter from the rock. A-men.

- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.
- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.
- 5 There sup with us in love Divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Supper.

248 DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;

I noth-ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev-er. A-men.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;

Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

Rev. Sir HENRY W. BAKER.

249 MARYTON. L. M.

H. P. SMITH.

1. To Je-sus, our ex-alt-ed Lord, That name in heaven and earth a-dored,

Fain would our hearts and voic-es raise A cheer-ful song of sa-cred praise, A-men.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around His board we meet,
And worship at His sacred feet,

O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But long to know and love Thee more;
And, whilst we take the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

The Lord's Supper.

250 IN MEMORIAM. 8, 8, 8, 4.

F. C. MAKER.

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ re-stored We keep the mem-o-ry a-dored,
And show the death of our dear Lord Un-til He come. A-men.

2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite,—
The shame, the glory,—by this rite,
Until He come.

5 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

C. RAWSON.

Confirmation.

251 DUNDEE. C. M.

ARR. C. TYE.

1. My God, ac-cept my heart this day And make it al-ways Thine
That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de-cline. A-men.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,

That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne.

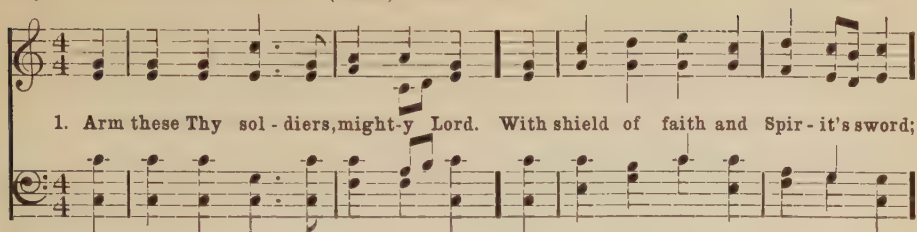
4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

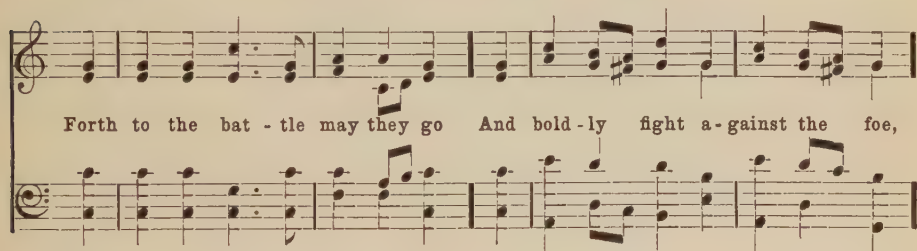
Confirmation.

252 PETERBOROUGH. (Goss.) L. M. D.

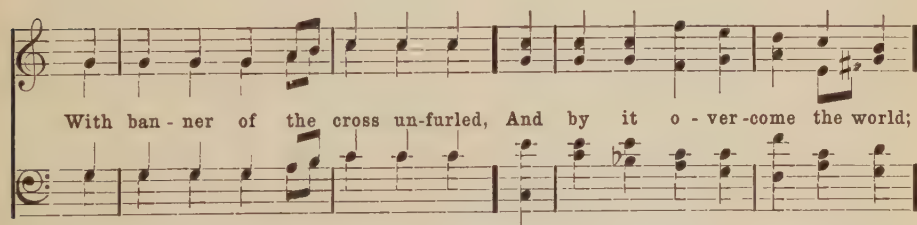
Sir J. Goss.



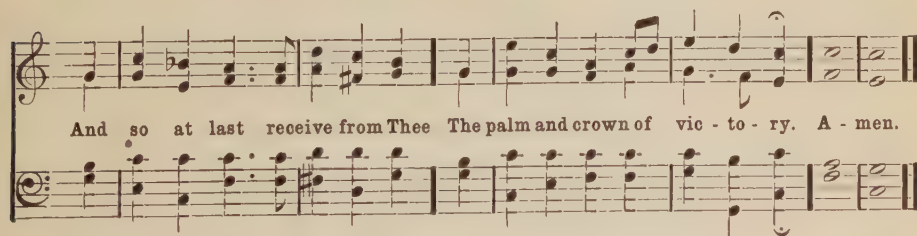
1. Arm these Thy sol - diers, might-y Lord. With shield of faith and Spir - it's sword;



Forth to the bat - tle may they go And bold-ly fight a - gainst the foe,



With ban - ner of the cross un-furled, And by it o - ver-come the world;



And so at last receive from Thee The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. A - men.

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallow'd forever, Lord, to Thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

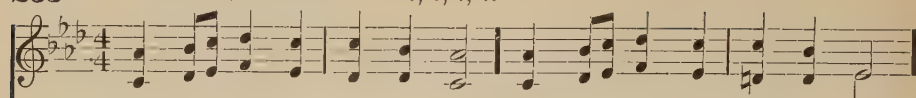
3 O Trinity in Unity
One only God, and Persons Three;
In whom, thro' whom, by whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop C. WORDSWORTH

Confirmation.

253 WOODWARD'S LITANY. 7, 7, 7, 7.

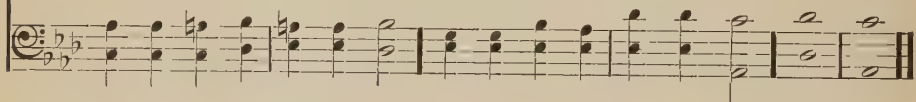
W. WOODWARD.



1. Thine for ev - er:—God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;



Thine for ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.



2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

3 Thine for ever:—O how blessed
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

5 Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

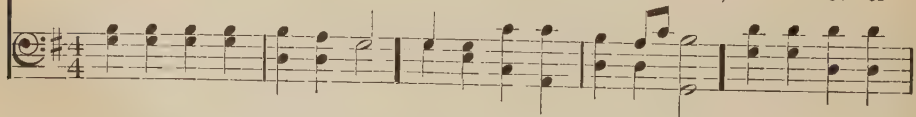
Mrs. MARY MAUDE.

HENDON. 7, 7, 7, 7. (Second Tune.)

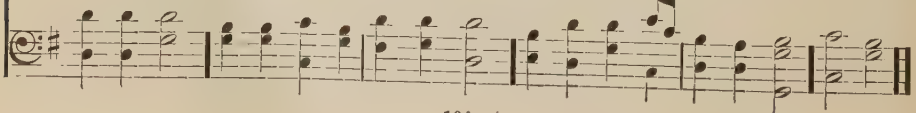
C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Thine for ev - er:—God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove; Thine for ev - er



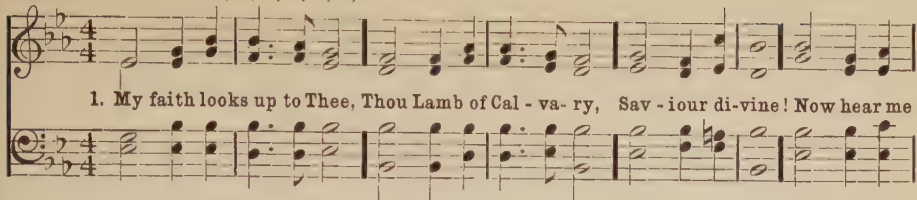
may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.



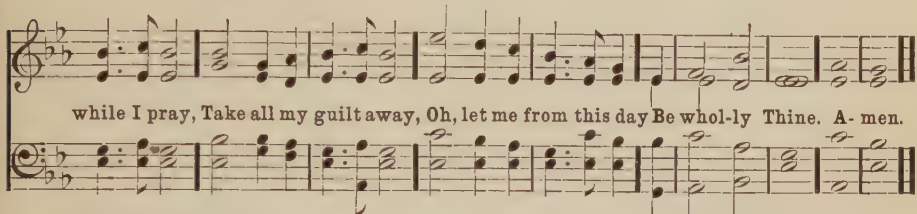
Confirmation.

254 OLIVET. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

L. MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me



while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,

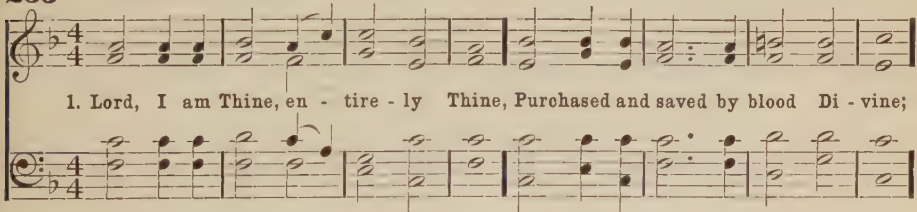
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

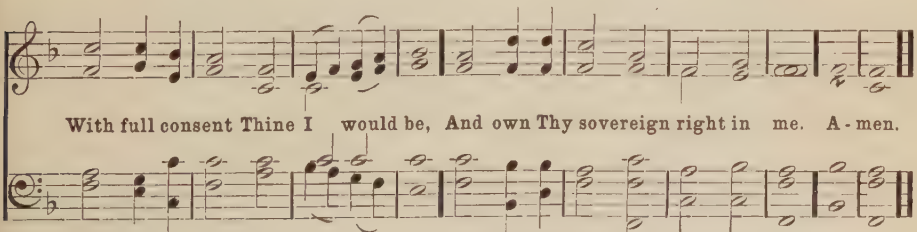
Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D.

255 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Lord, I am Thine, en - tire - ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood Di - vine;



With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sovereign right in me. A - men.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Emmanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity:

The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Confirmation.

256 AUTUMN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

L. VON ESCH.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Des-ti-tute despised, forsak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be: Per-ish ev-ry, fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped or known; Yet how rich is my condition! God and heaven are still my own. A-men.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me,
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me:
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise,

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

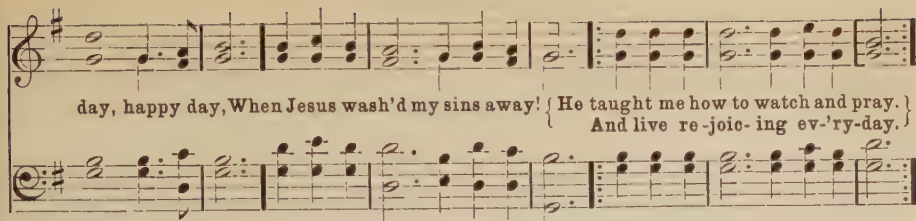
257 HAPPY DAY. L. M. With Refrain.

From E. F. RIMBAULT.

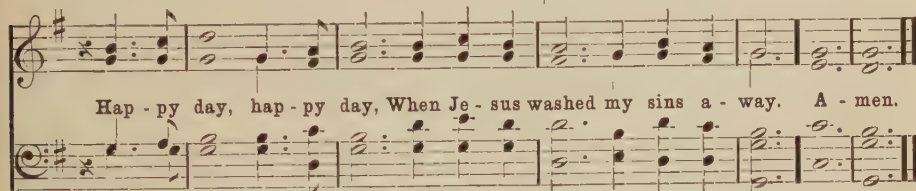
REFRAIN.

1. { Oh, hap-py day. that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour, and my God! }
Well may this glow-ing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py

Confirmation.



day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. }
And live re-joic-ing ev'-ry-day.



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. A - men.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

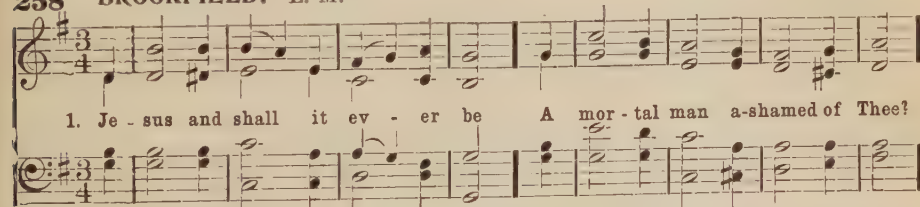
3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

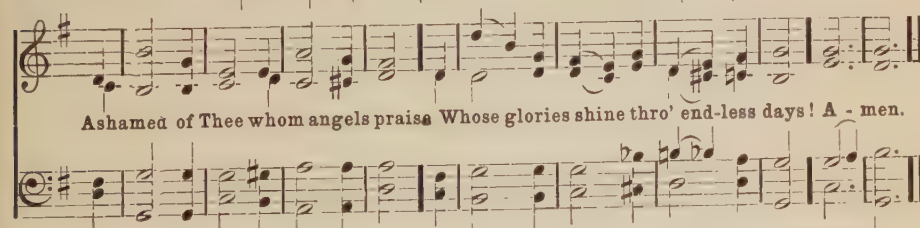
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.
T. B. SOUTHGATE.

258 BROOKFIELD. L. M.



1. Je - sus and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?



Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise Whose glories shine thro' end-less days! A - men.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!

No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG.

Confirmation

259 ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.

1. Je-sus! en-grave it on my heart, That Thou the One thing need-ful art:

I could from all things part-ed be, But nev-er, nev-er Lord! from Thee! A-men.

2 Needful is Thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God;
Needful is Thy indulgent care;
Needful Thy all-prevailing prayer.

3 Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord!
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful Thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

4 Needful art Thou, my Guide! my Stay!
Through all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be,
To bring my Spirit home to Thee.

5 Then needful still my God! my King!
Thy Name eternally, I'll sing:
Glory and praise be ever His,
The One Thing needful, Jesus is!

Rev. S. MEDLEY.

Ordination

260 MELCOMBE. L. M.

S. WEBBE.

1. O Spir-it of the liv-ing God, In all Thy plen-i-tude of grace,

Wher-e'er the foot of man hath trod, De-scend on our a-pos-tate race. A-men,

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;

Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord.

Ordination.

261 WAREHAM. L. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, bow Thine ear, At - ten - tive to our ear - nest prayer:

We plead for those who plead for Thee; Suc - cess - ful plead - ers may they be! A - men.

[charge
2 How great their work, how vast their
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal,

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;

Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light thro' distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

B. BEDDOME.

262 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

C. ZEUNER.

1. Go forth, ye her - alds! in My Name; Sweet - ly the Gos - pel trum - pet sound;

The glorious ju - bi - lee pro - claim, Where'er the hu - man race is found. A - men.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;

And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That you're commissioned from above.

4 Freely from Me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

REV. J. LOGAN.

Ordination.

263 LYONS. 10, 10, 11, 11.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His
won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-tor-ious of Je-sus ex-tol;
His king-dom is glo-rious, He rules o-ver all. A-men.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh—His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne,"
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

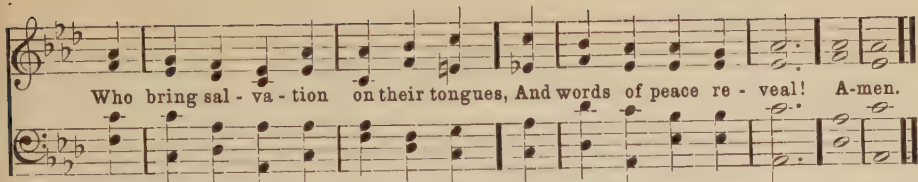
Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

264 ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

Genevan Psalter.

1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Si-on's hill;

Ordination.



Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal! A-men.

- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour-King!
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!

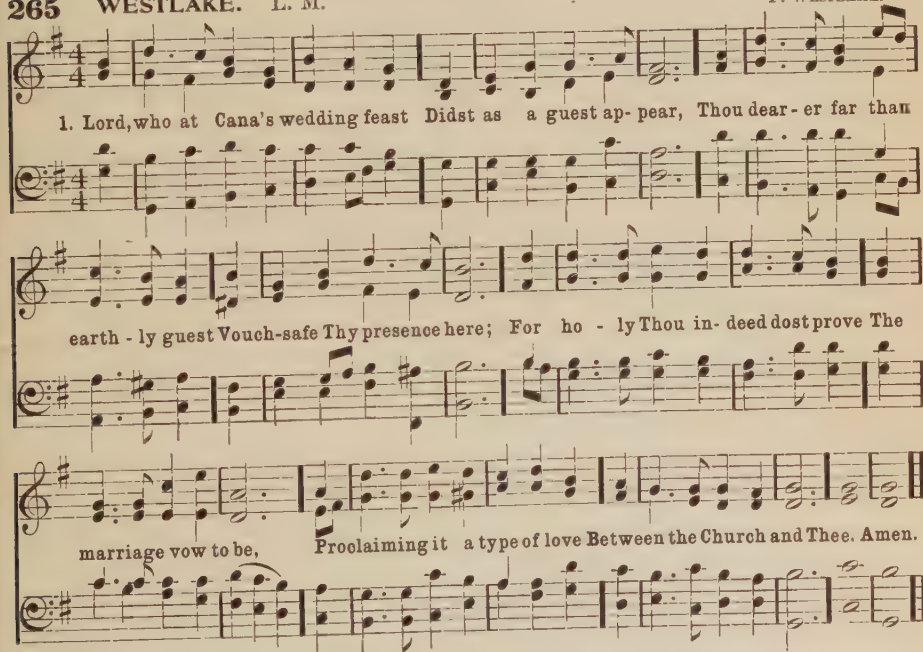
- Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

Holy Matrimony.

265 WESTLAKE. L. M.

F. WESTLAKE.



1. Lord, who at Cana's wedding feast Didst as a guest ap-pear, Thou dear-er far than
earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy presence here; For ho - ly Thou in-deed dost prove The
marriage vow to be, Proclaiming it a type of love Between the Church and Thee. Amen.

- 2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blest by Thee, what'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Thro' care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

- 3 On those who now before Thee kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
Oh, grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above.

Holy Matrimony.

266 ST ALPHEGE. 7, 6, 7, 6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. The voice that breathed o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding day,

The pri - mal mar - riage bless - ing, It hath not passed a - way. A - men.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of His own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace.

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

Rev. J. KEBBLE.

Installation of a Rector.

267 VESPER. 7, 7, 7, 7. 10 lines.

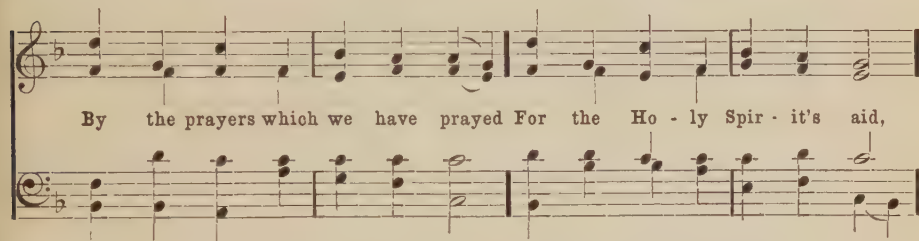
P. H. DIEMER.

1. Heaven - ly Shep - herd, Thee we pray For Thy ser - vant here to - day:

Installation of a Rector.



By the du - ty on Him laid, By the vow that He has made,



By the prayers which we have prayed For the Ho - ly Spir - it's aid,



By the deep and fer - vent love Ow - ing to his Lord a - bove,



Grant him faith - ful watch to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep. A - men.

2 From the silent power of sin
Lurking secretly within,
May the grace that flows from Thee,
Heavenly Shepherd, set him free;
By the blessing on him breathed,
By the the charge to him bequeathed,
Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Gird him for the sacred strife,
Aye his faithful watch to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep,

3 Speed him on his life-long way,
Speed him whom we speed to-day;
Thou, the gracious, loving Lord,
Give him souls for his reward:
Till he win the promised crown,

When he lays his burden down
Humbly at his Saviour's feet,
Low before the mercy-seat:
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

4 To the blessed Trinity
Now let praise and glory be,
In Whose Name we meet to-day
For our guidance, as we pray
That we may, in all we do,
Pastor, and his flock, be true;
True to man in heavenly love,
True to Thee, our God, above,
Till we, sheep and shepherd, meet,
Ransomed at Thy judgment seat.

Laying of a Corner Stone.

268 DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. An earth-ly tem - ple here we raise, Lord God, our Sav-iour, to Thy praise;

Oh, make Thy gracious presence known, While now we lay its cor - ner - stone. A - men.

2 Within the house Thy servants rear,
Deign by Thy Spirit to appear;
On all its walls salvation write,
From corner-stone to topmost height.

3 And, when this temple, "made with
Upon its firm foundation stands, [hands,"

Oh, may we all, with loving heart,
In nobler building bear a part:

4 Where every polished stone shall be
A human soul won back to Thee;
All resting upon Christ alone,
The chief and precious corner-stone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

269 ROCKINGHAM NEW. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. This stone to Thee in faith we lay, We build the tem - ple, Lord, to Thee;

Thine eye be o - pen night and day, To guard this house and sanc-tu - ary. A - men.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, oh, forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna to their Heavenly King;
When children's voices raise that song,

Hosanna, let their angels sing, [long.
And heaven with earth the strain pro-

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Consecration of a Church.

270 MERIBAH. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

L. MASON.

1. God of our Fa - thers! from Thy throne Look on our work of faith and own

This tribute of our love; { Hallow these courts! and deign to show }
Thy glory to Thy church be-low, } As to Thy church above. A - men.

2 Let Zion here arise and shine!
Robed in a glory all divine,
Because conferred by Thee:
Here let Thy truth be heard with faith;
And souls awake to life, from death,
By sovereign grace made free!

3 Here, in the Ordinance and Word,
Thy voice by every soul be heard,
And reverently obeyed!
Give us the will to work for Thee;
That so, through us, Thy grace may be
To dying men displayed.

4 Let all our deeds be wrought in love;
In holy concord let us move,
With Christ to lead us on!
Reveal to us the living way!
Transform the darkness into day,
And bring us to Thy throne!

5 God of all grace! The Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
To whom all glory be!
Accept as Thine this House of Prayer
Which thus, in faith and holy fear,
We dedicate to Thee.

REV. MARSHALL B. SMITH, D. D.
German. Arr. by S. DYER.

271 MENDON. L. M.

1. O Thou, Who didst the tem - ple fill With Thy re-splen - dent, aw - ful train,

The glo-ry of Thine Is - rael still, Appear in those bright robes a-gain. A - men.

2 In us, and round about us shine,
Here cause us to behold Thy face;
Oh, make this tabernacle Thine!
Oh, sanctify this holy place!

3 Now send the promised unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire;
Lord Jesus, make Thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

4 Work with them, and confirm Thy word
To all who worship in this place;
Oh, pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

5 So shall Thy servants' hopes be crowned,
And glory to Thy Name be given;
While this Bethesda shall be found
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

Consecration of a Church.

272 REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

H. SMART.

1. Christ is made the sure foun-da - tion, Christ the Head and Cor - ner-stone,

Chos - en of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind - ing all the Church in one;

Ho - ly Zi-on's help for ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone. A-men.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,

Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

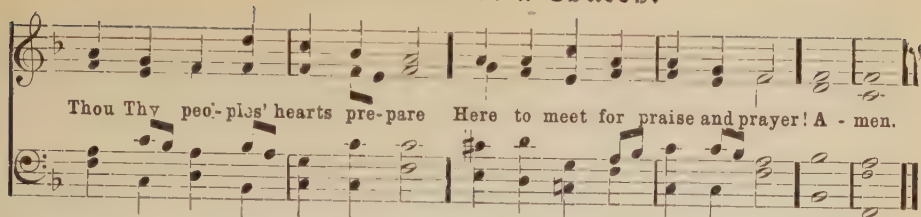
Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

273 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7, 7, 7, 7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Lord of Hosts! to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise;

Consecration of a Church.



2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

3 Here, to Thee, a Temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;

Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

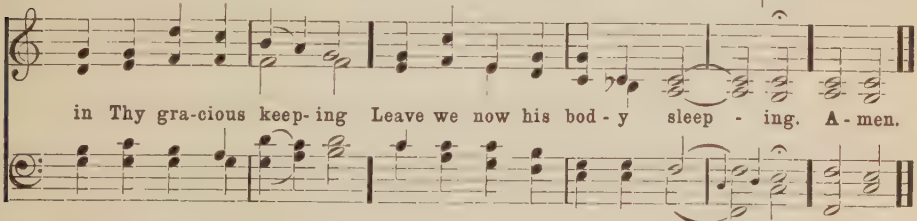
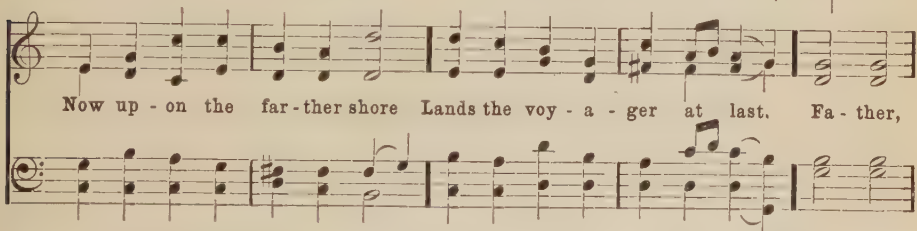
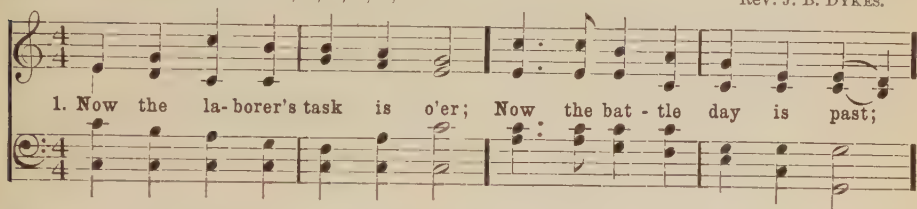
4 Alleluia! earth and sky,
To the joyful sound reply;
Alleluia! hence ascend
Prayers and praise till time shall end!

J. MONTGOMERY.

Burial of the Dead.

274 REQUIESCAT. 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy, etc.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy, etc.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy, etc.

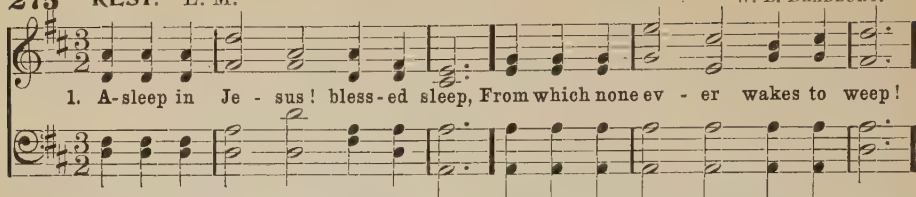
5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in Thy, etc.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.

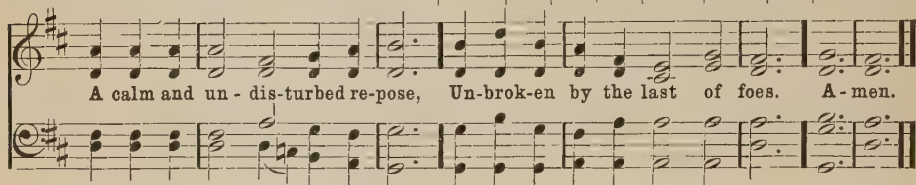
Burial of the Dead.

275 REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep!



A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes. A-men.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

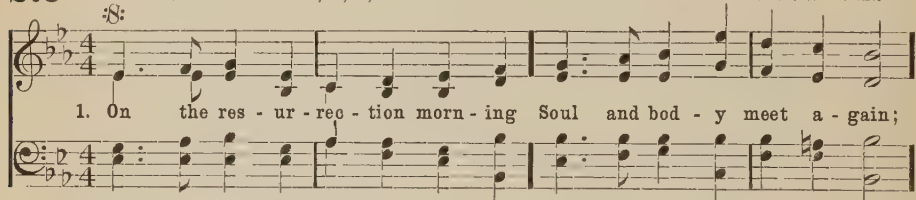
4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from Thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

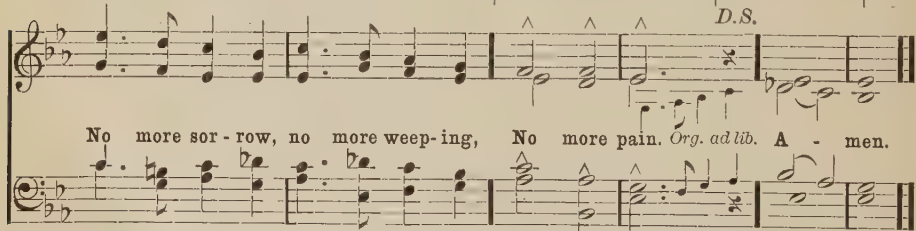
MARGARET MACKAY.

276 RESURRECTION. 8, 7, 8, 3.

G. W. WARREN.



1. On the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing Soul and bod - y meet a - gain;



No more sor - row, no more weep-ing, No more pain. *Org. ad lib.* A - men.

2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

3 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.

4 Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

5 Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness
Of that resurrection day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!

6 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

7 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;
To the cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast.

Burial of the Dead.

277 WOLLE. C. M.

Moravian Melody.

1. Not for the dead in Christ we weep; Their sor - rows now are o'er;

The sea is calm, the tem-pest past, On that e - ter - nal shore. A-men.

2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
A while we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe.

4 Jesus! our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chastened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

Mrs. A. L. BARBAULD.

278 MERTON. 8, 7, 8, 7.

W. H. MONK.

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed - ing O'er the spoils that death has won,

We would at this sol - emn meet - ing, Calm - ly say—Thy will be done. A-men.

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord—Thy will be done.

With Thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—Thy will be done.

3 Tho' to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne:

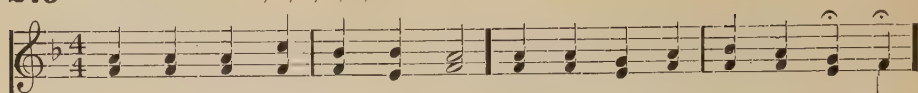
4 By Thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but Thine own,
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore—Thy will be done.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

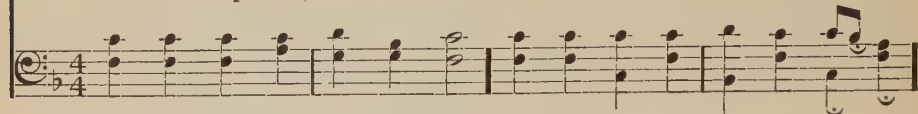
Burial of the Dead.

279 MEINHOLD. 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

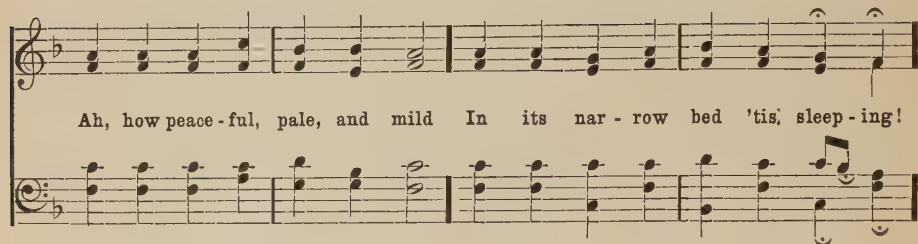
J. S. BACH.



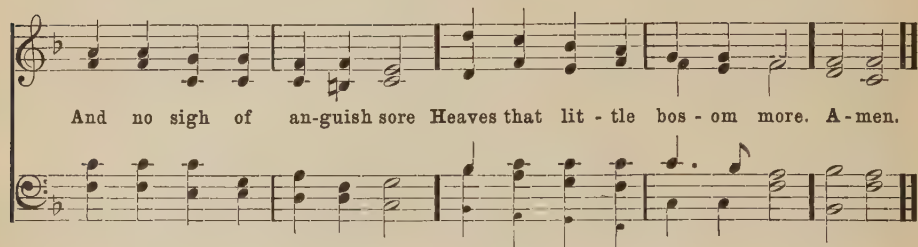
1. Ten - der Shep - herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle Lamb's brief weep - ing:



Ah, how peace - ful, pale, and mild In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing!



And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bos - om more. A - men.



2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

J. N. MEINHOLD. Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

280 THATCHER. S. M.

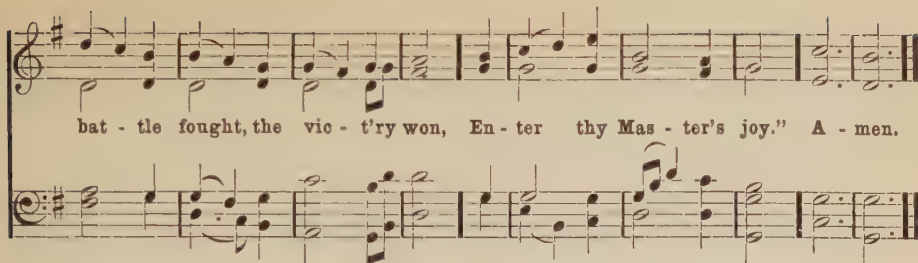
G. F. HANDEL.



1. "Serv - ant of God! well done; Rest from thy loved em - ploy; The



Burial of the Dead.



2 The voice at midnight came:
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then strong in faith and prayer.

6 Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ!
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

4 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay!

5 The pains of death are passed;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

281 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Gregorian, arr. L. MASON.



2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye; [more
Through these parched lips of thine no
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust
Awake, come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

Burial of the Dead.

282 MONICA. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

M. B. FOSTER.

1. Safe - ly, safe - ly gath - ered in, Far from sor - row, far from sin,

No more child - ish griefs or fears, No more sad - ness, no more tears;

For the life so young and fair Now hath passed from earth - ly care;

Slower.

God Himself the soul will keep, Giv - ing His be - lov - ed sleep. A - men

See also BLUMENTHAL, No. 108.

2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain;
For our loss we may not weep,
Nor our loved ones long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life;
Now it waits for us above,
Resting in the Saviour's love;
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring, at Thy feet.

Thanksgiving.

283 GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Sir. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,

To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise Withshouts of ex - ult - a - tion:

Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,

The val - leys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing. A - men.

2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

4 Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

Thanksgiving.

284 DIX. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. from C. KOCHER.

1. { Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; }
 Boun - teous source of ev - ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy; }

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A - men.

2 All the plenty summer pours;
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss, and public wealth,
 Knowledge with its gladdening streams,

Pure religion's holier beams;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
 4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
 May we give Thee of our best;
 And by deeds of kindly love
 For Thy mercies grateful prove;
 Singing thus through all our days,
 Praise to God, immortal praise.

Mrs. A. L. BARBAULD.

285 SEASONS. L. M.

IG. PLEYEL.

1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - ery joy Well may Thy praise our lips em-employ, While
 in Thy tem-ple we ap - pear Whose goodness crowns the circling year. A - men.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
 The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
 Perfumes the air and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores;

And winters, softened by Thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
 Demand successive songs of praise; [days,
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
 And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

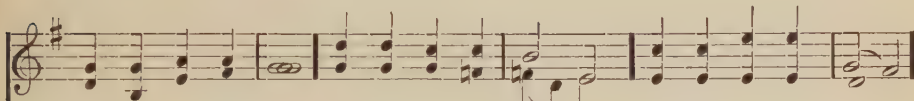
Thanksgiving.

286 ST. ALBAN. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain,

Arr. HAYDN by Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. Earth be-low is teem-ing, Heaven is bright a-bove; Ev-ery brow is beam-ing



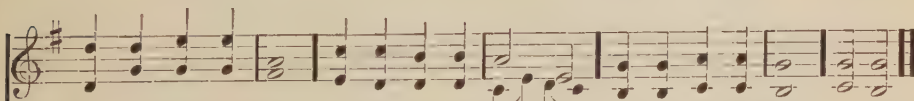
In the light of love; Ev-ery eye re-joice, Ev-ery thought is praise;



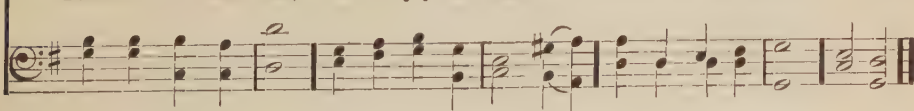
REFRAIN.



Hap-py hearts and voices Glad-den nights and days. O Al-might-y giv-er!



Boun-ti-ful and free, As the joy in har-vest Joy we be-fore Thee. A-men.



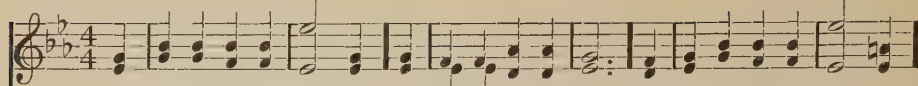
2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and Summer knew;
For the golden Autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—REF.

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon;
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave,
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.—REF.

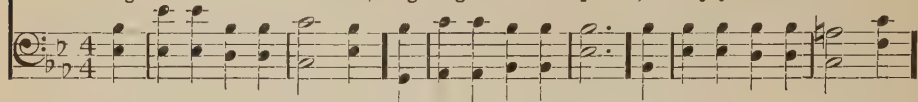
Thanksgiving.

287 GREENLAND. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

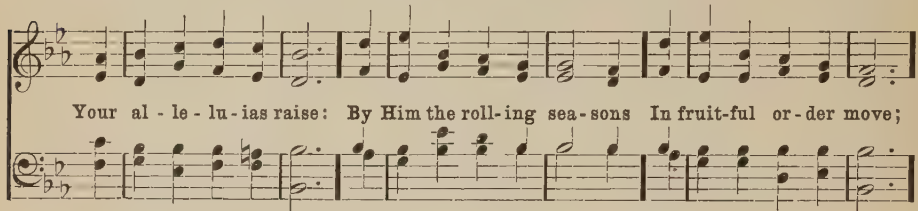
Lausanne Psalter.



1. Sing to the Lord of har-vest, Sing songs of love and praise; With joyful hearts and voices



Your al - le - lu - ias raise: By Him the roll - ing sea - sons In fruit - ful or - der move;



Sing to the Lord of har - vest A song of hap - py love. A - men.



2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:

Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

4 To God the gracious Father,
Who made us "very good,"
To Christ, who, when we wandered,
Restored us with His blood,
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessed dews and sunshine,
Be praise for evermore.

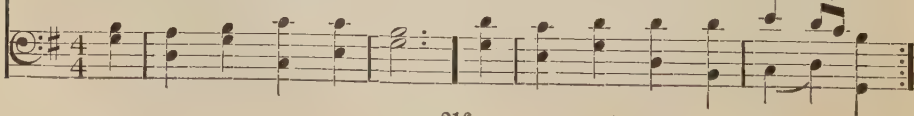
REV. JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

288 NUN DANKET. 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6.

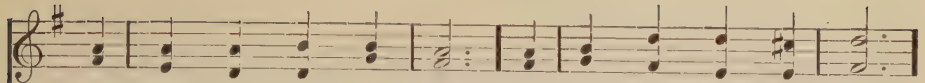
J. CRÜGER.



1. { Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voice - es, }
{ Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joice - es; }



Thanksgiving.



Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way



With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

▼ M. RINKART. Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

289 INNOCENTS. 7, 7, 7, 7.

G. B. PERGOLESI.



1. Swell the an-them! raise the song; Prais - es to our God be - long;



Saints and an - gels join to sing Praise to Heaven's Almight - y King! A - men.

2 Blessings from His liberal hand,
Pour around this happy land;
Let our hearts beneath His sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant, day!

3 Now to Thee our joys ascend;
Thou hast been our Heavenly Friend,

Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings!
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong!

NATHAN STRONG.

National Days.

290 AMERICA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

H. CAREY.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
father's died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev-ery mountain side Let free-dom ring! A-men.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;

Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

291 DORT. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

L. MASON.

1. God bless our na-tive land! Firm may she ev-er stand, Through storm and night: When the wild
tem-pests rave, Rul-er of wind and wave, Do Thou our coun-try save By Thy great might. A-men.

3 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

3 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

National Days.

292 NATIONAL HYMN. 10, 10, 10, 10.

G. W. WARREN.

Voices alone.

Trumpets, before each verse. 1. God of our fa - thers, whose almighty hand

With organ.

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band

Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,

Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - men.

2 Thy love Divine hath led us in the past;
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide, and Stay;
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace Divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever Thine.

National Days.

293 QUEBEC.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;

The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain! A - men.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?

None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

294 BERA. L. M.

J. E. GOULD.

1. O God of heav'n and earth a - rise, And hear our loud u - ni - ted cries.

Be-hold us bow be - fore Thy face, Throughout our land, and seek Thy grace. Amen.

2 Our trust is not in mortal hosts,
Nor in the arms that guard our coasts;
Thine is the land, and Thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw Thy vengeance
On every shore, on every town;

But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay Thy lifted thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And cleanse our land from all its crimes;
Reformed and decked with grace divine,
Let our united people shine.

Rev. PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

National Days.

295 NUN DANKET. 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6.

J. CRUGER.

1. { Lord God, we worship Thee! In loud and hap-py cho - rus
 { We praise Thy love and pow'r, Whose goodness reigneth o'er us. } To heav'n our song shall soar,

For-ev-er shall it be Resounding o'er and o'er, Lord God, we worship Thee! A - men.

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
 For Thou our land defendest;
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,
 And strife and war Thou endest.
 Since golden peace, O Lord,
 Thou grantest us to see,
 Our land, with one accord,
 Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
 Thou didst indeed chastise us,
 Yet still Thy anger spares,
 And still Thy mercy tries us:
 Once more our Father's hand
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,
 And peace rejoice our land:
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

J. FRANCK. Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

296 BATTY. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Moravian Melody.

1. Dread Je - ho - vah, God of na - tions, From Thy tem - ple in the skies

Hear Thy peo-ple's sup - pli - ca-tions, Now for their de - liv'rance rise. A - men.

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,

Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface:
 Save Thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil Thy holy place.

National Days.

297 TICHFIELD. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

J. RICHARDSON.

1. Christ, by heavenly hosts adored, Gracious, mighty, sovereign Lord, God of na-tions
 King of kings, Head of all created things, By the Church with joy confessed, God o'er all for-
 ev - er blest; Pleading at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy peo-ple, bless our land. A - men.

2 On our fields of grass and grain
 Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
 O'er our wide and goodly land
 Crown the labors of each hand.
 Let Thy kind protection be
 O'er our commerce on the sea:
 Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
 Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
 Men that love and honor Thee;
 Let the powers by Thee ordained
 Be in righteousness maintained;
 In the people's hearts increase
 Love of piety and peace;
 Thus united we shall stand
 One wide, free, and happy land.

Anon.

For Those at Sea.

298 MELITA. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest - less wave,

For Those at Sea.

Who bid'st the might-y o - ceand deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:

O hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A - men.

2 O Christ! whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

And give, for wild confusion, peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. WHITING.

299 WAVE. 8, 7, 8, 4.

Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Star of peace to wan-derers wear-y, Bright the beams that smile on me;

Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear-y, Far, far at sea. A - men.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;

4 Star Divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, Pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
D. C. - Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. D. C.
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal; A - men.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

E. HOPPER.

In Time of Trouble.

301 REDHEAD, No. 47. 7, 7, 7, 7.

R. REDHEAD.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear. A - men.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,

Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

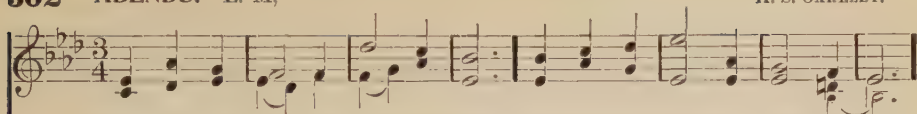
5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

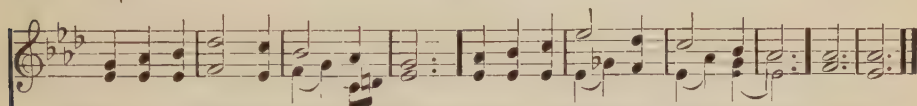
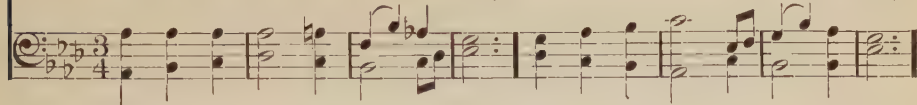
In Time of Trouble.

302 ABENDS. L. M.

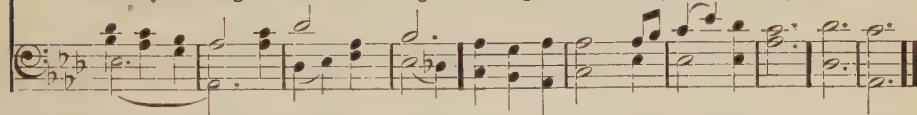
H. S. OAKELEY.



1. When in the hour of ut-most need, We know not where to look for aid;



When days and nights of anxious thought Nor help nor coun-sel yet have brought. A-men.



2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery!—

4 O hide not, for our sins, Thy face;
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace;
Be with us in our anguish still;
Free us at last from every ill;—

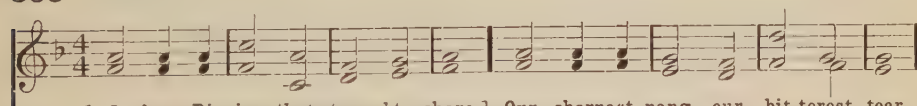
3 For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee
Through Him whose name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.

5 That so with all our hearts we may
To Thee our glad thanksgiving pay;
And walk, obedient to thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

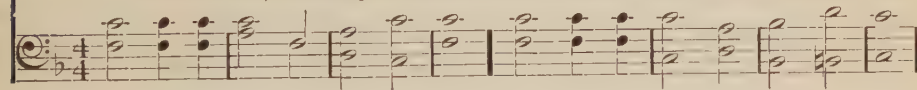
Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

303 BISHOP. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. O love Di-vine, that stooped to share } Our sharpest pang, our bit-terest tear,



On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A-men.



2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art
near.

The murmuring wind, the quivering
leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O love divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In Time of Trouble.

304 TROYTE'S CHANT. 8, -8, 8, 4.

A. D. H. TROYTE.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done. A - men.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot, 5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
Let me be still and murmur not, With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!" "Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I re-ply,
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take a way
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou should'st call me to re-sign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears be-fore,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

C. ELLIOTT.

HANFORD. 8, 8, 8, 4. (Second Tune.)

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say. "Thy will be done!" A - men.

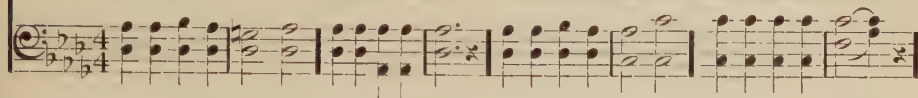
In Time of Trouble.

305 PENITENCE. 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

S. LANE.



1. Oh, let him whose sorrow No relief can find, Trust in God and bor-row Ease for heart and mind :



Where the mourner weeping Sheds the secret tear, God His watch is keeping, Tho' none else is near. Amen.



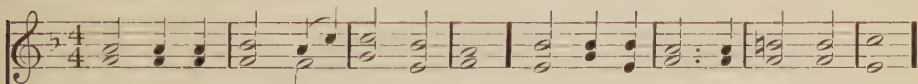
2 God will never leave us,
All our wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes;
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

3 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know,
When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above
Crowns us with His favor,
Fills us with His love.

H. OSWALD. Tr. F. E. COX.

306 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Be still, my heart! these anx-ious cares To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;



They cast dis-hon-or on thy Lord, And con-tra-dict His gracious word. A-men.



2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?

He, who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through.

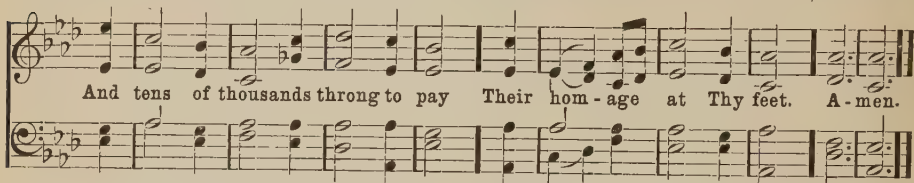
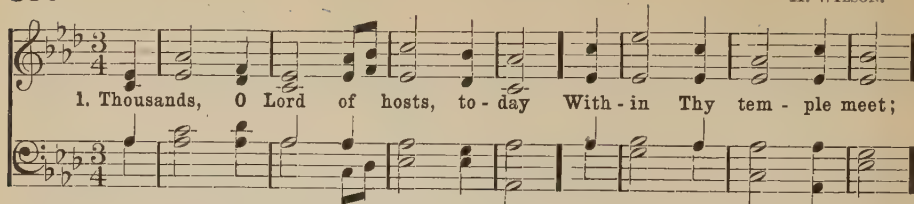
4 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

In Time of Trouble.

307 AVON. C. M.

H. WILSON.



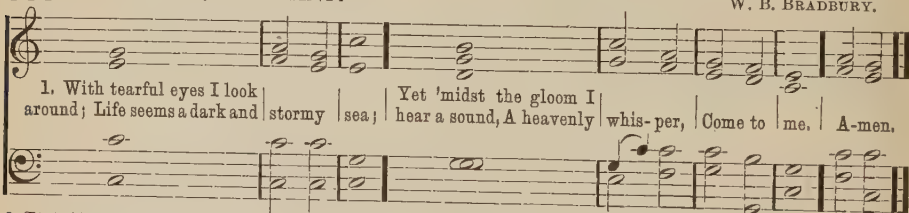
- 2 I, of their fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee;
Oh, hast Thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me?
3 The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?
4 Behold Thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis Thy gracious will;

- If not, contented in Thy hands,
Behold Thy prisoner still.
5 I may not to Thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art;
Oh, give me here a house of prayer,
Here Sabbath-joys impart.
6 Oh, make Thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up Thy countenance benign
On me, and give me peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

308 BRADBURY'S CHANT.

W. B. BRADBURY.



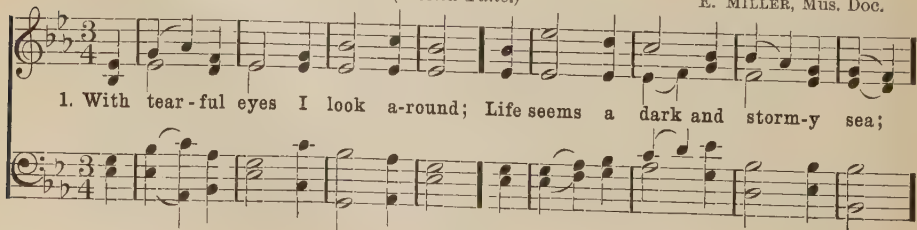
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, Come to me!
3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en-joy and see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, Come to me.

- 4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; Come to me.
5 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ROCKINGHAM OLD. L. M. (Second Tune.)

E. MILLER, Mus. Doc.



In Time of Trouble.

Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, Come to me. A-men.

309 MELITA. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES

1. When gathering clouds a-round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few

On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex - pe - rienced ev - ery hu - man pain;

He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears. A - men.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear

The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir ROBERT GRANT.

In Time of Trouble.

310 SUBMISSION. 10, 4, 10, 4.

A. L. PEACE.

1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road;

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load. A - men.

- 2 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord I plead:
 Lead me aright,
 Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
 Through peace to light:
- 3 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.
- 4 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see;
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
 And follow Thee.
- 5 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
 Like quiet night,
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
 Through peace to light.

A. A. PROCTER.

Missions.

311 MILBURN. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

W. H. WALTER, Mus. Doc.

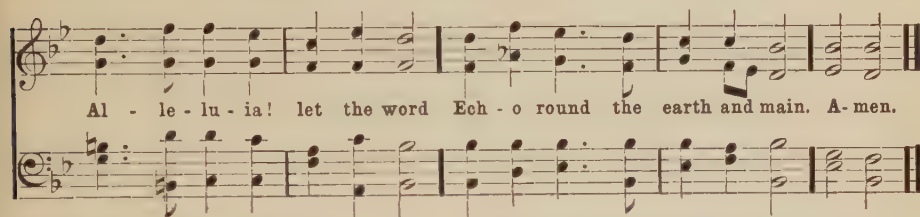
1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun - ders roar;

Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.

Missions.



Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent shall reign;



Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main. A - men.

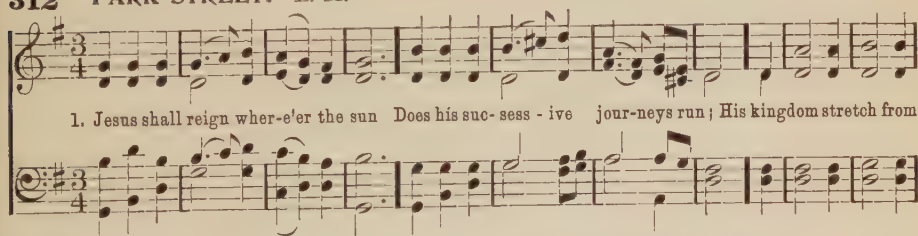
2 Alleluia! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled:
Sheathed His sword;—He speaks,—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world [done,
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end; beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

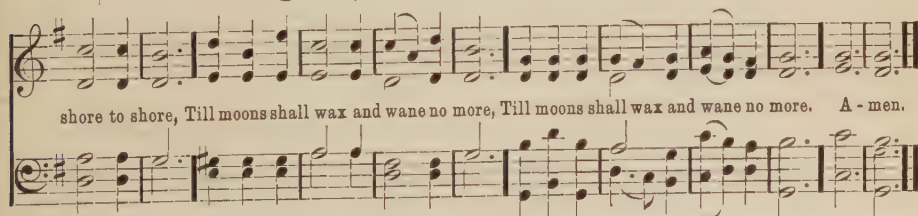
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

312 PARK STREET. L. M.

Arr. from F. M. A. VENUA.



1. Jesus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive jour-neys run; His kingdom stretch from



shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - men.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

313 DORT. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

L. MASON.

1. Thou whose Al-might-y Word Cha-os and dark-ness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we hum-bly pray, And where the Gos-pel-day Sheds not its glo-rious ray Let there be light. A-men.

See also ITALIAN HYMN, No. 204.

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight:
Move on the waters' face,

Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light.

REV. J. MARRIOTT.

314 ST. OSWALD. 8, 7, 8, 7.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Sav-iour, sprin-kle ma-n-y na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be;
By Thy pains and con-so-la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un-to Thee! A-men.

2 Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.
3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest:
4 Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,

Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

5 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting;
Stretched the hand, and strained the
For Thy Spirit, new creating, [sight,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

6 Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Missions.

315 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

L. MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER.

Missions.

316 WALTHAM. L. M.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. Amen.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,

Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop GEORGE W. DOANE.

317 ST. BEES. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Has - ten, Lord, the glo-rious time, When be-neath Mes - si - ah's sway,

Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos-pel call o - bey. A - men.

2 Mightiest kings His power shall own;
Heathen tribes His name adore.
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;

Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUER.

Missions.

318 WAREHAM. L. M.

W. KNAPP.

1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake, a - wake, Put on Thy strength, the na-tions shake;

And let the world a - dor - ing see Tri-umphs of mer-cy wrought by Thee. A - men.

3 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone;
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home,

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WM. SHRUBSOLE.

319 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. ZEUNER.

1. Ye Christian her - alds, go, proclaim Sal - va - tion in Em - man - uel's name;

To dis - tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Shar - on there. A - men.

3 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

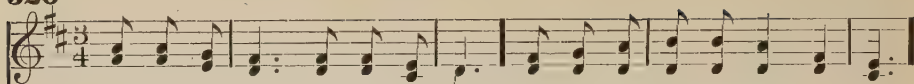
3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

B. H. DRAPER.


Missions.

320 WILLIAMS. L. M.

G. KINGSLEY.



1. Look from the sphere of end-less day, O God of mer-cy and of might;



In pi-ty look on those who stray, Be-nighted, in this land of light. A - men.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind, and heal the broken heart.


3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.


WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

321 TIDINGS. P. M.

J. WALCH.




1. O Si - on haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the



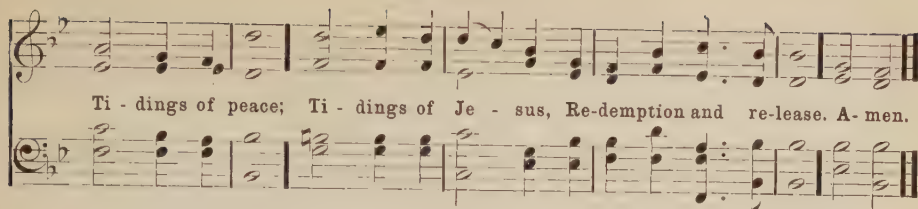
world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will - ing

REFRAIN.



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: Pub - lish glad ti - dings;

Missions.



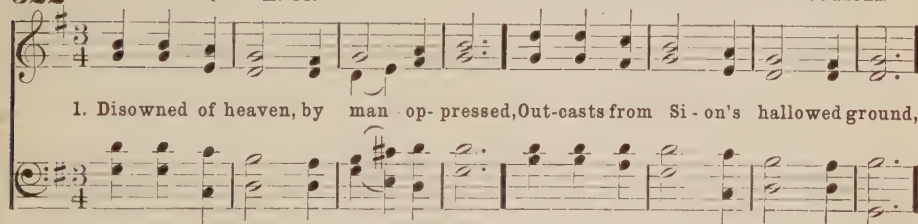
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re - demption and re - lease. A - men.

- 2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.—REF.
- 3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfill Thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.—REF.
- 4 Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.—REF.
- 5 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.—REF.
- 6 He comes again—O Sion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.—REF.

M. A. THOMSON.

322 POLYCARP. L. M.

IG. PLEYEL



1. Disowned of heaven, by man op-pressed, Out-casts from Si-on's hallowed ground,

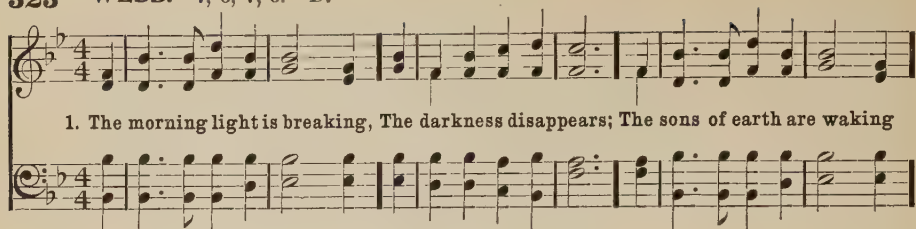
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blessed, Still roam the scorning world around? A - men.

- 2 Lord, visit Thy forsaken race,
Back to Thy folds the wanderers bring:
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
- 4 The severed olive-branch again
Firm to its parent-stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
With eager feet one temple throng, [pour,
With grateful praise one God adore.

Missions.

323 WEBB. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

G. J. WEBB.



1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking



To pen - i - ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a-far



Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

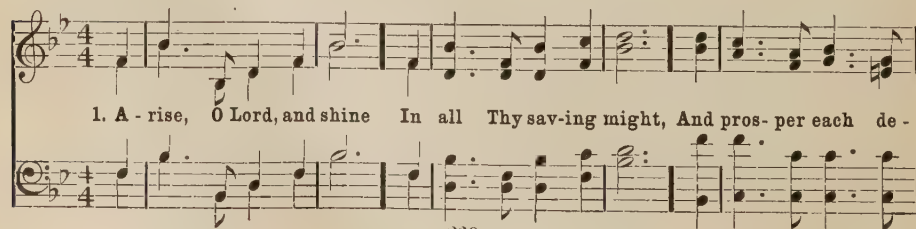
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

324 BROOKLYN.

J. ZUNDEL.



1. A - rise, O Lord, and shine In all Thysav-ing might, And pros-per each de -

Missions.

sign..... To spread Thy glo - rious light: Let heal - ing streams of mer - cy flow,

That all the earth Thy truth may know That all the earth Thy truth may know. A - men.

2 O bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the people hear
And learn Thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power:
The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to Thee:
God, our own God, His church shall bless,
And earth be filled with righteousness.

W. HURN.

CHRIST CHURCH. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. (Second Tune.)

C. STEGGALL.

1. A - rise, O Lord, and shine In all Thy sav - ing might, And

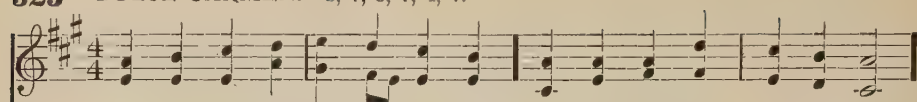
pros - per each de - sign To spread Thy glo - rious light: Let heal - ing streams of

mer - cy flow That all the earth Thy truth may know. A - men.


Missions.

325 DULCE CARMEN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.


M. HAYDN.



1. Souls in hea - then dark - ness ly - ing, Where no light has bro - ken through,



Souls that Je - sus bought by dy - ing, Whom His soul in tra - vail knew:



Thou - sand voic - es, Thousand voic - es, Call us, o'er the wa - ters blue. A - men.

2 Christians, hearken! none has taught
Of His love so deep and dear; [them
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, oh, haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings


Rise against us, when we stand
In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

326 ST. LEONARD. (HILES.) C. M. D.

H. HILES.



1. Lord lead the way the Sav - iour went By lane and cell obscure, And let love's treasures

Missions.

still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor: Like Him through scenes of deep dis - tress Who

bore the world's sad weight, We, in their crowded lone-li - ness, Would seek the des-o-late. A - men.

2 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still,

Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

327 CLOISTERS. 11, 11, 11, 5.

Sir J. BARNEY.

1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our night, and hope of ev - ry

na - tion, Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thought assuaging,
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging!

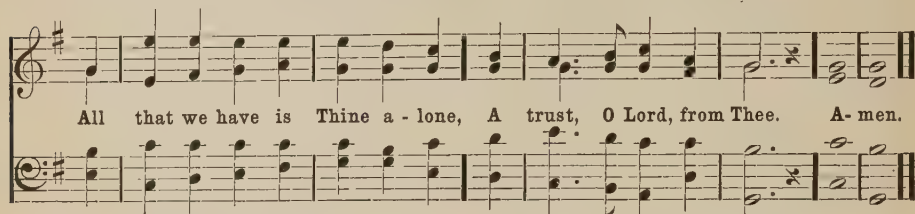
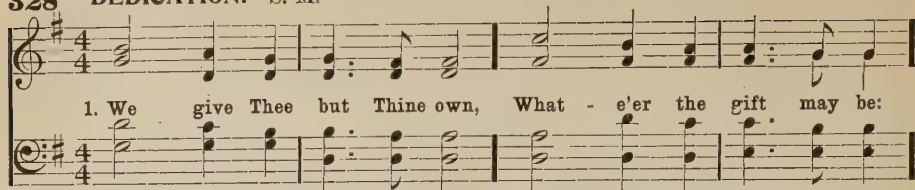
5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven:
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

Tr. P. PUSEY.

Alms and Charities.

328 DEDICATION. S. M.

J. B. CALKIN.



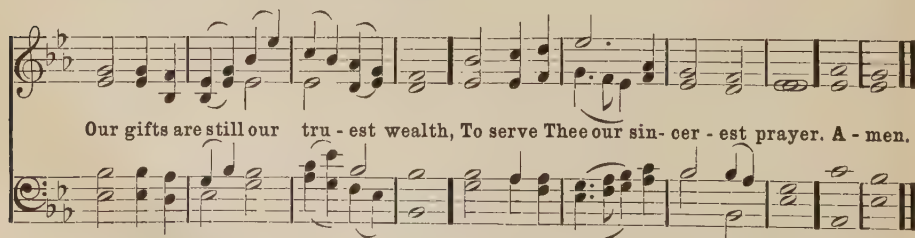
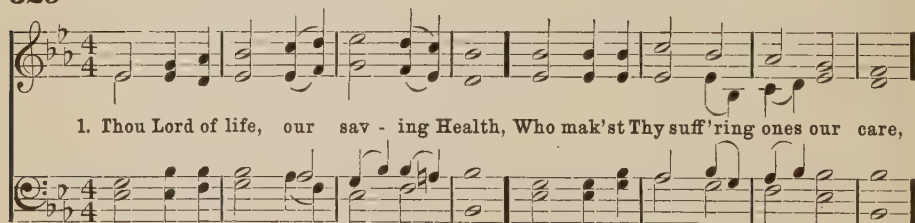
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
And straying from the fold,
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,

- To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop WILLIAM W. HOW.

329 DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.




- 2 As on the river's rising tide
Flow strength and coolness from the
sea,
So through the ways our hands provide
May quickening life flow in from Thee.
- 3 To heal the wound, to still the pain,
And strength to failing pulses bring,
- Till the lame feet shall leap again,
And the parched lips with gladness sing.
- 4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have
brought: [planned
Bless Thou the work our hearts have
Ours is the hope, the will, the thought:
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

Alms and Charities.

330 MAIDSTONE. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

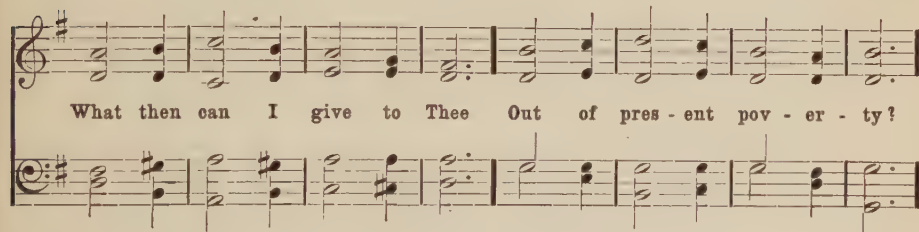
W. B. GILBERT.



1. Lord, though full my heart may be, Lit - tle can I bring to Thee!



Gold and sil - ver, all are Thine All from Thee, that I call mine



What then can I give to Thee Out of pres - ent pov - er - ty?



Gifts or ser - vice—great or small Je - sus! help me give Thee all. A - men.

2 All my love to Thee, my King,
All my joy Thy praise to sing,
All my zeal in Thy behest,
All my hopes on Thee to rest.
All my strength for work begun,
All my toil till work be done;
Fruits of truth in hours of care,
Blossom wreaths of ceaseless prayer.

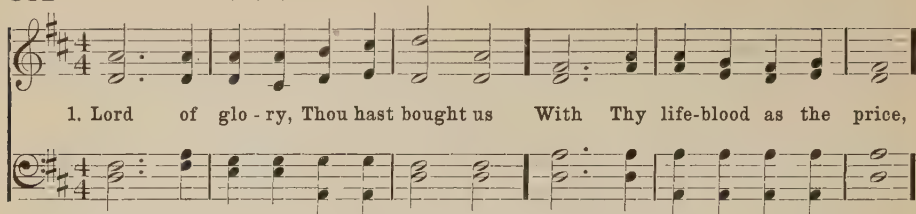
3 Friends that close knit heart to heart,
Thoughts that live from words apart
Every impulse springing free
Bind in links of love to Thee;
Every hour of every day
Every step of all the way,
Every wish—and all of me—
Help me, Lord, to give to Thee.

Mrs. ANNIE D. DARLING.

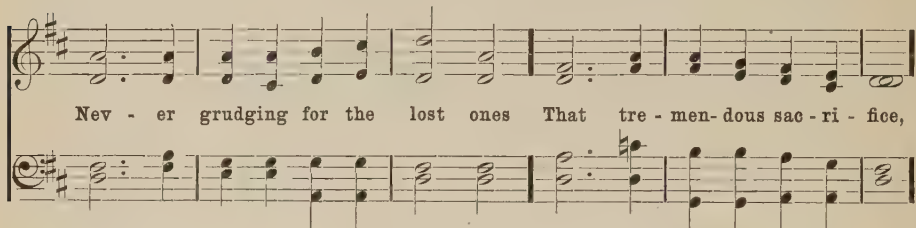
Alms and Charities.

331 PILGRIM. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Anon.



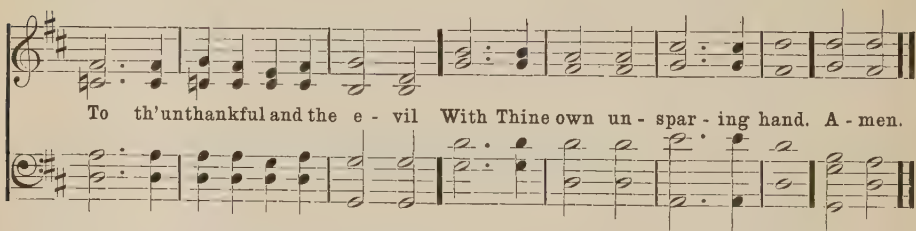
1. Lord of glo-ry, Thou hast bought us With Thy life-blood as the price,



Nev - er grudging for the lost ones That tre - men-dous sac - ri - fice,



And with that hast free-ly giv - en Bless - ings count-less as the sand,



To th'unthankful and the e - vil With Thine own un - spar - ing hand. A - men.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessèd
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

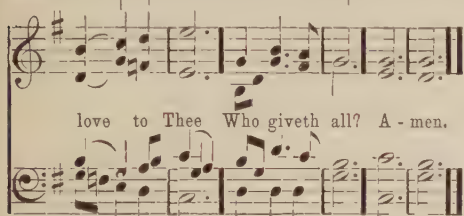
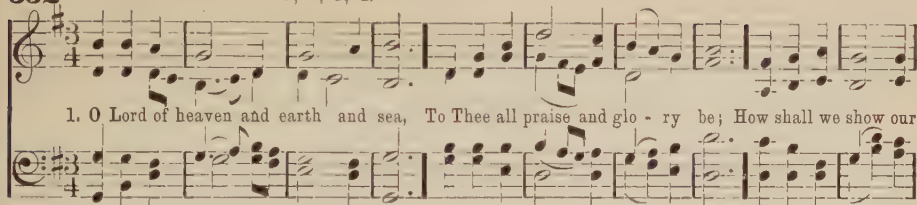
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"

4 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
But oh! best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity.

Alms and Charities.

332 ALMSGIVING. 8, 8, 8, 4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given
Who givest all?

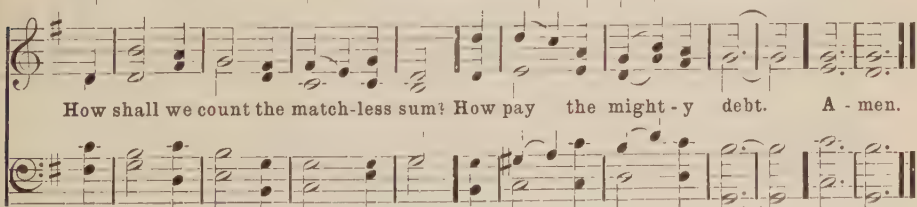
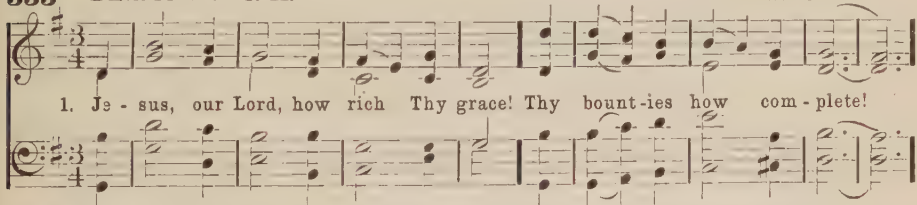
7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all.

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live
Who givest all.

Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.
W. GARDINER.

333 BELMONT. C. M.



2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow
When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee!

Temperance.

334 NICHOLSON. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

A. GEIBEL.

1. O Thou, be - fore whose pres - ence Naught e - vil may come in,

Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin,

O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,

And Christ-like ten - der pi - ty To seek the lost for Thee. A - men.

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see!
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:


For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power;
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most holy Trinity.


Temperance.

335 DOANE. 11, 10, 11, 10. With Refrain.

W. H. DOANE.




1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from



sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, lift up the fall - en,

REFRAIN.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,



care for the dy - ing. Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A - men.

Copyright by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, etc.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more
Rescue the perishing, etc.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for Thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, etc.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

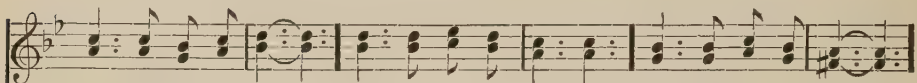
Temperance.

336 PALMER. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each victory will help you

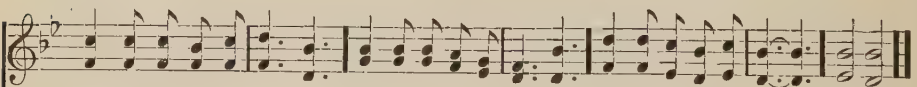


Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due,

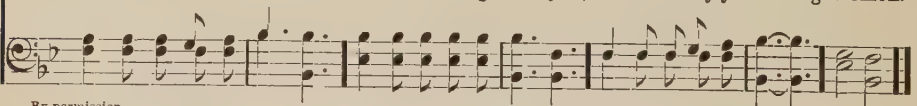


REFRAIN.

Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,



Comfort. strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through. Amen.



By permission.

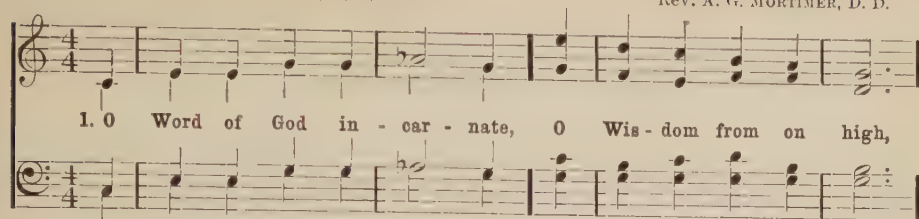
2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.—REF.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.—REF.

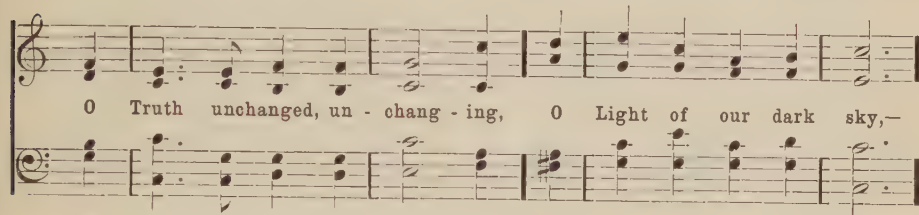
The Holy Scriptures.

337 ST. MICHAEL'S. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

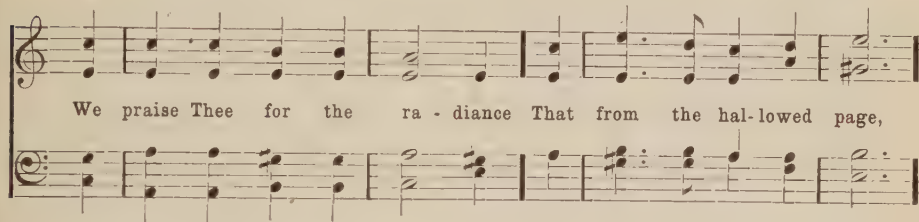
Rev. A. G. MORTIMER, D. D.



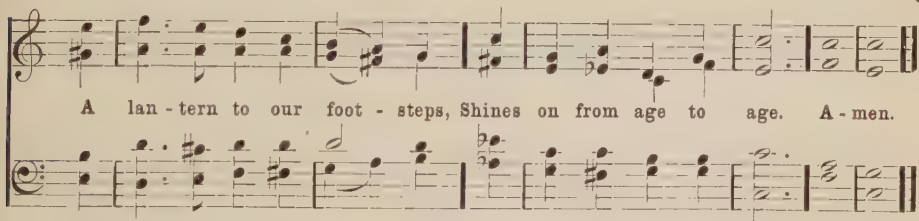
1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,



O Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky, -



We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

See also AURELIA, No. 222.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift Divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.

It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

The Holy Scriptures.

338 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;

Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the traveller's way; A-men.

2 Bread of our souls whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing
Our anchor and our stay: [bark,

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

B. BARTON.

339 DOWNS. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. A glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page Ma-jes-tic like the sun:

It gives a light to ev-'ry age; It gives, but bor-rows none. A-men.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truth upon the nations rise;
They rise but never set.

As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brightest worlds above.

The Holy Scriptures.

340 BEATITUDO. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, in Thy word What end-less glo-ry shines;
For ev-er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce-les-tial lines. A-men.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

MISS. ANNE STEELE.

341 COOLING. C. M.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. How pre-cious is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ration giv-en!
Bright as a lamp its doctrine shine, To guide our souls to heaven. A-men.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;

Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

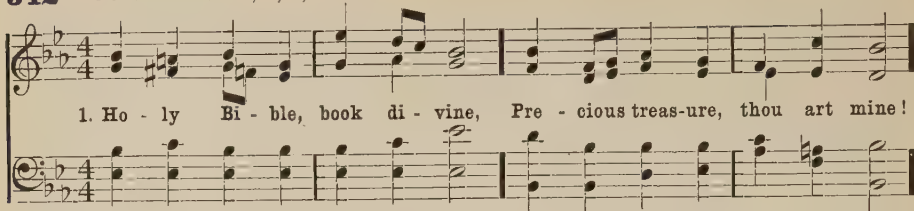
4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Rev. J. FAWCETT, D. D.

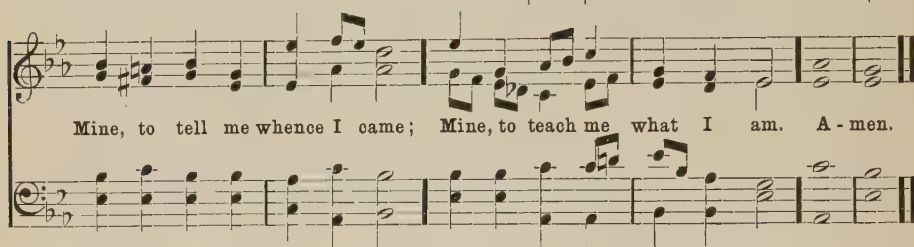
The Holy Scriptures.

342 SOLITUDE. 7, 7, 7, 7.

L. T. DOWNES.



1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine!



Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am. A - men.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine thou art, to guide and guard;
Mine, to punish or reward.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;

Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou Holy Book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

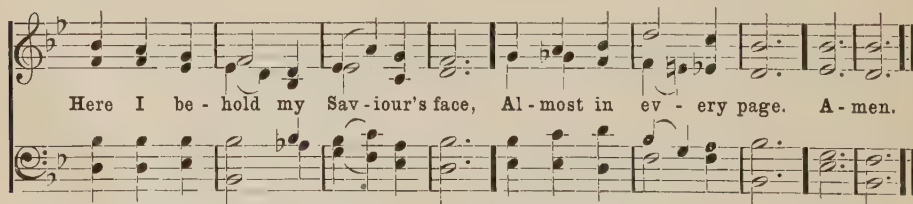
JOHN BURTON.

343 SAWLEY. C. M.

J. WALCH.



1. The vol - ume of my Fa - ther's grace Does all my griefs as - suage;



Here I be - hold my Sav - iour's face, Al - most in ev - ery page. A - men.

2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows;
Nor danger dwells therein.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 Oh, may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to Thy right hand.

Creation.

344 CREATION. L. M. D.

J. HAYDN.

1. { The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
And span-gled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O - rig-in -

the - real sky, }
(Omit.....) al pro-claim. Th'unwea-ried sun, from day to day, Does

his Cre - a - tor's power dis-play, And pub - lish - es to

ev - ery land The work of an Al-might-y Hand! A-men.

See also PETERBOROUGH, (Goss), No. 252.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn;
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Creation.

345 MILLENIUM. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Anon.

1. Ye tribes of A-dam, join With heaven, and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine To your Cre -

a-tor's praise: Ye ho-ly throng of an-gels bright, In worlds of light, be - gin the song. A-men.

2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
His power declare, ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly in empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand;
Or in swift courses move,
By His supreme command:
He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came, to praise the Lord!

4 Ye vapors, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord;
And stormy winds that blow
To execute His word;
When lightnings shine or thunders roar,
Let earth adore His hand divine.

5 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings His people near,
And makes them taste His love:
While earth and sky attempt His praise,
His saints shall raise His honors high.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

346 ST. BARTHOLOMEW. C. M. D.

GIORNIVICHI.

1. Je-sus is God: the sol-id earth, The ocean broad and bright, The countless stars, like golden dust,

That strew the skies at night, The wheeling storm, the dread-ful fire, The pleasant wholesome air,

Creation.

The sum-mer's sun, the win - ter's frost, His own cre - a - tions were. A - men.

See also CHRIST CHURCH, No. 324.

2 Jesus is God: the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King,
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God;
He who in heaven eternal reigned
In time on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God: let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill,
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfill;
Worth while a thousand years of woe
To speak one little word,
If by that "I believe" we own
The Godhead of our Lord.

Rev. F. W. FABER.

347 REX GLORIAE. 7, 7, 7, 7.

H. SMART.

1. Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator, Praise be Thine from ev'ry tongue; Join my soul, with ev'ry creature,

Join the u - ni - ver - sal song. Fa - ther, source of all com - pass - ion, Pure un - bound - ed

grace is Thine: Hail the God of our sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His love di - vine. A - men.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestowed,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise:
There, enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. J. FAWCETT, D. D.

Creation.

348 LATANÈ. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

A. GEIBEL.

1. Praise the Lord! from heav-en praise Him! Praise Him in the high-est height!

Praise Him, all ye an-gels, praise Him! Sun and moon, and stars of light!

Praise Him, all ye heaven of heav-ens; Wa-t'ry wastes a-bove our gaze—

Praise the Lord, who hath command-ed, And cre-ates you for His praise. A - men.

See also LUX EOI, No. 211.

2 He the floods hath set forever,
Bound them by divine decree;
Praise the Lord, the glorious giver,
Earth, and creatures of the sea!
Fire and hail, and snow and vapor,
Stormy wind that works His will,
Fruitful tree and towering cedar,
Mountain rude, and rolling hill!

3 Praise Him, beasts that wildly wander,
Gentle herds in human care,
Creeping things, a countless number,
Flying fowl that fill the air;

Praise Him, kings and princes, praise Him!
All ye people join in one;
Let the rulers bow before Him;
Youth and maiden, sire and son!

4 Let them sing His praise forever,
For His name alone is great;
High above the earth and heaven
Is His glory and His state!
Power He giveth to His people,
Praise He doth His saints afford;
E'en to Israel, ever near Him—
Praise, all people, praise the Lord!

Creation.

349 ST. JOHN'S. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER, D. D.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a-dore Him, Praise Him, an-gels, in the height: Sun, and moon, re-joyce before Him, Praise Him, all ye stars and light: 2. Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken, Worlds His mighty voice o-beyed; Laws which nev-er shall be brok-en, For their guidance He hath made. A-men.

3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!

5 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy Name;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
Join their Saviour to proclaim.

6 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done!

J. KEMPTHORNE.

LUCERNE. 8, 7, 8, 7. (Second Tune.)

T. A. WILLIS.

1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns a-dore Him, Praise Him, an-gels, in the height: Sun and moon, re-joyce be-fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars and light. A-men.

Providence.

350 AZILE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

W. J. BOEHM, MUS. BAC.

1. Sing praise to God Who reigns a - bove, The God of all cre - a - tion,

The God of power, the God of love, The God of our sal - va - tion;

With heal - ing balm my soul He fills, And ev - ery faith - less mur - mur stills:

To God, To God, to God all praise and glo - - ry. A - men.

Copyright, by W. J. Boehm.

2 The Angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan:
To God all praise and glory.

3 What God's Almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might
Lo! all is just and all is right;
To God all praise and glory.

4 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band;
To God all praise and glory.

5 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart;
Both soul and body bear your part;
To God all praise and glory.

Providence.

351 OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Genevan Psalter.

1. Je - ho - vah reigns, let all the earth In His just gov - ern - ment re - joice;

Let all the lands with sa - cred mirth, In His ap - plause u - nite their voice A - men.

2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of His seat.

3 For Thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art owned.
Anon.

352 LAUD. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. The Lord our God is clothed with might, The winds o - bey His will;

He speaks, and, in His heaven - ly height, The roll - ing sun stands still. A - men.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

Providence.

353 ST. LEONARD. (HILES.) C. M. D.

H. HILES.

1. I bow my fore-head in the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,

And urge, in trem-bling self - dis-trust, A prayer with - out a claim.

No of - fer-ing of mine own I have, Nor works my faith to prove;

I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love! A-men.

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2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

4 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

Providence.

354 CROSS OF JESUS. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Sir. J. STAINER.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty. A-men.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood:
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind:
- 4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,

And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

- 5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

- 6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

REV. FREDERICK W. FABER.

355 NUREMBERG. 7, 7, 7, 7.

J. R. AHLE.

1. Sovereign rul-er of the skies, Ev-er gra-cious, ev-er wise,
All our times are in Thy hand, All e-vents at Thy command. A-men.

- 2 He that formed us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb:
All our ways shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,

All our pleasure, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

- 4 May we always own Thy hand,
Still to Thee surrendered stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
We and ours are all Thy own!

REV. J. RYLAND.

Providence.

356 BEATITUDO. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed, | My heart shall find delight in praise, |
| To Thee my thoughts would soar: | Or seek relief in prayer. |
| Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, | 5 When gladness wings my favored hour, |
| That mercy I adore. | Thy love my thoughts shall fill; |
| 3 In each event of life, how clear | Resigned when storms of sorrow lower, |
| Thy ruling hand I see; | My soul shall meet Thy will. |
| Each blessing to my soul more dear, | 6 My lifted eye, without a tear, |
| Because conferred by Thee. | The gathering storms shall see; |
| 4 In every joy that crowns my days, | My steadfast heart shall know no fear; |
| In every pain I bear, | That heart will rest on Thee. |

W. H. WILLIAMS.

357 DOWNS. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. God moves in a mys - ter - ious way His won - ders to per - form;

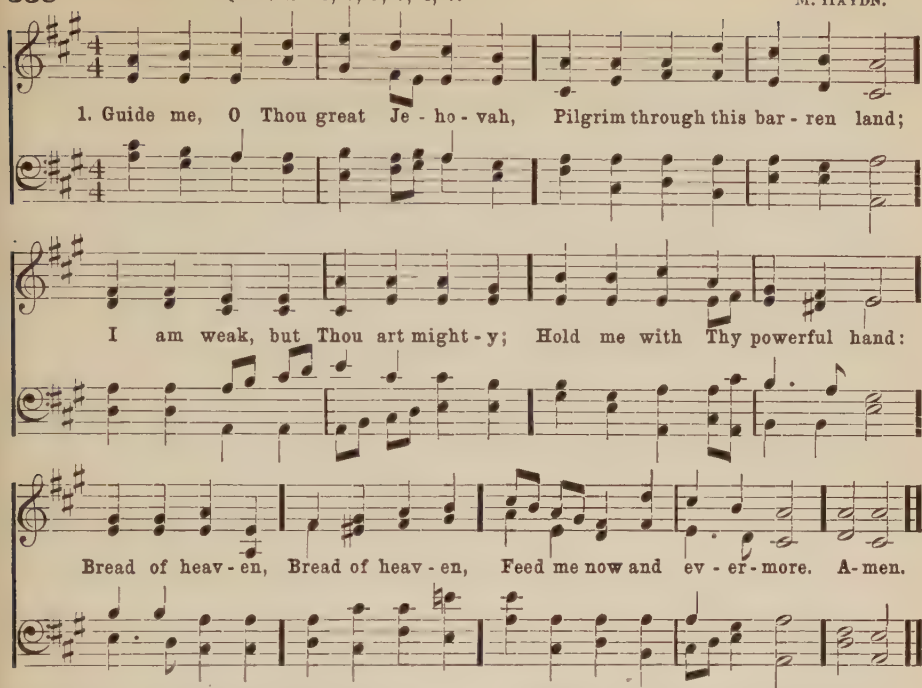
He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A - men.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 2 Deep in unfathomable mines, - | Behind a frowning providence |
| With never-failing skill, | He hides a smiling face. |
| He treasures up His bright designs, | 5 His purposes will ripen fast, |
| And works His sovereign will. | Unfolding every hour: |
| 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take: | The bud may have a bitter taste, |
| The clouds ye so much dread | But sweet will be the flower. |
| Are big with mercy, and shall break | 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err, |
| In blessings on your head. | And scan His work in vain; |
| 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, | God is His own interpreter, |
| But trust Him for His grace; | And He will make it plain. |

Providence.

358 DULCE CARMEN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

M. HAYDN.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim through this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev-er-more. A-men.

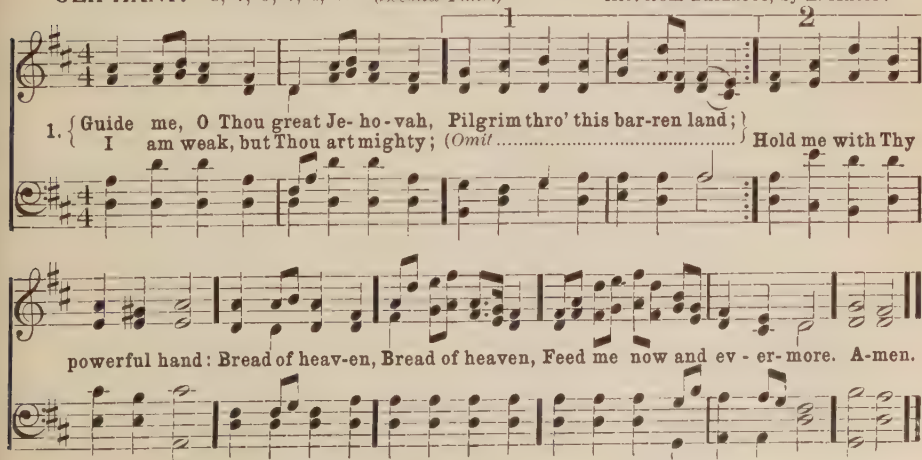
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. W. WILLIAMS.

OLIPHANT. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. (Second Tune.)

Arr. from BAILLOTT, by L. MASON.



1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; }
I am weak, but Thou art mighty; (Omit...) Hold me with Thy
powerful hand: Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev-er-more. A-men.

Redemption.

359 MOUNT CALVARY. C. M.

Sir R. P. STEWART.

1. Be - hold what love the Fa - ther hath On guilt - y men be - stowed,
That we, who chil - dren are of wrath, Should children be of God. A - men.

2 Oh, how beyond expressions great,
His love in Christ doth shine!
'Tis like Himself—the Eternal God,
Past knowledge, all divine.

3 Behold, for fallen, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down His life us to redeem,
A precious sacrifice.

4 Now doth our Lord, the Son of God,
Who for us lived and died,

See of the travail of His soul,
And is well satisfied.

5 Peace and good-will are now to man
Most gloriously displayed,
And life eternal we obtain
From God, through Christ our Head.

6 Oh, let us then repeat the theme,
Which always sounds above;
And ever sing with joyful hearts,
The wonders of His love.

R. BOSWELL.

360 AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLÄSER, arr. by L. MASON.

1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound; 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears. A - men.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace Divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Our hearts shall kindle at Thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.

Redemption.

361 TRUST. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Sav - iour, source of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays:

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise. A - men.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;

Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

5 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

REV. E. ROBINSON.

NETTLETON. 8, 7, 8, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

REV. A. NETTLETON.

FINE.

1. { Sav - iour, source of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays: }
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for cease - less songs of praise. }

D.C.—Fill my soul with sa - cred pleas - ure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.

2. Teach me some me - lo - dious measure, Sung by raptured saints a - bove; A - men.

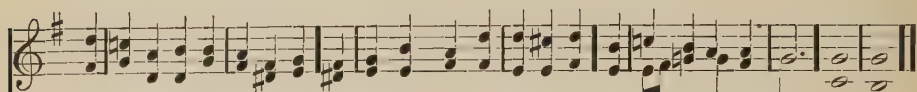
Redemption.

362 COLEBROOK. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

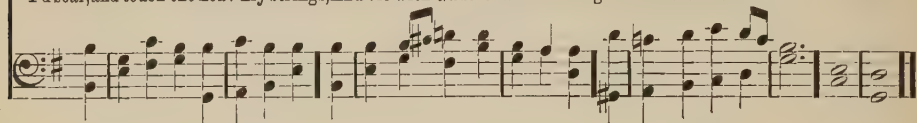
H. SMART.



1. O could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-iour shine.



I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di-vine. A-men.



2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

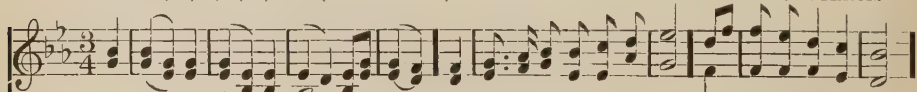
3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

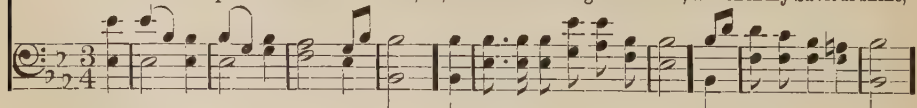
S. MEDLEY.

ARIEL. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. (Second Tune.)

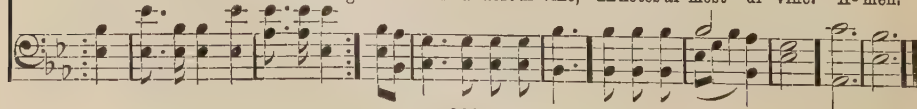
MOZART. ARR. L. MASON.



1. O could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine,



{ I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, }
{ And vie with Gabriel while he sings } In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.



Redemption.

363 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Gregorian, arr. L. MASON.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
 Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain: A - men.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away,
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the curs'd tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

364 LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to my ear;
 Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear. A - men.

2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man,
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road;

And new supplies each hour I meet
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE.

Redemption.

365 PASTOR BONUS. S. M. D.

A. J. CALDICOTT.

1. I was a wan - dering sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.

I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home;

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam. A - men.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold;
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Redemption.

LEBANON. S. M. D. (Second Tune.)

J. ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,

I would not be con-trolled, I was a wayward child, I did not love my home;

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam. A - men.

366 SACRIFICE. 7, 6, 7, 6.

H. LAHEE.

1. 'Tis not that I did choose Thee, For, Lord! that could not be;

This heart would still re - fuse Thee; But Thou hast chos-en me. A - men.

2 Thou from the sin that stained me
Washed me and set me free;
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

3 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;

The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.

4 My heart owns none above Thee;
For Thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing: if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Redemption.

367 EVANGEL. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love: Tell me the sto - ry

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And

REFRAIN.

help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - men.

Used by arr. with Biglow & Main Co.

2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save:
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
If any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—REF.

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—REF.

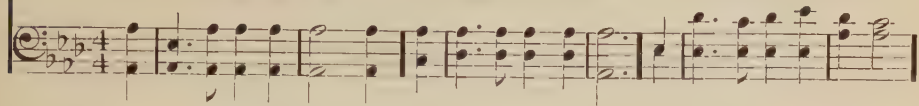
Redemption.

368 HANKEY. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain.

W. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His glory,



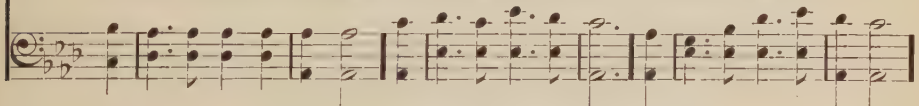
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know it's true:



REFRAIN.



It sat - is - fies my longings As nothing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry,



'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. Amen.



2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—REF.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—REF.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.—REF.

Redemption.

369 COWPER. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's
veins;..... And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood,
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - men.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

WILLIAM COWPER.

FOUNTAIN. C. M. (Second Tune.)

Arr. from L. MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;

Redemption.

And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains,

Lose all their guilt - y stains,..... Lose all their guilt-y stains; And

sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - men.

370 AVON. C. M.

H. WILSON.

1. Be - hold the Sav - iour of man-kind Nailed to the shame - ful tree!

How vast the love that Him in-clined To bleed and die for thee! A-men.

- 2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
' The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" He cries;
- See where He bows His sacred head!
He bows His head, and dies!
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

Redemption.

371 CROSS OF JESUS. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Sir. J. STAINER.

1. O the dark-ness, O the sor-row, O the mis-er-y of sin!

When will draw the prom-ised mor-row That shall bring de-liv-erance in? A-men.

See also DORRANCE, No. 148.

2 One there was ordained to languish,
Guiltless, in Gethsemane;
One there was who died in anguish,
Innocent, on Calvary.

3 Jesus was the burden-bearer,
God's own Son the sacrifice;
Of the gifts of man the sharer,
Of His soul the ransom-price.

4 'Tis the Christ, the ever-living,
Ever-loving, ever-blest,
By the Comforter still giving
Pardon, holiness, and rest.

5 Can the love so freely given,
Can the blood so freely shed
Fail to draw the earth to heaven,
Fail to bring alive its dead?

6 Rise, O children of the Father,
Stand, ye brothers of the Son,
In unyielding ranks together
Till the crown of Christ be won;

7 Till the lands of sin and sorrow,
Darker than the ancient night,
Shall behold the promised morrow
Beam on them with saving light.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

372 ST. CATHERINE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

H. F. HEMY, alt. by J. G. WALTON.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;

I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' Name.

Redemption.

On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A - men.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face, 3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood
I rest upon unchanging grace; Support me in the sinking flood;
In every rough and stormy gale When all around my soul gives way,
My anchor holds within the veil. He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand. All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When I shall launch in worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in Him;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

REV. EDWARD MOTE.

SOLID ROCK. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. (Second Tune.)

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Then Je - sus' blood and right-eous-ness; I

dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' Name. On Christ, the sol - id

Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand. All oth-er ground is sinking sand. A - men.

Redemption.

373 WOODWORTH. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus, my one pre - vail - ing plea, To Thee, a-lone for help I flee:

Teach me my all in Thee to find, Thou Priest and Sac - ri - fice com - bined. A-men.

2 Thy presence fills the Holy Place
With the pure light of heavenly grace;
Yet still the marks of Calvary shine
With light and glory more divine!

3 In hands and feet and side, appear
The imprints of the nails and spear!
But, with the marks upon Thy brow,
They're trophies for the Victor now!

4 And thus, within the Veil, we see
Thy presence, the prevailing Plea;

Thy work, the sinner's only hope,
Thyself, that work's unbounded scope!

5 Far as Thy perfect Law extends,
Its utmost claim Thy work defends;
Deep as our sorest need it goes,
And boundless as Thy love it flows!

6 Thus, every needed grace comes down,
Thy Sacrificial Work to crown;
And faithful prayers fit answers meet,
With Jesus at the Mercy-Seat!

Rev. WM. NEWTON, D. D.

374 ZÜRICH. S. M.

J. G. NÄGELI, arr. by L. MASON.

1. Not what these hands have done Can save this guilt - y soul;

Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole. A-men.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,

Can rid me of this dark unrest
And set my spirit free.

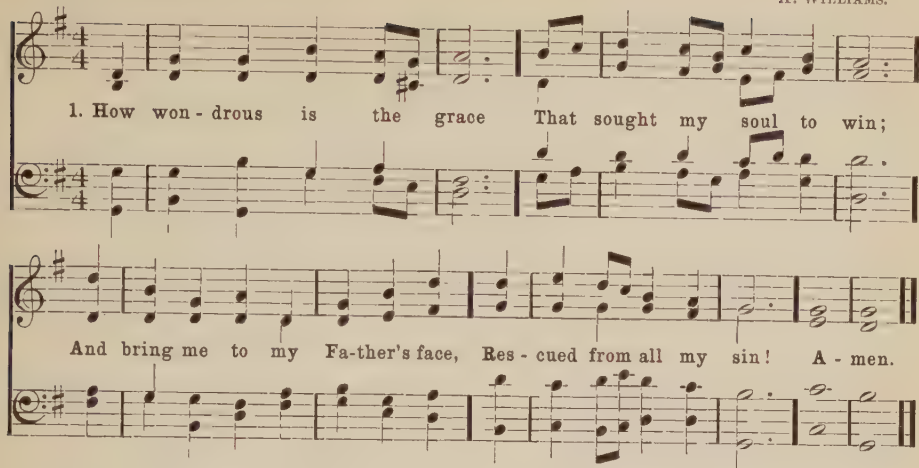
5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

6 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

Redemption.

375 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



1. How won-drous is the grace That sought my soul to win;
And bring me to my Fa-ther's face, Res-cued from all my sin! A-men.

2 How Thy compassions move
In tenderness divine;
While bearing on Thy heart of Love
This guilty soul of mine!

4 Not free to live in sin;
But ransomed from its power,
And quickened by Thy Life within,
To live for Thee each hour.

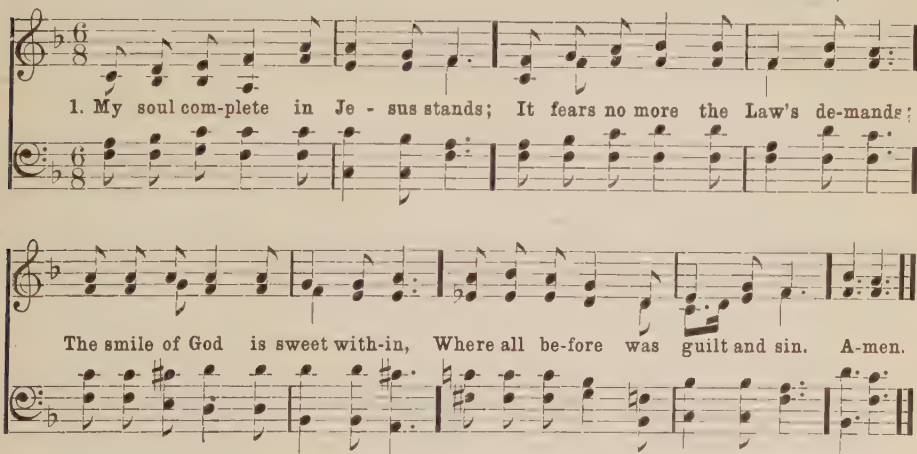
3 It was my sins that laid
Their heavy load on Thee;
And Thou the fearful debt hast paid,
To let my soul go free.

5 Lord Jesus! make me know
The treasures of Thy Love;
That I may walk with Thee below,
And reign with Thee above!

REV. WM. NEWTON, D. D.

376 ST. MARK'S. L. M.

REV. A. G. MORTIMER, D. D.



1. My soul com-plete in Je-sus stands; It fears no more the Law's de-mands;
The smile of God is sweet with-in, Where all be-fore was guilt and sin. A-men.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
Receives the grace His death secured,
And pleads the anguish He endured.

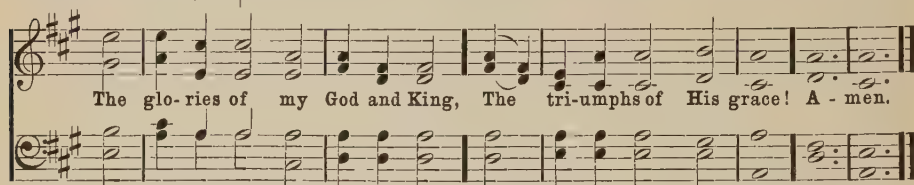
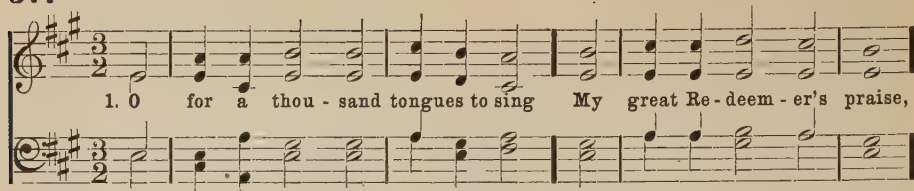
3 A song of praise my soul shall sing
To our eternal, glorious King;
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Ann.

Redemption.

377 AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER. Arr. by L. MASON.



2 My gracious Master and my God,

Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;

His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;

The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

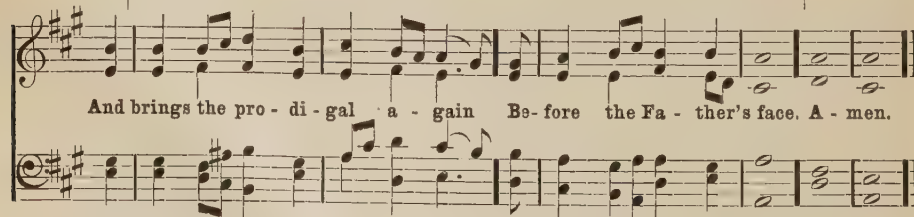
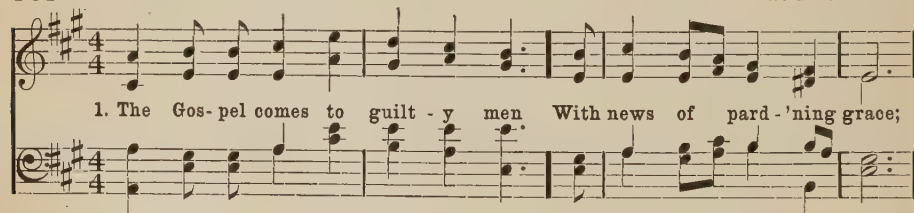
6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;

Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

378 DEDHAM. C. M.

W. GARDINER.



2 'Tis the sweet Story of God's love,
Incarnate in His Son;
The purpose of His grace, before
Creation was begun.

3 What Jesus is, has done, and is
In covenant to do,
Is both the Alpha of its song,
And its Omega too.

4 The story of His birth grows bright,
When read on Calvary's Hill;

And resurrection's glorious light,
Shows it diviner still.

5 It gives to lost and guilty men,
Faith's all-prevailing plea —
When Jesus died and rose again,
He died and rose for me.

6 Faith makes this saving plea its own,
And entering into rest,
Leans, with the spirit of a son, —
Upon the Father's breast!

REV. WM. NEWTON, D. D.

Invitation and Warning.

379 VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

p *mf*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;

cres.

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

p *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad.

cres. *f*

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

See also VARINA, No. 575.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

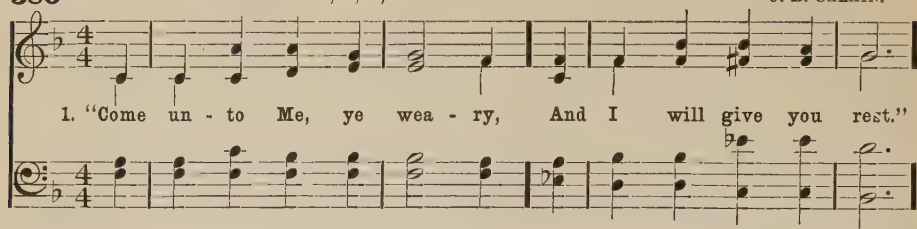
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, Thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk.
 Till travelling days are done.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

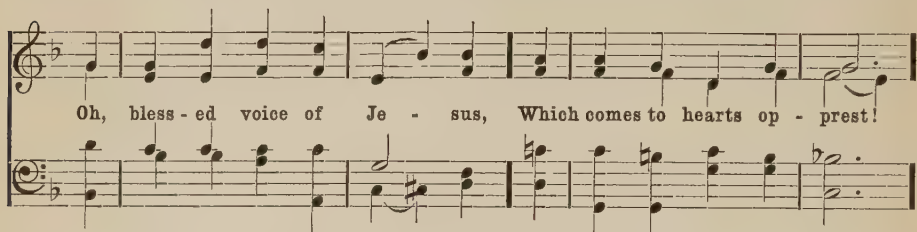
Invitation and Warning.

380 SAVOY CHAPEL. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

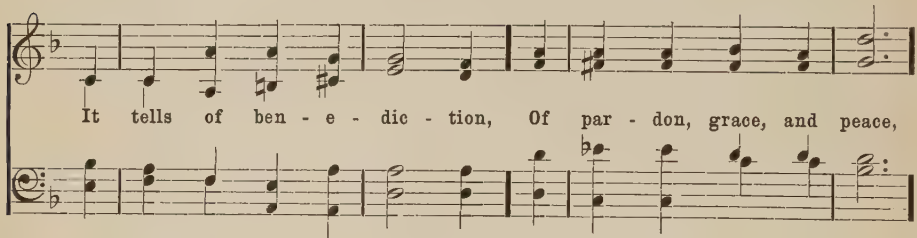
J. B. CALKIN.



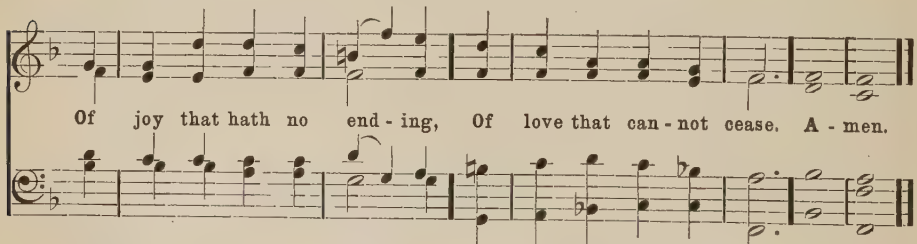
1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."



Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!



It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A - men.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
"Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

Invitation and Warning.

BENTLEY. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. (Second Tune.)

J. HULLAH.

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion Of par - don, grace, and peace,

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A - men.

381 NAIN. 6, 4, 6, 4.

L. MASON.

1. To-day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers, come; O ye benighted souls! Why longer roam? A - men.

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;

The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

Invitation and Warning.

382 TARRING. 6, 4, 6, 4, 4, 4, 6, 4.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

1. Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis - may, Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day: Heaven bids thee come..... While yet there's room, Child of sin and sor - row Hear and o - bey. A - men.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come whilst thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which, from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.
3 Child of sin and sorrow,
The moments glide
Like the fitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;

Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.
4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Cease now the tear;
Wait not for to-morrow,
Banish thy fear!
Christ now receives
Him who believes;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Be of good cheer!

THOMAS HASTINGS.

AVA. 6, 4, 6, 4, 4, 4, 6, 4. (Second Tune.)
FINE.

T. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.
D.C.

1. { Child of sin and sor-row, Filled with dismay, } Wait not for to - mor-row, Yield thee to-day, } Heaven bids thee come While yet there's room, Amen.

D.C.—Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

Invitation and Warning.

383 ROCKINGHAM OLD. L. M.

E. MILLER, Mus. Doc.

1. Just as thou art— with-out one trace Of love, or joy, or in - ward grace,
Or meet-ness for the heavenly place, Oh, guilt-y sin - ner! come, O come. A - men.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me,
That peace and pardon might be free;
Oh, wretched sinner! come.

3 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be
Trust not the world; it gives no rest; [blest
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;
Oh, weary sinner! come.

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross;

My grace repays all earthly loss;
Oh, needy sinner! come.

5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
Oh, trembling sinner! come.

6 "The Spirit and the bride say, come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may
Thy Saviour bids thee come. [come;
W. C. DIX.

384 CLOLATA. L. M.

WM. ST. CLAIR PALMER.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly. And still my soul in slumbers lie? A - men.

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock?
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

TT. SARAH B. FINDLATER.

Invitation and Warning.

385 DULCE CARMEN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

M. HAYDN.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y Weak and wounded, sick and sore: Je-sus read-y stands to save you,

Full of pit-y joined with power; He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is willing; doubt no more. A-men.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Rev. J. HART.

ROUSSEAU. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4. (Second Tune.)

J. J. ROUSSEAU. FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners poor and need-y Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore: }
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y joined with power: }

He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing, doubt no more. A - men.

INVITATION. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. (Third Tune.)

J. INGALLS. FINE.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore:

D.C.—He is a-ble He is a-ble, He is will-ing doubt no more.

Invitation and Warning.

D. C.

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y joined with power. A - men.

386 DALLAS. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. from M. L. CHERUBINI.

1. Hast - en, sin - ner, to be wise, Stay not for to - morrow's sun;
Wis - dom if thou still de - spise Hard - er is it to be won. A - men.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,

Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blessed,
Stay not for to-morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

PLEVEL'S HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7. (Second Tune.)

IG. J. PLEVEL.

1. Hast - en, sin - ner, to be wise, Stay not for the mor - row's sun;
Wis - dom if thou still de - spise, Hard - er is it to be won. A - men.

Invitation and Warning.

387 MESSIAH. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Arr. from Herold, by G. KINGSLEY.

1. Sinners! turn, why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why: God, who did your

being give, Made you with Himself to live; He the fatal cause demands, Asks the work of

His own hands: Why, ye thankless creatures! why Will ye cross His love, and die? A-men.

2 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove—
Wooed you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

388 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10, 11, 10.

S. WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the

Invitation and Warning.

mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that Heaven can-not heal. A - men.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE and THOMAS HASTINGS.

389 HORTON. 7, 7, 7, 7.

X. SCHNYDER.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home, Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er come! A - men.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. A. L. BARBAULD.

Invitation and Warning.

390 BULLINGER. 8, 5, 8, 3.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis-trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing Be..... at rest." A - men.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?

"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?

"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

Rev. JOHN M. NEALE.

STEPHANOS. 8, 5, 8, 3. (Second Tune.)

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

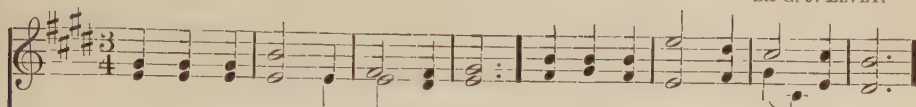
1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest." A - men.

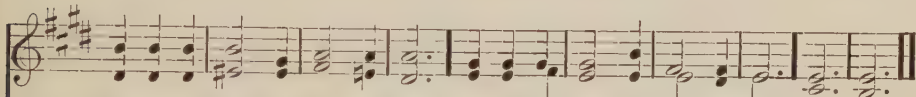
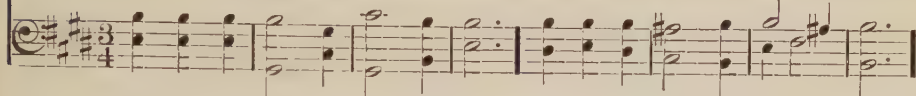
Invitation and Warning.

391 ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

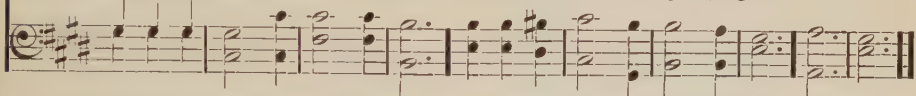
Sir G. J. ELVEY.



1. Ho! ev - ery one that thirsts, draw nigh: 'Tis God in - vites the fall - en race:



Mer - cy and free sal - va - tion buy: Buy wine, and milk, and gos - pel grace. A - men.



2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Master's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;

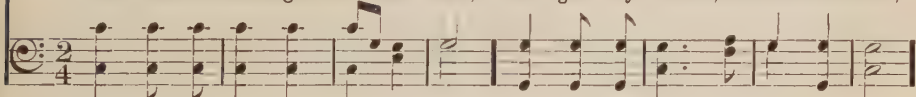
CHARLES WESLEY.

392 ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Be - hold! a Stran - ger's at the door; He gen - tly knocks, has knocked before;



Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - men.



2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very Friend you need:
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG.

Invitation and Warning.

393 QUEBEC. L. M.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

1. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn, And seek an in-jured Fa-ther's face;

Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kindled by re-claim-ing grace. A-men.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn."
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Rev. W. B. COLLYER,

Penitence.

394 ABENDS. L. M.

H. S. OAKELEY.

1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent-ing sin-ner live;

Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee? A-men.

2 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Penitence.

395 LEOMINSTER. S. M. D.

Arr. by Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Ah! whith - er should I go, Bur - dened and sick and faint!

To whom should I my trou - ble show, And pour out my com - plaint!

My Sav - iour bids me come; Ah! why do I de - lay?

He calls the wea - ry sin - ner home, And yet from Him I stay. A - men.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

3 I now believe in Thee,
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which Thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

Penitence.

396 ARLINGTON. C. M.

Arr. from T. A. ARNÉ.

1. Thou art the Way: to Thee a-lone From sin and death we flee;

And he who would the Fa-ther seek Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A-men.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Bishop GEORGE W. DOANE.

397 MERIBAH. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

L. MASON.

1. O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death

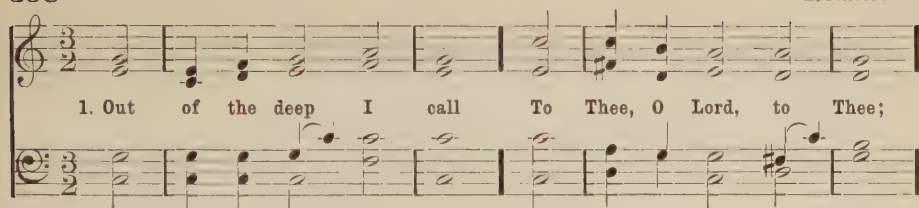
That casts itself on Thee? { I have no ref-uge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done } And suffered once for me. A-men.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is Thy Friend."

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:

4 The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
That bids me come away;
Unclogged by earth or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings
To everlasting day.



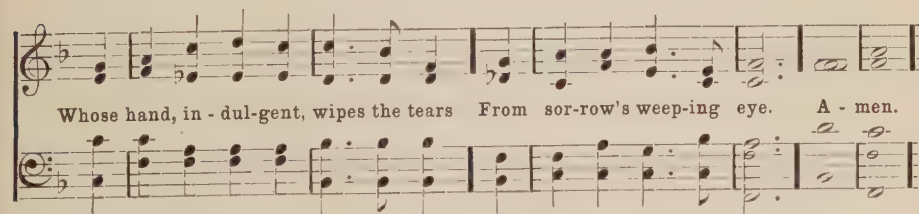
- 2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within:
3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame.

- From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.
4 Lord, there is mercy now
As ever was with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

399 DALEHURST. C. M.

A. COTTMAN.



- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn:
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, Return?
3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear Refuge fail,—
This only safe retreat.
4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,—

- Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night
How desolate my way!
5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joy divine.
6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy;
Be thus my solace, here below,
And my eternal joy.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

Penitence.

400 KEDRON. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

English: ascribed to A. B. SPRATT.

1. No, not de-spair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis-trust-ing-ly

Bend I the knee: Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet is this still my plea,

Je - sus hath died. A - men.

2 Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson has been,
Infinite, infinite
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,

All I have been:
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved Unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

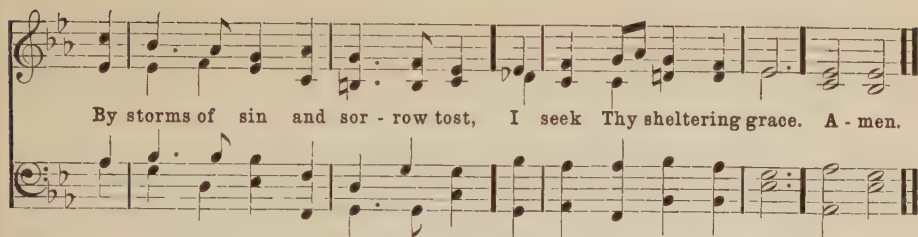
Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

401 SEMPER. C. M.

J. H. CASSON.

1. O Je - sus, Sav - iour of the lost, My rock and hid - ing - place,

Penitence.



2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

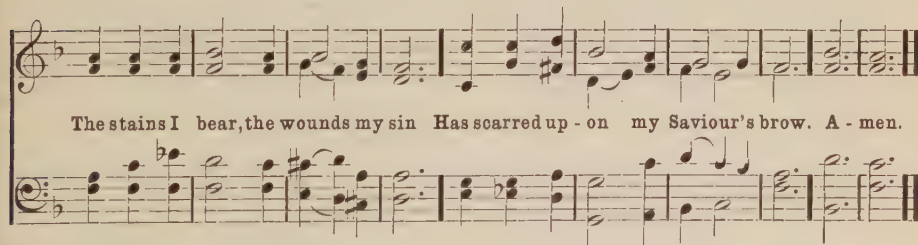
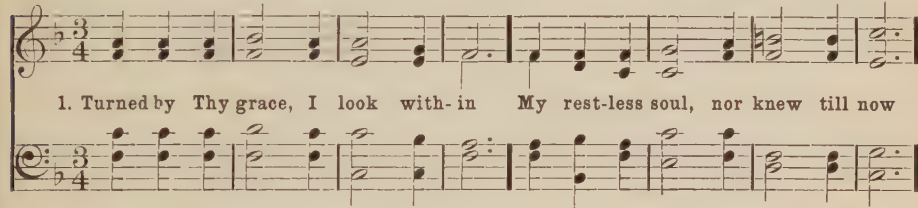
3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

Bishop E. H. BICKERSTETH.

402 PENITENCE. L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book.



2 The sight afflicts my guilty soul:
My conscience cries and spares me not.
Grief's bitter waves now o'er me roll:
Tears flow that cannot cleanse one spot.

5 The wrong my sin has done, confessed,
Return four-fold shall now make right.
My soul shall then by God be blest
Through Christ's atonement in His sight.

3 O God, my God, I see my sin:
I crucified the Lord of love.
Wormwood and gall I gave to Him;
And sorely grieved God's Holy Dove.

6 Forgiveness for the wrongs done me,
With my whole heart I freely give;
'Tis only so that there can be
Pardon from Christ and grace to live.

4 Turned back and won by grace so free,
My sin confessed I'll ne'er repeat:
Converted now, my aim shall be
To tread the prints of Christ's dear feet.

7 My sin thus seen, wept o'er, confest,
Turned from and loathed as spaining Thee
As Thou forgivest, O Saviour blest,
Is pardoned, cleansed! my soul is free.

REV. E. A. BRADLEY.

Penitence.

403 GETHSEMANE. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

R. REDHEAD.

1. God, my Fa - ther, hear me pray, Wash my crim - son guilt a - way;
Wretch - ed, help - less, lost, un - done, Hear me for Thy bless - ed Son.
Lord, un - numbered sins are mine, But e - ter - nal love is Thine. A - men.

2 God, my Saviour, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee:
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

3 God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might,
Make Thy dwelling in my heart:

Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

4 Blessèd, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting Three!
Hear, oh, hear my earnest prayer,
And my soul for heaven prepare!
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

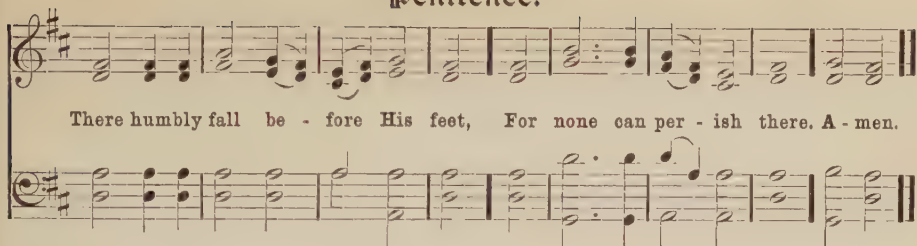
J. HOLME.

404 NAOMI. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer;

Penitence.



There humbly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A - men.

2 Thy promise is my only plea
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

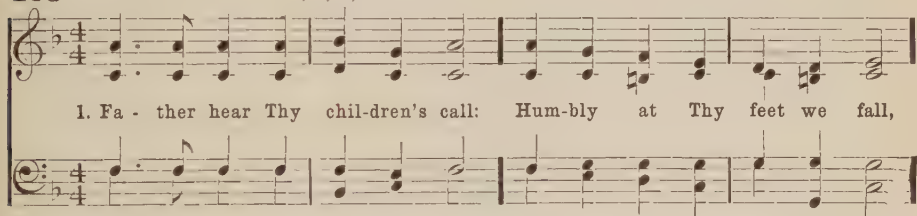
4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place!
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

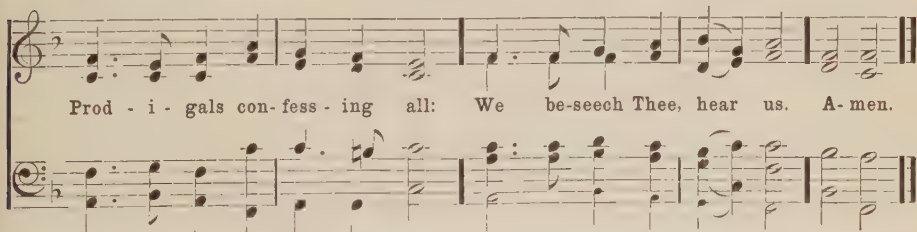
Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

405 LITANY No. 6. 7, 7, 6.

Sir J. STAINER.



1. Fa - ther hear Thy chil-dren's call: Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,



Prod - i - gals con - fess - ing all: We be-seech Thee, hear us. A - men.

2 Christ, beneath Thy cross, we blame
All our life of sin and shame;
Penitent we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,

And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, bear us.

7 Blind, we pray, that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

T. B. POLLOCK.

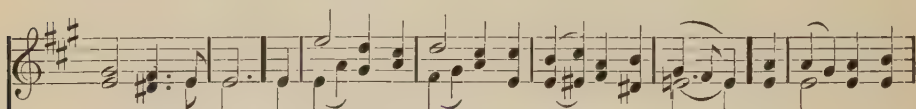
Faith.

406 ADESTE FIDELES. 11, 11, 11, 11.

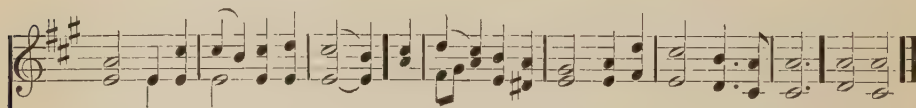
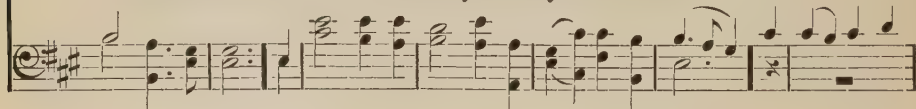
J. READING.



1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His



ex- cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said.— You who un-to



Je- sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un- to Je- sus for ref-uge have fled? A-men.



2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

"K," in Rippon's Selection.

1 Hail, Al - pha and O - me - ga, hail, Thou Au - thor of our faith,

The Fin - ish - er of all our hopes, The Truth, the Life, the Path. A - men.

2 Hail, First and Last, Thou great I AM,
In whom we live and move;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

3 O, let that faith which Thou hast taught
Be treasured in our breast;

The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 Then shall we go from strength to
From grace to greater grace; [strength:
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold Thy face.

JOHN CENNICK.

408 FAITH. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Thou Friend of sin - ners, hear my cry, And grant me my re - quest,

May I in Thy a - tone - ment find My ev - er - last - ing rest. A - men.

2 May I no more resist Thy love,
No more Thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply Thee believe.

3 Faith is Thy gift, Thou smitten Lamb,
Gained by Thy death for me,

Therefore the privilege I claim,
A child of God to be.

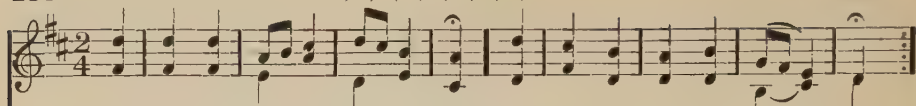
4 Impress this truth upon my breast,
That Thou for me hast died,
That I in Thee with confidence
Forever may abide.

M. STONEHOUSE.

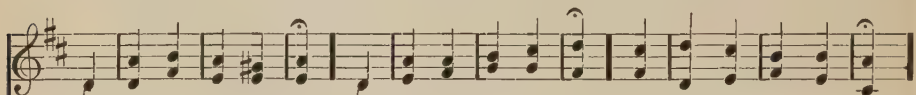
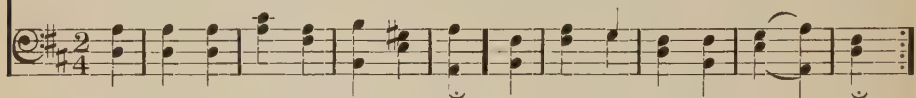
Faith.

409 EIN' FESTE BURG. 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7.

M. LUTHER.



1. { A might-y For-tress is our God, A Bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
Our Help-er He a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing; }



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great,



And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not His e-qual. A-men.



<p>2 Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choosing: Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth His Name, From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.</p>	<p>3 And though this world, with devils filled Should threaten to undo us; We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us: The prince of darkness grim,— We tremble not for him; His rage we can endure, For lo! his doom is sure, One little word shall fell him.</p>
--	---

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

MARTIN LUTHER. Tr. REV. FREDERICK H. HEDGE.

Faith.

410 CANONBURY. L. M.

Arr. from R. SCHUMANN.

1. From my own works at last I cease, For God a-lone can give me peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care, Of my own strength I must de-spair. A-men.

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till Thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.

3 'Tis Thine alone to change the heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart;
I therefore will my heart resign
To Thee, oh, cleanse and seal it Thine.

4 With humble faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All;
I wait, O Lord, to hear Thee say,
"My blood hath washed thy sins away."

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give Thyself unto my heart.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

411 HANFORD. 8, 8, 8, 4.

Sir. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;
I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my Rest. A - men.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length:
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;

Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

Faith.

412 ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

F. C. MAKER.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.

2 Upon the cross of Jesus
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me:
 And from my smitten heart with tears
 Two wonders I confess,—
 The wonders of His glorious love
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding-place:
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face;
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the cross.

413 ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

Faith.

W. JONES.

1. In-crease our faith be - lov - ed Lord, For Thou a - lone canst give

The faith that takes Thee at Thy word, The faith by which we live. A - men.

- 2 Increase our faith! so weak are we
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Thee,
Entrust to Thee our trust.
- 3 Increase our faith! on this broad shield
All fiery darts be caught;
We must be victors in the field,
When Thou for us hast fought.
- 4 Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed
That it should never fail;

- Our steadfast anchorage is made,
With Thee, within the veil.
- 5 Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound;
That it may grow exceedingly,
And to Thy praise be found.
- 6 Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face.

Anon.

414 HERMANN. C. M.

N. HERMANN.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Though press'd by ev - 'ry foe,

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe; A - men.

- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.
- 5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. BATHURST.

1. O let tri-umph-ant faith dis - pel The fears of guilt and wee;

If God be for us, God the Lord, Who, who shall be our foe? A - men.

2 He who His only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall He not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now His people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified;

Who now His people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And He who died hath risen again
Triumphant from the grave;
At God's right hand for us He pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

Rev. J. LOGAN.

416 MOSCOW. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

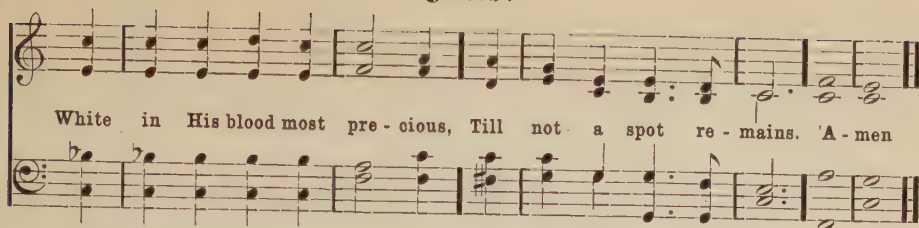
J. B. CALKIN.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;

He bears them all and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains

Faith.



2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:

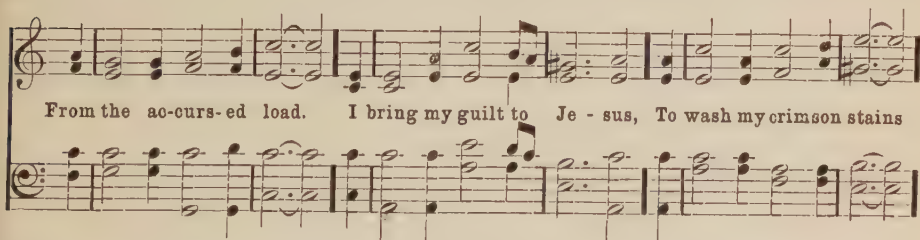
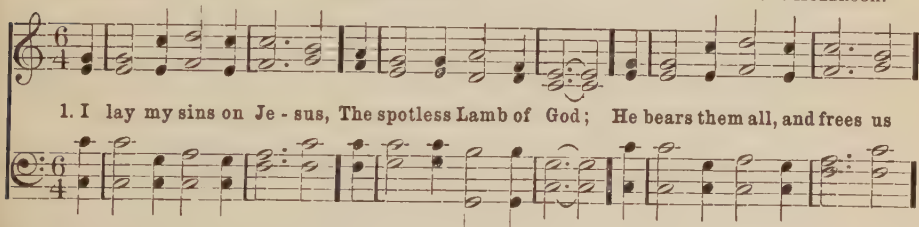
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

MIRIAM. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. (Second Tune.)

J. P. HOLBROOK.



Faith.

417 HOLLINGSIDE. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Rev. J. B. DYKES

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!

Hide - me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

Faith.

REFUGE. 7, 7, 7, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je-sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near - er wa-ters

roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hid e me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the

storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last. A - men.

MARTYN. 7, 7, 7, 7. D. (Third Tune.)

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; A - men.

Faith.

418 GETHSEMANE. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

R. REDHEAD.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

TOPLADY. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. (*Second Time.*)

T. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.,

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed. A - men.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

C. ELLIOTT.

HOWARD-SMITH. 8, 8, 8, 6. (Second Tune.)

THOMAS L. BERRY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, Bu that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A - men.

Prayer.

420 ALMSGIVING. 8, 8, 8, 4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve-ning star,

As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer? A - men.

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

5 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

C. ELLIOTT.

421 HORTON. 7, 7, 7, 7.

X. SCHNYDER.

1. Come, my soul thy suit pre-pare: Je - sus' loves to an - swer prayer;

He Him-self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay. A - men.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Prayer.

422 MESSIAH. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

Arr. from J. F. HEROLD, by G. KINGSLEY.

1. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child:

On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline.

Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;

Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A-men.

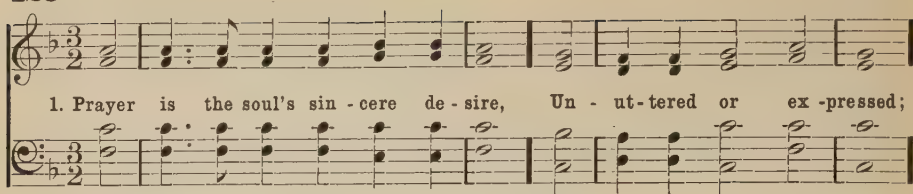
2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art All in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all Divine,
Hast Thou made me truly Thine?
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Prayer.

423 BYEFIELD. C. M.

T. HASTINGS, MUS. DOC.



1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed;



The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trembles in the breast. A - men.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.

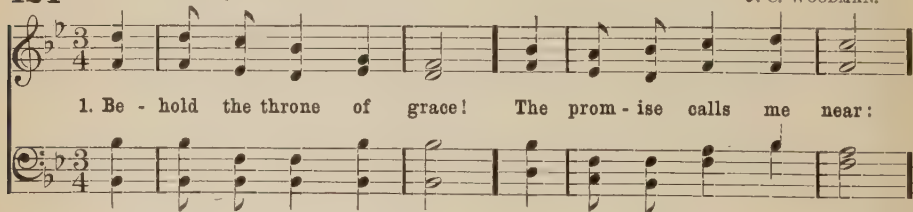
4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

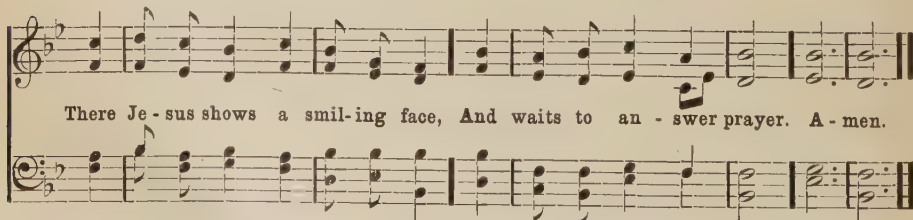
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

424 STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.



1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near:



There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer prayer. A - men.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;

I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

4 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Prayer.

425 RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.

1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell-ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat. A-men.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though Sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

426 HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

1. Je - sus! wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mer-cy-seat;

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallowed ground. A-men.

2 And since within no walls confined,
Thou dwellest in the humble mind:
Let all within Thy house who come,
Departing, take Thee to their home.

4 Here may we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care:
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

Prayer.

427 SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known:

D. S. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

In seasons of distress and grief, My soul has often found relief; A-men.

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2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

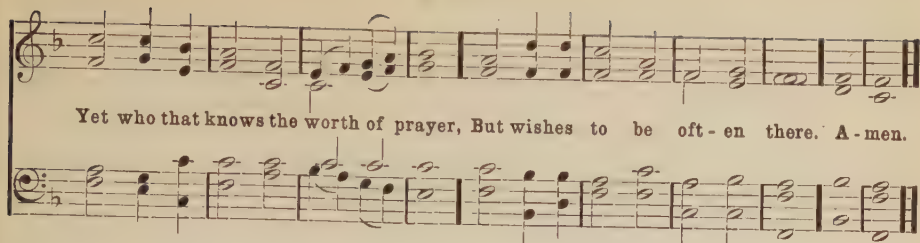
REV. W. W. WALFORD.

428 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. What various hindrances we meet In coming to the mercy-seat;

Prayer.



Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be oft-en there. A-men.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread
wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

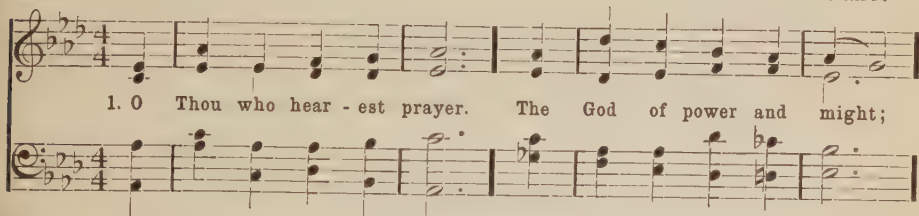
5 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

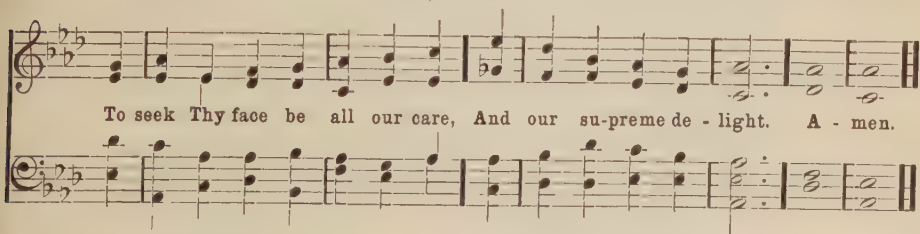
WM. COWPER.

429 SCHUMANN. S. M.

Arr. from R. SCHUMANN.



1. O Thou who hear-est prayer. The God of power and might;



To seek Thy face be all our care, And our su-preme de-light. A-men.

2 O God of grace and love,
Regard us from Thy throne;
Send down to us the Heavenly Dove,
And seal us as Thine own.

Saviour remember us for good
In danger's trying hour.

3 We have no other trust,
But Thy dear sacrifice;
Our hope, Thou Holy One and just,
Thou never wilt despise.

5 Come with Thy saving strength,
With healing virtue come;
And let Thy guiding hand at length
Conduct us safely home.

4 Sinful, we plead Thy blood;
Weak, we implore Thy power;

6 Till, saved from all annoy
Of earthly fear and strife,
We enter into endless joy,
And everlasting life.

Prayer.

430 ST. PAUL'S. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

W. C. O'NEILL.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, al - ways lead us; Be our mod - el, guide and friend:

When temp - ta - tions strong as - sail us, From their pow'r our souls de - fend.

Give us wis - dom, grace and knowledge; Strength to will and do the right;

Love for all that's pure and no - ble; Cour - age for life's earn - est fight. A - men.

2 Not by earthly might or power
Is Thy kingdom spread abroad;
But Thy Spirit working in us
Wins the world to Christ and God.
Wins by gentle, kindly actions;
Wins by Christ-like deeds and life;
Words and acts that show Thy spirit;
Make for peace, and conquer strife.

3 Not mere empty faith availeth;
Work with faith is God's own plan,
Noblest love for God our Father
Is to love our fellow man.
Give us then this loving spirit,
Gentle, kind, unselfish, pure;
Work for man is work for Jesus;
Love can conquer, love can cure.

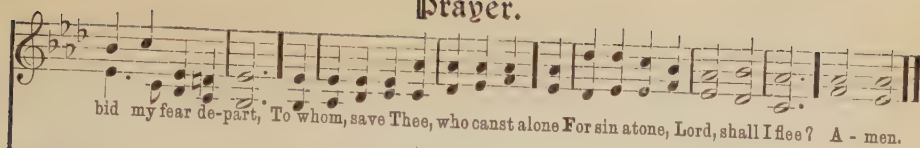
WM. C. O'NEILL.

431 ST. GODRIC. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak gladness to this heart; They tell me all is done; They

Prayer.



2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins, that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.
To whom, save Thee, etc.

3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine

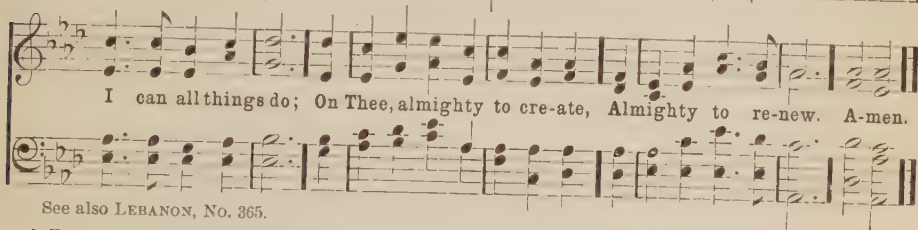
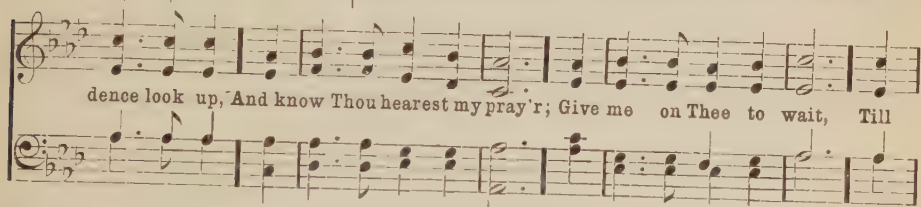
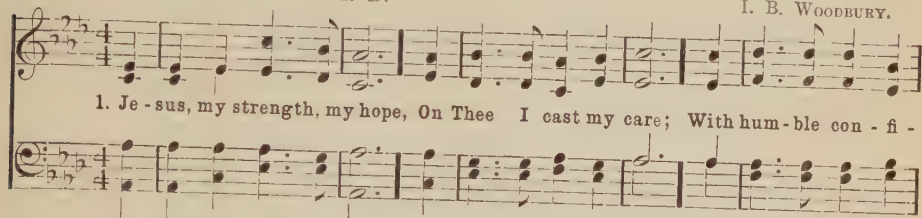
Would have been all too few,
To whom, save Thee, etc.

4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee, etc.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

432 MONTGOMERY. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.



See also LEBANON, No. 365.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon Thy word;
Thy promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

Prayer.

433 CARITAS. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Anon.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a priv-i-lege, to car-ry Ev-ery-thing to God in prayer.

O, what peace we oft-en for-feit; O, what need-less pain we bear;

All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-ery-thing to God in prayer. A-men.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge:
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

CONVERSE. 8, 7, 8, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

By per. of C. C. Converse, owner of copyright.

Prayer.

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-ery-thing to God in prayer.

O, what peace we oft-en for-feit; O, what need-less pain we bear;

All because we do not car-ry Ev-ery-thing to God in prayer. A-men.

434 TREBSEN. C. M.

BACH, arr. by S. S. WESLEY.

1. Lord, teach us how to pray a-right, With reverence and with fear;

Though dust and ash-es in Thy sight, We may, we must draw near. A-men.

- 2 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live.
- 3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;

Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

- 4 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

Praise.

435 INNOCENTS. 7, 7, 7, 7.

G. B. PERGOLESI.

1. All ye na-tions, praise the Lord, All ye lands, your voic - es raise;

Heaven and earth, with loud ac-cord, Praise the Lord, for - ev - er praise. A-men.

2 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

3 Praise Him, ye who know His love;
Praise Him, from the depths beneath;

Praise Him, in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

4 Praise the name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

436 MONKLAND. 7, 7, 7, 7.

J. B. WILKES.

1. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;

For His mer-cies still en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - men.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Praise Him for our harvest store
He hath filled the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

Praise.

437 OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

Genevan Psalter.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice. A - men.

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;

Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

REV. WILLIAM KETHE.

438 DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue. A - men.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;

The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

Praise.

439 ALLELUIA PERENNE. 10, 10, 7.

W. H. MONK.

1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in du - teous praise, Ye cit - i - zens of
heaven; O sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

2 Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia;

8 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

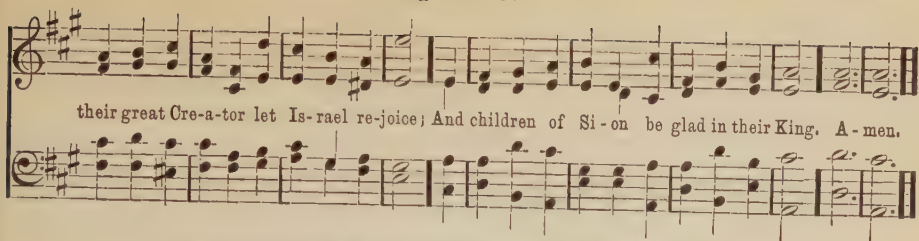
Latin, Tr. Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.

440 HANOVER. 10, 10, 11, 11.

Supplement to the New Version.

1. O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice His praise in the great as-semb-ly to sing: In

Praise.



their great Cre-a-tor let Is-rael re-joice; And children of Si-on be glad in their King, A-men.

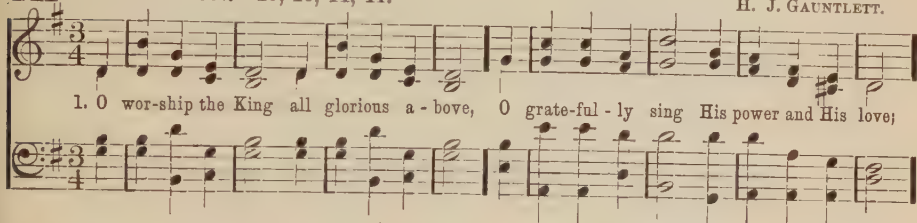
2 Let them His great Name extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure to hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation the humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned, His people shall sing
To God, who their heads with safety doth shield;
Such honor and triumph His favor shall bring:
O therefore for ever all praise to Him yield!

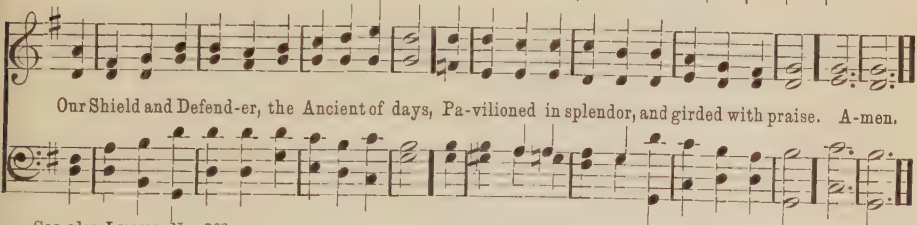
TATE AND BRADY.

441 HOUGHTON. 10, 10, 11, 11.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. O wor-ship the King all glorious a - bove, O grate-ful - ly sing His power and His love;



Our Shield and Defend-er, the Ancient of days, Pa-vilioned in splendor, and girded with praise. A-men.

See also LYONS, No. 263.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

442 BENEDICTUS. 11, 11, 11, 11.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER, D. D.

1. Unchangeable Jesus, Thy praises we sing, And own Thee our Prophet, our Priest and our King; O
give us while singing sweet tastes of Thy love, To raise our affections 'to treasures a - bove. A - men.

2 Unchangeable Jesus, our waverings we own,
Acknowledge with sorrow our sins at Thy throne;
We surely should perish, so changing are we,
But that Thy free favor is firm as 'tis free.

3 Unchangeable Jesus, in whom we confide,
Thy sunshine of goodness does ever abide;
O give us on Thee and Thy promise to lean,
And trust Thou art shining when clouds intervene.

4 Unchangeable Jesus, the day will soon come
When all Thy dear loved ones shall see Thee at home;
O then may our voices add strength to the song,
That rolls through the ages, Thy praises along.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

443 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro - claim,
And all that is with - in me join To bless His ho - ly name. A - men.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;

His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He heals all thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

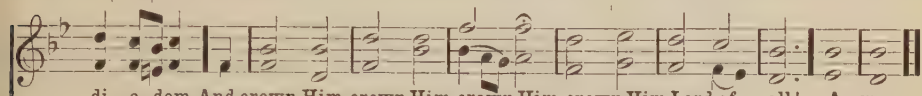
Praise.

444 MILES LANE. C. M.

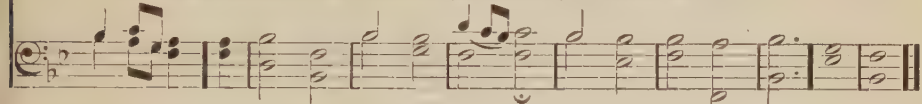
W. SHRUBSOLE.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al



di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all! A - men.



- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,

- Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!
- 6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

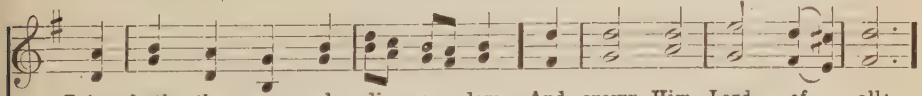
E. PERRONET AND J. RIPPON.

CORONATION. C. M. (Second Tune.)

O. HOLDEN.



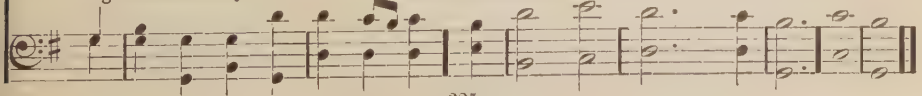
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all! A - men.



Praise.

445 MANOAH. C. M.

FROM FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - men.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
It gently cleared my way; [deaths,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

GENEVA. C. M. (Second Tune.)

J. COLE.

1. When all..... Thy mer - cies, O my God,
When all Thy mer - cies, O my God,
When all Thy mer - cies, O my God,
My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed with the
Trans - port - ed with the

Praise.

view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - men.
view, I'm lost

446 BENEDIC ANIMA. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Sir J. Goss.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet Thy trib - ute bring:

Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the Ever - last - ing King. A - men.

See also DULCE CARMEN, No. 358.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,

Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE.

Praise.

447 ST. PETER'S WESTMINSTER. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

J. TURLE.

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther! Glo - ry be to God the Son!

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it! Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry While e - ter - nal a - ges run! A - men.

2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!

Heaven and earth your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

MULLEN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. (Second Tune.)

REV. T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son, Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it,

Praise.

Great Je - ho-vah, Three in One; Glo - ry, Glo - ry, While e - ter-nal a - ges run! A - men.

448 BRASTED. 7, 7, 7, 7.

P. WEIMAR.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing, Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Sion's city is in sight:
There our endles home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee!

REV. JOHN CENNICK.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7. (Second Time.)

IG. J. PLEYEL.

1. Child - ren of the heaven-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing!

Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways! A-men.

Praise.

449 LAUDES DOMINI. 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

Sir J. BARNBY.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised! A -
like at work and prayer To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-men.

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

450 LUBECK. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Tr. Rev. EDWARD CASWELL,
German.

1. Sing, my soul, His won-drous love, Who, from yon bright throne a - bove
Ev - er watch-ful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends His grace. A-men.

See also ST. BEES, No. 317.

2 Heaven and earth by Him were made,
All is by His sceptre swayed;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?
3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;

And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name,
Let His glory be Thy theme:
Praise Him 'till He calls thee home;—
Trust His love for all to come.

451 DOWNS. C. M.

Praise.

L. MASON.

1. Through all the chang - ing scenes of life, In trou - ble and in joy,

The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy. A - men.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed

From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;

Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

5 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

6 Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:

Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

TATE and BRADY'S New Version.

452 PARK STREET. L. M.

Arr. from F. M. A. VENUA.

1. Be-fore Je-ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy! Know that the Lord is

God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A - men.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs.

High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love,
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

Praise.

453 EDINA. 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

H. S. OAKELEY.

1. Saviour, blessed Sav - iour, Listen while we sing; Hearts and voices rais - ing Praises to our King.

All we have we of - fer, And we hope to be, Body, soul and spir - it All we yield to Thee. A - men.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Can'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow's the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!

Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

5 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

6 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

REV. G. THRING.

454 FABEN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

J. H. WILLCOX.

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - sows, For the pardoning grace that

saves me, And the peace that from it flows: Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull

Praise.

soul to rapture raise: Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise. A - men.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Wretched wanderer, far astray; Vainly would my lips express:
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
 From the paths of death away; Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear, Love's pure flame within me raise;
 And, the light of hope revealing, And, since words can never measure,
 Bade the blood-stained Cross appear. Let my life show forth Thy praise.

HOFFMAN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

F. S. KEY.
 W. W. GILCHRIST, MUS. DOC.

1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,

For the pardoning grace that saves me And the peace that from it flows:

Help, O God, my weak en - deav - our; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:

Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A-men.

Praise.

455 BELMONT. C. M.

W. GARDINER.

1. O Thou, whose boun-ty fills my cup With ev - ery bless-ing meet!

I give Thee thanks for ev - ery drop—The bit - ter and the sweet. A - men

2 I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the riverside;
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

3 I thank Thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank Thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
Me, trembling, to Thy breast.

5 I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

JANE CREWDSON.

456 STANFORTH. C. M.

T. W. STANFORTH.

1. My God! my ev - er - last - ing Friend! I fain would sing Thy praise;

But, O! what notes of dis - cord blend In ev - ery song I raise. A-men.

2 Thy Name, through all the worlds above,
Spreads its prevailing might;
The everlasting Name of Love,
Of Justice, Truth and Right!

3 Like precious incense, it extends
And fills the heavenly place;
And thence, descending, sweetly blends
In every act of grace!

4 Its perfume breathes through all our
And sanctifies our prayers; [praise]
Hallows each good desire we raise
And sweetens all our cares!

5 Lord Jesus! let Thy precious Name,
To me in grace be given:
Thy Righteousness my only claim:
Thyself my only heaven:

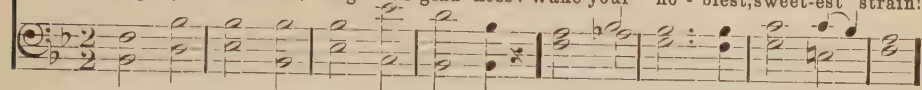
457 COSTA. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

Praise.

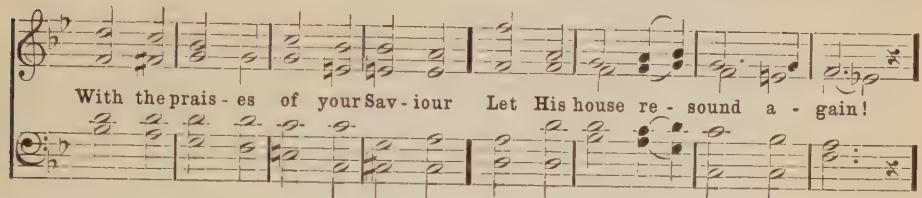
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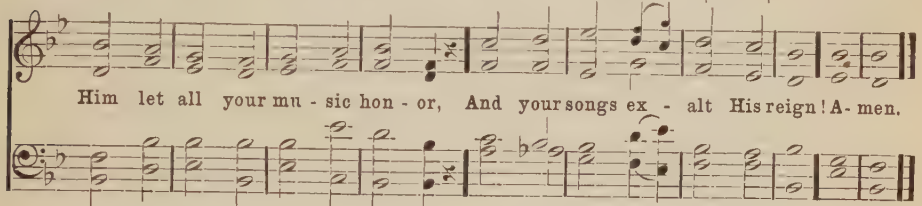
1. Sing, ye faith-ful, sing with glad-ness! Wake your no-blest, sweet-est strain!



With the prais-es of your Sav-iour Let His house re-sound a-gain!



Him let all your mu-sic hon-or, And your songs ex-alt His reign! A-men.



2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!

3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead;
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.

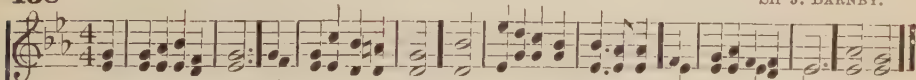
5 Day of promised restitution!
Fruit of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominion
He before the throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be "all in all" at last.

J. ELLERTON.

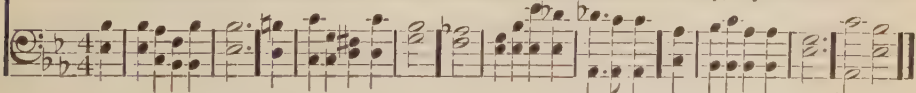
Trust.

458 BARNBY. S. M.

Sir J. BARNBY.



1. O God, Thy Name is love; A Father's hand is Thine: With tearful eyes I look above, And cry, Thy will be mine: Amen.



2 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

3 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son Thou didst not spare;

His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

4 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to Thee:
Thy will is love, Thine end is best;
All work for good to me.

JAMES GEORGE DECK.

Trust.

459 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lord, it be-longs not to my care Wheth - er I die or live;

To love and serve Thee is my share. And this Thy grace must give. A - men.

2 If life be long, oh, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no laborer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And He that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessèd face to see; [meet

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER.

460 NAOMI. C. M.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies,

Ac - cep - ted at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: A - men.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end.

1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there:

My life, my friends, my soul I leave En-tire-ly to Thy care. A-men.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide;

5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

W. F. LLOYD.

462 SEYMOUR. 7, 7, 7, 7.

WEBER.

1. 'Tis my hap - pi - ness be - low, Not to live with - out the cross;

But the Saviour's power to know, Sanc - ti - fy - ing ev - ery loss. A-men.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,

Might I not with reason fear
I should be a castaway?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

WM. COWPER,

Trust.

463 JEWETT. 6, 6, 6, 6. D.

Arr. from WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign. Through sorrow, or through joy, Conduct me as Thine own;

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done. A - men.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear,

Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

REV. BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, TR. JANE BORTHWICK.

RESIGNATION. 6, 6, 6, 6. D. (Second Tune.)

C. E. KETTLE.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of

Trust.

love I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con -

duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

464 VIA CRUCIS. 6, 6, 6, 6.

J. BARNEY.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord! How - ev - er dark it be!

Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me. A - men.

Tune JEWETT on opposite page can also be used.

- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,

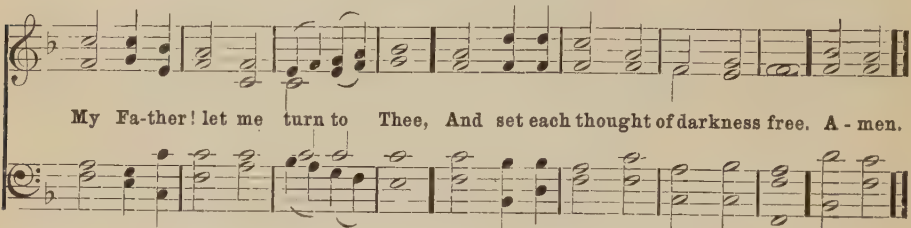
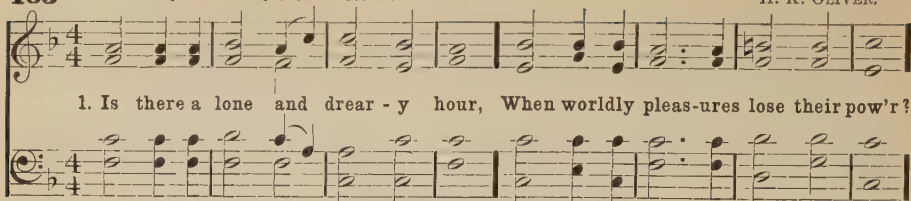
- As best to Thee may seem:
Choose Thou my good and ill;
- 5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
- 6 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

Trust.

465 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



2 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Saviour! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with Thee, their home.

3 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?

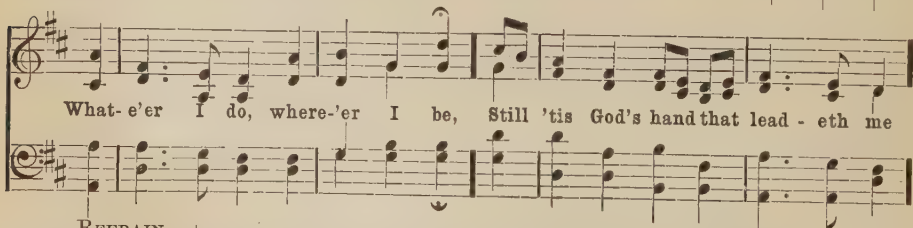
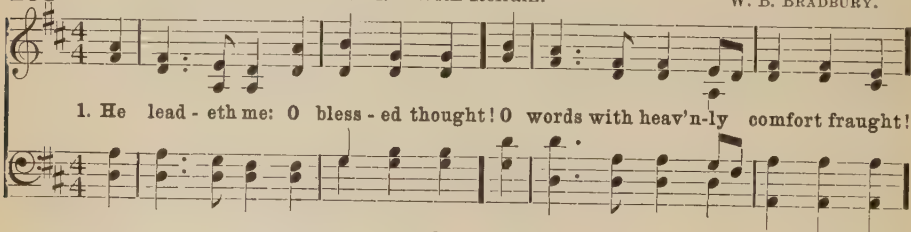
O Spirit! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own, O God, Thy grace and power.

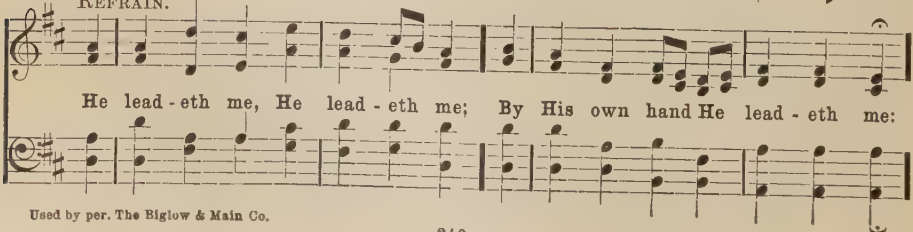
CAROLINE GILMAN.

466 HE LEADETH ME. L. M. With Refrain.

W. B. BRADBURY.



REFRAIN.



Trust.

His faith-ful follow-er I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-men.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Content, whatever lot I see,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—REF.
 By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,— 4 And when my task on earth is done,
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.—REF. When by Thy grace, the victory's won,
 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine; Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.—REF.

J. H. GILMORE.

467 DULCE CARMEN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

S. WEBBE.

1. Lead us, heav'nly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-uons sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

Yet pos-sess-ing ev-ery bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-men.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us.
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON.

Trust.

468 GRAMMACHREE. C. M. D.

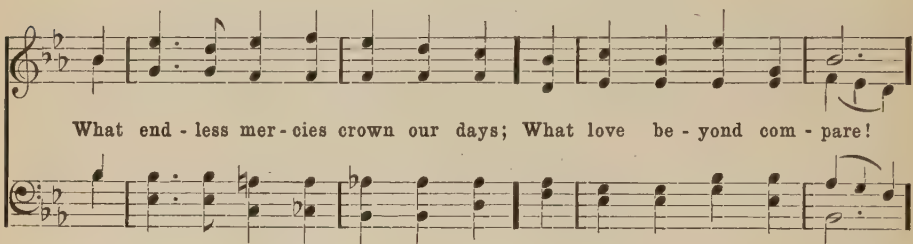
Arr. by WM. J. BOEHM, Mus. Bac.



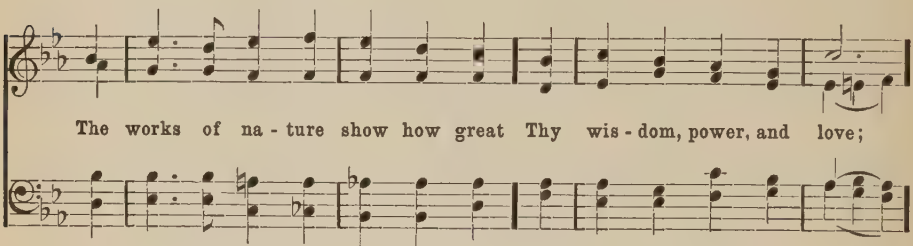
1. My God, how won-drous are Thy ways; How con-stant, kind, Thy care;



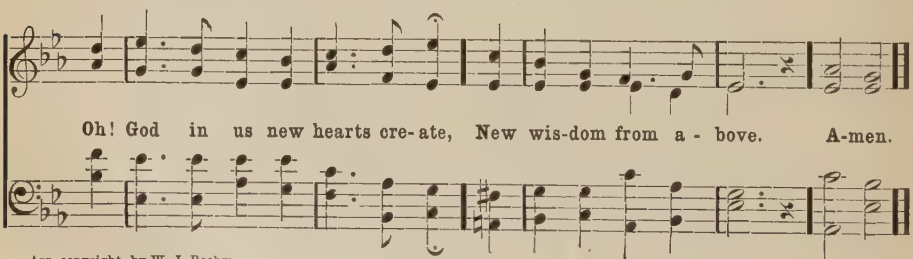
What end-less mer-cies crown our days; What love be-yond com- pare!



The works of na-ture show how great Thy wis-dom, power, and love;



Oh! God in us new hearts cre-ate, New wis-dom from a-bove. A-men.



Arr. copyright, by W. J. Boehm.

2 Teach us in all life's course to see
Thy guiding love and care;
In weal or woe to cling to Thee,
And learn Thy will by prayer.
Make love supreme control life's tide;
The love that thinks no ill;
Thy grace our every need provide;
Our every want fulfill.



1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings:



It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings;



When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain



A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A-men.



2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;

Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

Trust.

470 BADEN. 8, 6, 8, 6, 4, 4, 8, 8.

Nuremberg Gesangbuch.

1. What-e'er my God or-dains is right: Ho-ly His will a-bid-eth;

I will be still what-e'er He do'th, And fol-low where He guid-eth.

He is my God; Though dark my road, He holds me that I

shall not fall, Where-fore to Him I leave it all. A-men.

2 What-e'er my God ordains is right:
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path;
I know He will not leave me,
And take, content,
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 What-e'er my God ordains is right:
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it, all unshrinking.

Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

4 What-e'er my God ordains is right:
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My Father's care
Is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to Him I leave it all.

Trust.

471 ST. HUGH. C. M.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be - neath the wings Di - vine,
Re - served for all the heirs of grace; Oh, be that ref - uge mine! A - men.

See also EVAN, No. 237.

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth Divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

472 LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. My Spir - it on Thy care; Blest Sav - iour! I re - cline;
Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair— For Thou art Love Di - vine. A - men.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

Trust.

473 ST. PETER'S OXFORD. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. I wor - ship Thee, sweet Will of God And all Thy ways a - dore;

And ev - ery day I live, I seem To love Thee more and more. A - men.

2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Rev. F. W. FABER.

474 BULLINGER. 8, 5, 8, 3.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER.

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee;

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free. A - men.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,

Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine never to fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

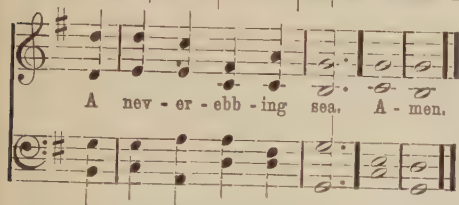
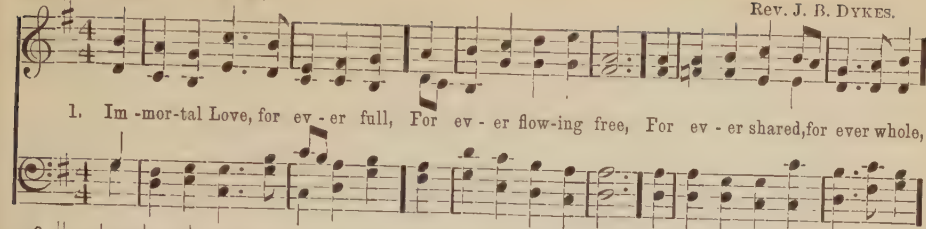
6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

475 FAITH. C. M.

Love.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present Help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

2 Our outward lips confess the Name,
All other names above
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of childhood frame; [said
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

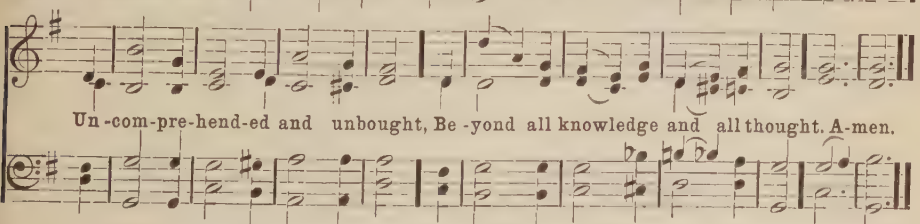
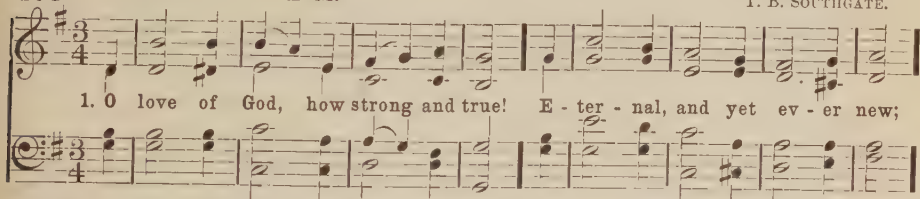
3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown:

7 Our Lord, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

476 BROOKFIELD. L. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.



2 O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

5 We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

3 O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

6 We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fulness of thy might,

4 O wide-embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell, and streams that flow.

7 O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the peril of our way!
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

Love.

477 LOVE DIVINE, No. 1. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

G. F. LE JEUNE.

1. Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down; Fix in us Thy

hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mer-cies crown; Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded

love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trembling heart. A-men.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its Beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise,

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

LOVE DIVINE, No. 2. 8, 7, 8, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down; Fix in us Thy

Love.

hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mer-cies crown: Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded

love thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trem-bling heart. A - men.

WESTON. 8, 7, 8, 7. D. (Third Tune.)

J. E. ROE.

1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down: Fix in us Thy

hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown: Je - sus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded

love Thou art: Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trembling heart. A - men.

Love.

478 SAVOY CHAPEL. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav-iour! My spir-it turns for rest, My peace is in Thy fav - or,

My pil-low on Thy breast; Though all the world de-ceive me, I know that I am Thine,

And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A - men.

2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only One who never
Forgot or slighted me!
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose.

Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL,

479 GOUNOD. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

C. GOUNOD.

1. One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend;

Love.

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who once His kind-ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
 "Friend of sinners" was His name;
 Now above all glory raisèd,

He rejoices in the same.
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above:
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

SCHAPERT. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. (Second Tune.)

Darmstädter Gesangbuch.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly free and knows no end:

They, who once His kind-ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

Love.

480 ST. CATHERINE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

H. F. HEMY, alt. by J. G. WALTON.

1. Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;

O knit my thank - ful heart to Thee, And reign without a ri - val there:

Thine wholly, Thine a - lone, I am, Be Thou a - lone my constant flame. A - men.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath
Still lead me, lest I go astray; [wrought!
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace:
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, Tr. Rev. JOHN WESLEY.

481 HORSLEY. C. M.

W. HORSLEY.

1. My God, I love Thee: not be - cause I hope for heaven there - by;

Love.



2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was thine enemy.

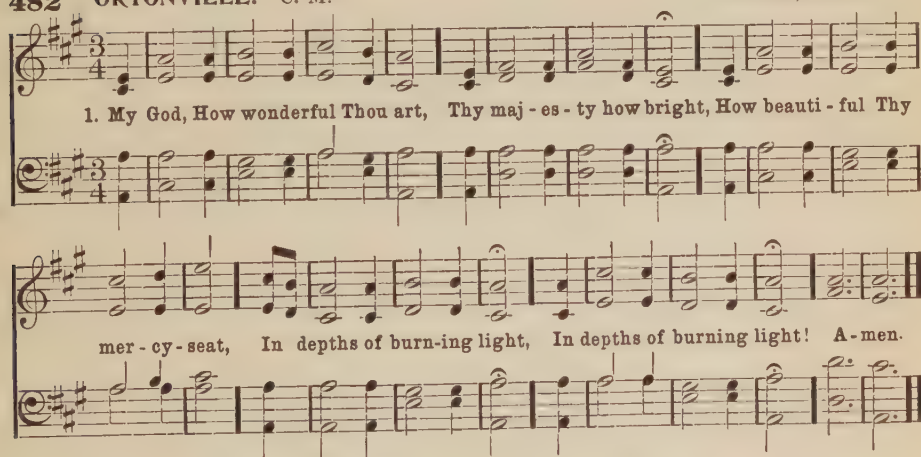
5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

FRANCIS XAVIER, tr. REV. E. CASWELL.

482 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS, MUS. DOC.



2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord:
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

6 Yet, I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

483 SALEM. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

Love.

H. F. HEMY. Arr. by D. D. WOOD.

1. Thee will I love, my strength, my tow'r, Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;

Thee will I love with all my pow'r, In all Thy works, and Thee a - lone:

Thee will I love, till sa - cred fire Fill my whole soul with chaste desire. A - men.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun, [shined:
That Thy bright beams on me have
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Aids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray:
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace

Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly light.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

484 JESU DOMINE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

Sir. J. BARNEY.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All Hear me, blest Sav - iour. when I call;

Hear me, and from Thy dwell-ing-place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace;

Love.

Je-sus my Lord, I Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought:
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

So far exceeding hope or thought,
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou has brought,

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

H. COLLINS.

FERGUS. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. (Second Tune.)

Air. from MOZART, H. A. CLARKE, Mus. Doc.

Maestoso.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest

Sav - iour, when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place

Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je - sus, my Lord, I

Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

485 BERWICK. C. M.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills the breast;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - men.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Jôÿ be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Tr. Rev. E. CASWELL.

486 ANGEL'S STORY. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

A. H. MANN.

1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love!
O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ we sing;

Love.

We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - men.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine;
The glory that excellet, h,
O Son of God, is Thine:

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing,
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

487 ST. MARGARET. 8, 8, 8, 8, 6.

A. L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go. I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow

May rich-er, full-er be. A - men.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall fearless be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

REV. GEORGE MATHESON.

488 SERENITY. C. M.

W. V. WALLACE.

1. O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful! Thou Con - quer - or re - nowned!

Thou Sweetness most in - ef - fa - ble, In Whom all joys are found! A - men.

- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus! Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire.
- 4 Thy wondrous mercies are untold,
Through each returning day;

Thy love exceeds a thousand fold,
Whatever we can say.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.

6 Grant us, while here on earth we stay,
Thy love to feel and know;
And when from hence we pass away,
To us Thy glory show.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, Tr. by Rev. E. CASWELL.

489 HOLY CROSS. C. M.

Arr. by JAMES C. WADE.

1. If Christ is mine, then all is mine, And more than an - gels know;

Both pres - ent things and things to come, And grace, and glo - ry too. A - men.

- 2 If He is mine, then though He frown,
He never will forsake;
His chastisements all work for good,
And but His love bespeak.
- 3 If He is mine, let friends forsake
And earthly comforts flee,
He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than all to me.

4 If He is mine, unharmed I pass
Through death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

5 Let Christ assure me He is mine
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Love.

490 ST. BEES. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav-iour, hear His word;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin-ner, lovest thou Me?" A-men.

See also SOLITUDE, No. 342.

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,

Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more!

WILLIAM COWPER.

491 ASCHAM. 8, 7, 8, 7.

E. S. CARTER.

1. God is Love; His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens; God is Wis-dom, God is Love. A-men.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;

From the gloom His brightness streameth,
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Love.

492 SALZBURGH. C. M.

Art. from M. HAYDN.

1. Je - sus, in Thy trans-port-ing name What bliss - ful glo - ries rise!

Je - sus the an - gels' sweet-est theme! The won - der of the skies! A - men.

2 Well might the skies with wonder view Descend, O sovereign Love, descend,
A love so strange as Thine! And melt the stubborn soul!

3 Jesus, and didst Thou leave the sky Thy sweet, Thy gentle sway!
To bear our sins and woes? Glad captives of resistless grace,
And didst Thou bleed, and groan, and die Thy pleasing rule obey.

4 Is there a heart that will not bend Till rebels rise no more:
To Thy divine control? Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

493 MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make,

On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O

Copyright by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

Love.

Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A-men.

2 Once earthly joy I craved
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

494 HEBER. C. M.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. Je - sus, I love Thy charm-ing Name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heaven should hear. A - men.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;

Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Love.

495 ST. CECILIA. 6, 6, 6, 6.

Rev. Dr. L. G. HAYNE.

1. O Love that casts out fear, O Love that casts out sin,

Tar-ry no more with-out, But come and dwell with-in! A-men.

- 2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.
- 3 Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace;

Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

- 4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

496 ST. PETER'S OXFORD. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. How sweet the Name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!

It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, And drives a-way our fear. A-men.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,

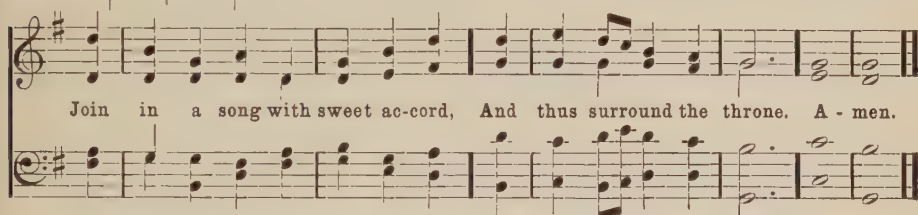
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.



1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;



Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne. A - men.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

4 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yea, and before we rise,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

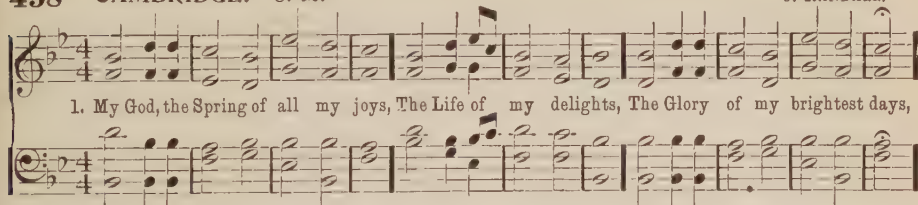
6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

498 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

J. RANDALL.



1. My God, the Spring of all my joys, The Life of my delights, The Glory of my brightest days,



And Com-fort of my nights, And Com-fort of my nights, And Com-fort of my nights: A-men.

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright Morning Star,
And He my rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay—
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

Joy.

499 MARION. S. M. With Refrain.

A. H. MESSITER.

1. Re-joyce, ye pure in heart, Re-joyce, give thanks and sing;

Your fes-tal ban-ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King,

REFRAIN.

Re-joyce, re-joyce, Re-joyce, give thanks and sing. A-men.

Re-joyce re-joyce,

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2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.—REF.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.—REF.

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
While answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.—REF.

5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,

Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.—REF.

6 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as we go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.—REF.

7 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.—REF.

8 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrim's find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.—REF.

E. H. PLUMTRE.

500 BROOKLYN. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Re-joyce, the Lord is King: Your Lord and King a-dore: Mortals give thanks and

Joy.

sing..... And triumph ev - er - more, Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:

Re-joyce; a-gain I say, re-joyce, Re-joyce; a-gain I say, re-joyce. A-men.

2 Jesus, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

3 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,

And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

501 KING EDWARD. S. M.

E. A. SYDENHAM.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb!

Wake ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue To praise the Sav-iour's Name. A-men.

See also ST. THOMAS, No. 497.

2 Sing of His dying love!
Sing of His rising power!
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore!

3 Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the Eternal King!

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye bless'd children, come."
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

W. HAMMOND.

Peace.

502 PAX TECUM. 10, 10.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A - men.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

503 PASTOR. 7, 7, 7, 7.

W. T. PORTER.

1. Prince of Peace! con - trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease, Hush my spir - it in - to peace. A - men.

See also HORTON, No. 421.

- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood;
Opened wide the-gates to God;
Peace I ask; but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.
3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear,
I should prove a castaway?
4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

MARY A. L. BARBER.

504 ARLINGTON. C. M.

Peace.

Arr. from T. A. ARNE.

1. A mind at per - feet peace with God, O what a word is this!

A sin - ner, rec - on-ciled through blood! This, this in - deed is peace. A - men.

2 By nature and by practice far,
How very far from God!
Yet now, by grace, brought nigh to Him!
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

For in the person of His Son
I am as near as He.

3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be!

4 So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son,
Such is His love to me!

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

505 REPOSE. C. M.

F. C. MAKER.

1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breez - es blow;

Be like the night-dew's cool - ing balm Up - on earth's fe - vered brow. A - men.

2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

5 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

6 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy Name!

4 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

7 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruddled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

Peace.

506 EUROCLYDON. 6, 4, 6, 4. D.

G. W. TORRANCE.

Andante religioso.

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*sf*) dynamic. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a dotted line indicating a first ending.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics: "Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night; Oars la-bored heav-i-ly,". The music is written in a simple, accessible style suitable for a school song.

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics: "Foam glimmered white; Trem-bled the mar-i-ners, Per-il was nigh:". The music is written in a simple, accessible style suitable for a school song.

The fourth system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics: "Foam glimmered white; Trem-bled the mar-i-ners, Per-il was nigh:". The music is written in a simple, accessible style suitable for a school song.

The fifth system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics: "Foam glimmered white; Trem-bled the mar-i-ners, Per-il was nigh:". The music is written in a simple, accessible style suitable for a school song.

Peace.

Peace.....

Then said the God of God "Peace! it is I, Peace! it is I." A-men.

p *>* *Adagio.*

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of the tempest-wind,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."

ANATOLIUS, tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

MARGARETTING. 6, 4, 6, 4, D. Second Tune.

A. H. BROWN.

1. Fierce was the wild billow, Dark was the night, Oars la-bored heav-i-ly,

Foam glim-mer'd white; Trem-bled the mar-i-ners. Per-il was nigh:

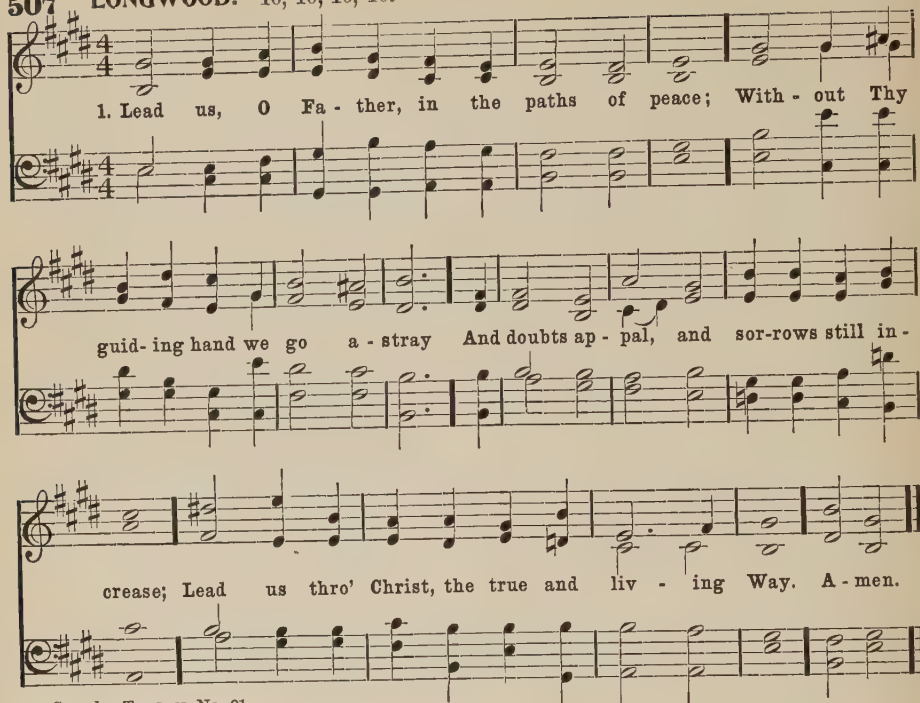
pp *rall.*

Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I." A-men.

Peace.

507 LONGWOOD. 10, 10, 10, 10.

J. BARNBY.



1. Lead us, O Fa-ther, in the paths of peace; With-out Thy
guid-ing hand we go a-stray And doubts ap-pal, and sor-rows still in-
crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv-ing Way. A-men.

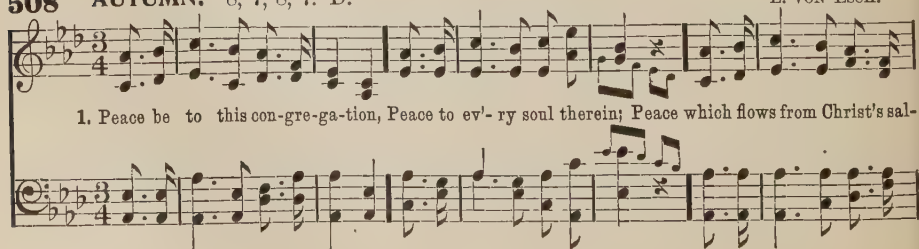
See also TOULON, No. 91.

- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

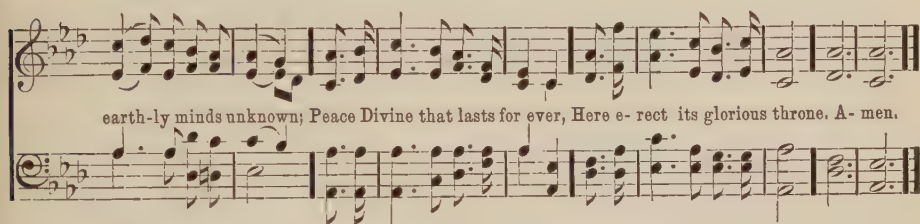
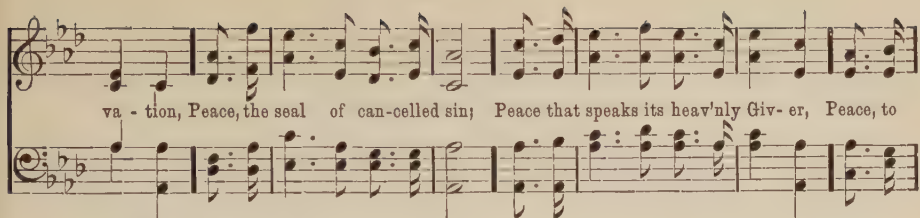
508 AUTUMN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

L. VON ESCH.



1. Peace be to this con-gre-ga-tion, Peace to ev'-ry soul therein; Peace which flows from Christ's sal-

Peace.

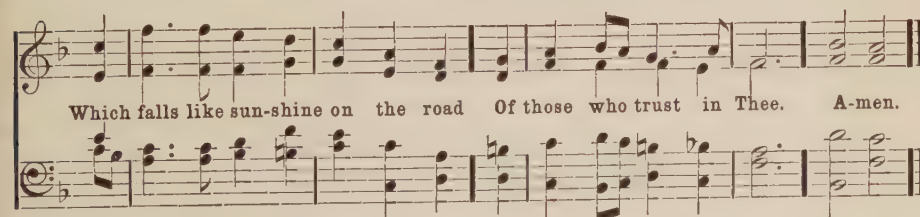
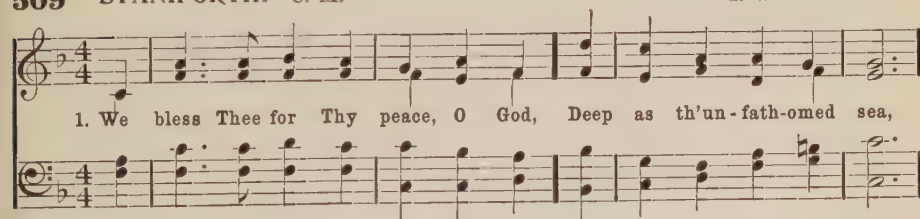


2 Prince of Peace! forever near us,
Fix in all our hearts Thy home;
With Thy bright appearing cheer us;
Let Thy blessed kingdom come!

Come with sweeter consolation,
Come, and give our souls to prove
All the joys of Thy salvation,
All the joys that spring from love.
Anon.

509 STANIFORTH. C. M.

T. W. STANIFORTH.



2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
As we go home to Thee.

Anon.

hope.

510 PAX DEI. 10, 10, 10, 10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. As pants the wea-ried hart for cool-ing springs, That sinks ex-
haust-ed in the sum-mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great King of
kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sa-cred dwell-ing place. A-men.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

R. LOWTH, tr. G. GREGORY.

J. NARES?

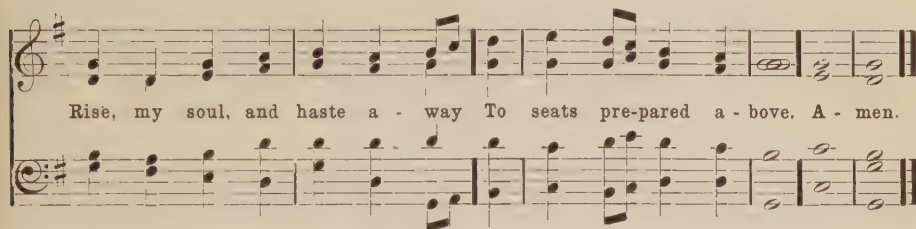
511 AMSTERDAM. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace:
Rise from tran-si-to-ry things Toward heaven, thy na-tive place:

Hope.



Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move,



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

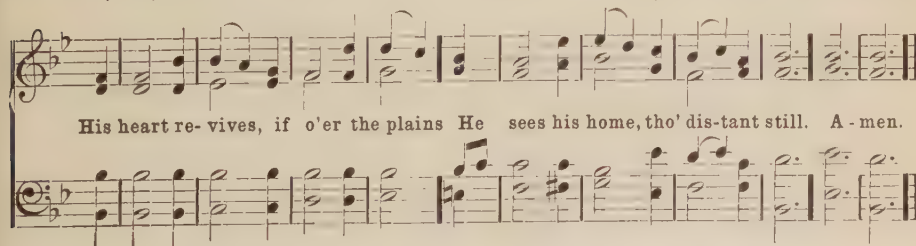
3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.
Rev. ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

512 BEETHOVEN. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.



1. As, when the wea - ry trav-eller gains The height of some com - mand - ing hill.



His heart re - vives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' dis-tant still. A - men.

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies
The sight his fainting heart renews;
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
3 The thought of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;

Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode:
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

Hope.

513 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Gregorian, arr. L. MASON.

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - mayed;

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head. A - men.

- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms, Soshalt thou, wondering, own His way
He gently clears thy way; How wise, how strong His hand!
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 What though thou rulest not? 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Yet heaven and earth and hell Our hearts are known to Thee;
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne, O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
And ruleth all things well. Confirm the feeble knee.
- 4 Leave to His sovereign sway 6 Far, far above thy thought
To choose and to command; His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Rev. PAUL GERHARDT, Tr. Rev. JOHN WESLEY.

514 SCHUMANN. S. M.

Arr. from R. SCHUMANN.

1. Your harps, ye tremb-ling saints, Down from the wil-lows take;

Loud to the praise of Love Di-vine, Bid ev-'ry string a - wake. A - men.

- 2 His grace will to the end Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark Divine.
- 3 When we in darkness walk, Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God, And rest upon His Name.
- 4 Soon shall our doubts and fears Subside at His control;
His lovingkindness shall break through The midnight of the soul.
- 5 Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on Thee!
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord, Shall Thy salvation see.

Hope.

515 MANOAH. C. M.

From FRANCIS J. HAYDN.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,

I bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. A - men.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All;

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

516 LYTE. S. M.

J. WILKES.

1. Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,

Faint-ing I cry, blest Spir-it, come, And speed me to my rest. A - men.

See also LEIGHTON, No. 472.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;

4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here.
And bring me home at last.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

Hope.

517 SAWLEY. C. M.

J. WALCH.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil, and see

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Once they were mourning here below,
And poured forth cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.</p> <p>3 I ask them whence their victory came
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death:</p> | <p>4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
They gained the promised rest.</p> <p>5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.</p> |
|--|---|

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

TABERNACLE. C. M. With Refrain. (Second Tune.) Arr. by WM. J. BOEHM, Mus. Bac.
SOLO.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil, and see

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.

Hope.

REFRAIN. (*After each verse.*)

Ma - ny are the friends who are waiting to - day, Hap - py on the gold - en strand,

Ma - ny are the voic - es, call - ing us a - way, To join their glo - rious band.

Call - ing us a - way, call - ing us a - way, Call - ing to the bet - ter land. A - men.

518 ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

Humility.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.

1. How beauteous were the marks Di - vine, That in Thy meek - ness used to shine;

That lit Thy lone - ly pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God! A - men.

2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, Thou Light of light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all this way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

Humility.

519 SOLITUDE. 7, 7, 7, 7.

L. T. DOWNES.

1. Je - sus! cast a look on me! Give me true sim - pli - ci - ty:

Make me poor and keep me low, Seek-ing on - ly Thee to know. A - men.

2 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit,
Lay me humbly at Thy feet!

3 Make me like a little child,
Simple, teachable, and mild;
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might,

4 Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy precious blood!

Rev. J. BEVERIDGE.

520 PRINCETHORPE. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.

1. Lord, I feel a car-nal mind Doth hang a-bout me still, Vain-ly tho' I strive to bind

My proud, re-bell-i-ous will; Does no haugh-ti-ness of heart Sep-a-rate my

Humility.

God and me? Meek Re-deem-er, now im-part Thine own hu-mil-i-ty. A-men.

2 Fain would I my Lord pursue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bids me do,
Would think as Jesus thought;
But 'tis Thou must change my heart,
This good gift must come from Thee;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

3 Lord, I can not, must not rest,
Till I Thy mind obtain,
Chase presumption from my breast,
And heavenly mildness gain:

Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart;
Lowliness my portion be;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

4 Let Thy cross my will controll,
Conform me to my Guide;
In Thy image mould my soul,
And crucify my pride;
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
Ever looking up to Thee;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

521 WELLS. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

D. BORTNIANSKI.

1. Qui-et, Lord, my fro-ward heart; Make me teach-a-ble and mild,

Up-right, sim-ple, free from art; Make me as a lit-tle child;

From distrust and en-vy free, Pleased with all that pleas-es Thee. A-men.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou will care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard and Guide.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

Humility.

522 SEYMOUR. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. fr. WEBER.

1. Lord, for ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be;

Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

2 Meekly may my soul receive,
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,

By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Self-Consecration and Holiness.

523 MAKER. C. M.

F. C. MAKER.

1. O how the thought of God at - tracts And draws the heart from earth,

And sick - ened it of pass - ing shows And dis - si - pa - ting mirth! A - men.

2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

3 God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and strait the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

4 O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

5 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

Self-Consecration and Holiness.

524 ALDERSGATE. S. M.

G. P. MERRICK.

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The lov - li - est and best;

My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;

To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

H. HARBAUGH.

525 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?

To tear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive? A - men.

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:

Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole;
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Self-Consecration and Holiness.

526 DALEHURST. C. M.

A. COTTMAN.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven - ly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - men.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?

Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove; return,
Sweet Messenger of rest:

I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER.

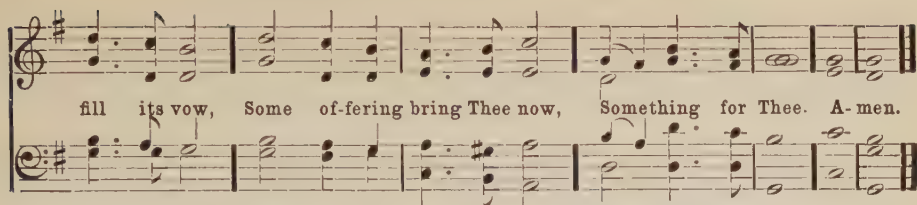
527 CONSECRATION. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I

ought with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-

Self-Consecration and Holiness.



fill its vow, Some of-fering bring Thee now, Something for Thee. A-men.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee;
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see

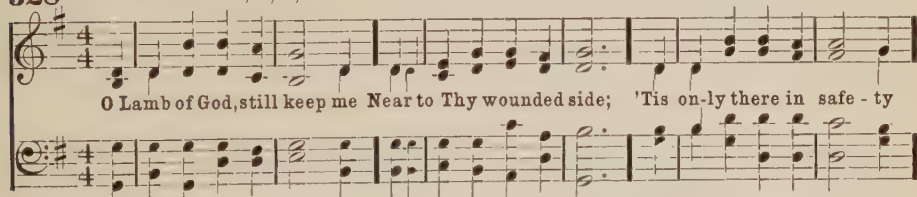
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

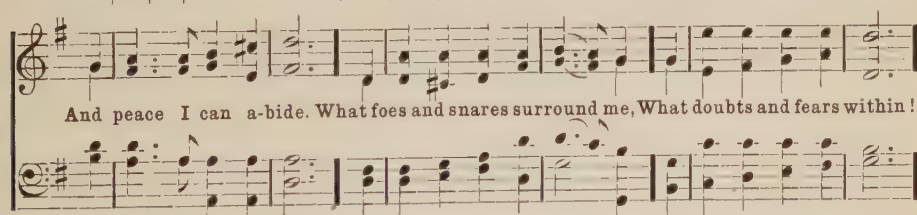
SYLVANUS D. PHELPS.

528 CHENIES. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

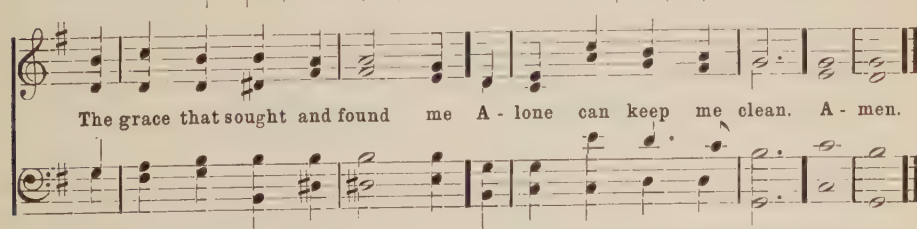
Rev. T. R. MATHEWS.



O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side; 'Tis on-ly there in safe - ty



And peace I can a-bide. What foes and snares surround me, What doubts and fears within!



The grace that sought and found me A-lone can keep me clean. A-men.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

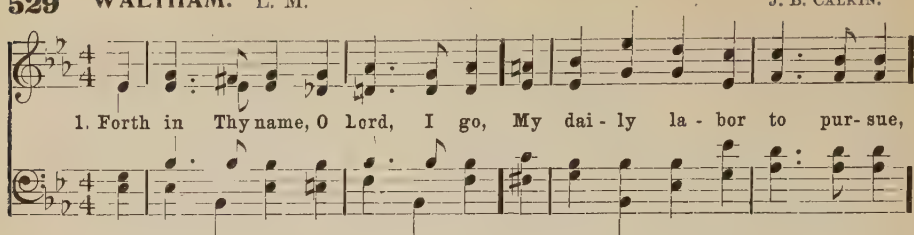
3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

Rev. JAMES DECK

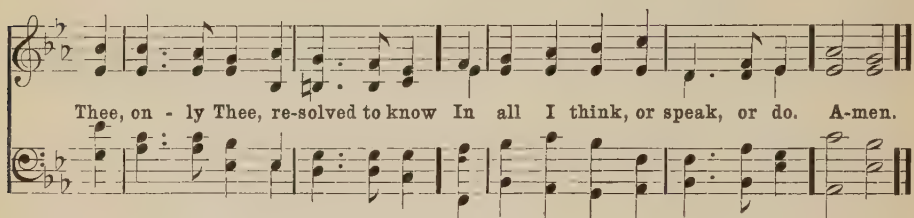
Self-Consecration and Holiness.

529 WALTHAM. L. M.

J. B. CALKIN.



1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,



Thee, on - ly Thee, re - solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do. A - men.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,

And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

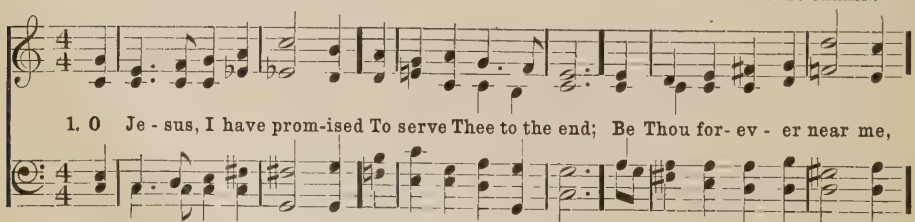
5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

6 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace has given
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

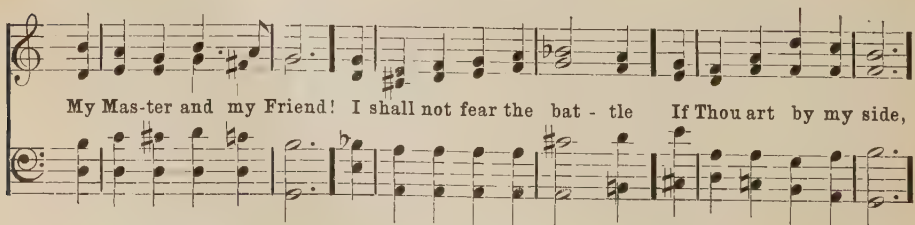
REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

530 MOSCOW. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. B. CALKIN.

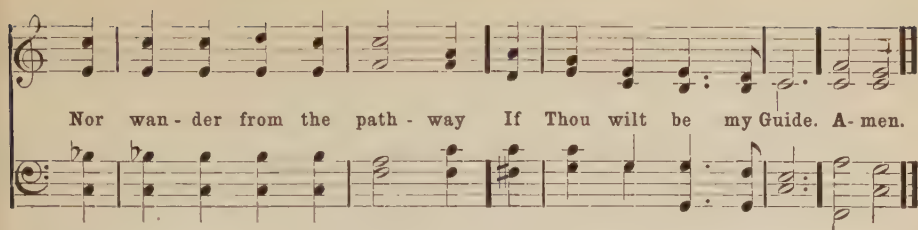


1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for - ev - er near me,



My Mas - ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,

Self-Consecration and Holiness.



Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - men.

2 O let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the lights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;

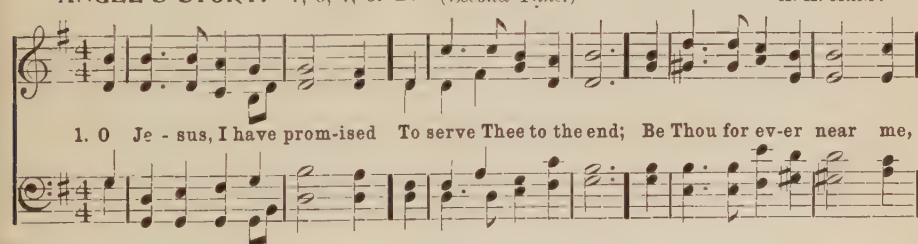
And Jesus I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

4 O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own,
My hope to follow truly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

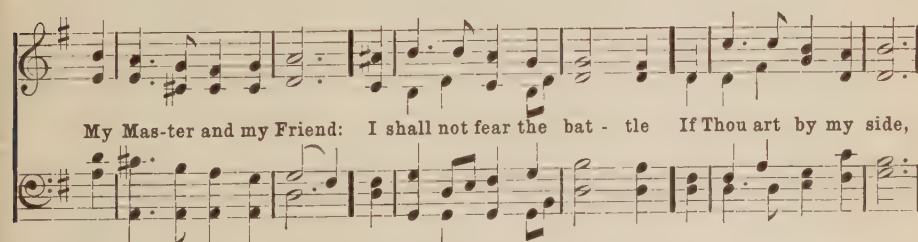
Rev. J. E. BODE,

ANGEL'S STORY. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. (Second Time.)

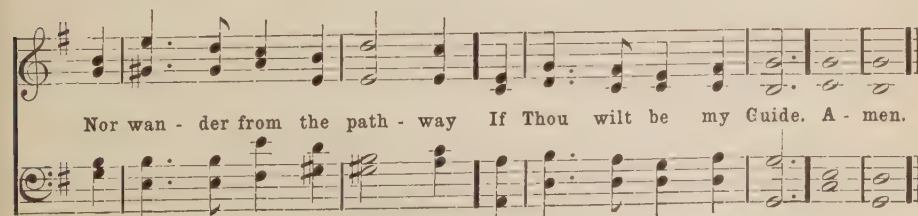
A. H. MANN.



1. O Je - sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for ev-er near me,



My Mas-ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,



Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - men.

Self-Consecration and Holiness.

531 EVEN ME. 8, 7, 8, 7, 3. With Refrain.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat - tering full and free;
Showers, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
E - ven me E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me. A - men.

Used by permission of Biglow & Main Co.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

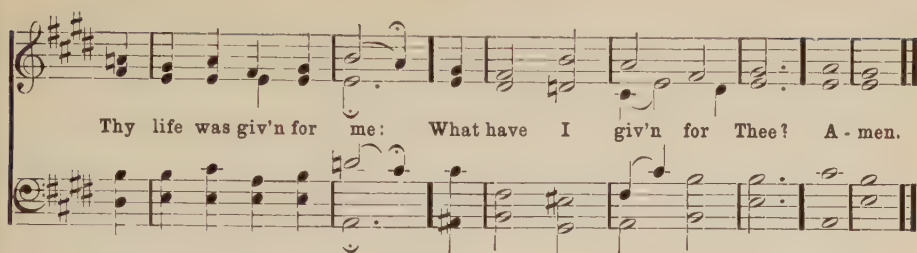
ELIZABETH CODNER.

532 ST. VIGIAN. 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

A. C. FALCONER.

1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ran - som'd be, And quick - ened from the dead.

Self-Consecration and Holiness.



Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? A - men.

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,
Down from Thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent!
Thou gavest Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee.

Miss, F. R. HAVERGAL.

DWIGHT. 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6. (Second Tune.)

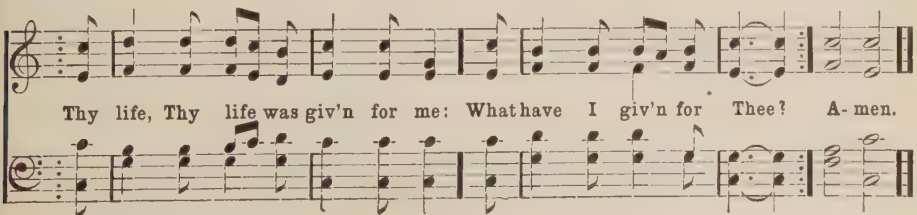
P. P. BLISS.



1. Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,



That I might ran - som'd be, And quick - ened from the dead.



Thy life, Thy life was giv'n for me: Whathave I giv'n for Thee? A - men.

Self Consecration and Holiness.

533 MOUNT CALVARY. C. M.

Sir R. P. STEWART.

1. Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee, And plead to be for-given,

So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heaven. A-men.

See also NAOMI, No. 460.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

J. H. GURNEY.


534 CULFORD. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee.

Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them flow in cease-less praise.


Self Consecration and Holiness.



2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee. A-men.



3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

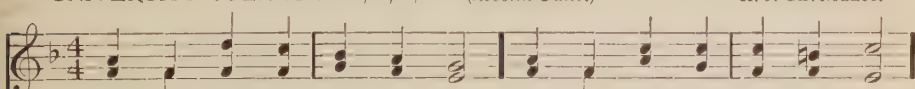
4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.


Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7, 7, 7, 7. (Second Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee.



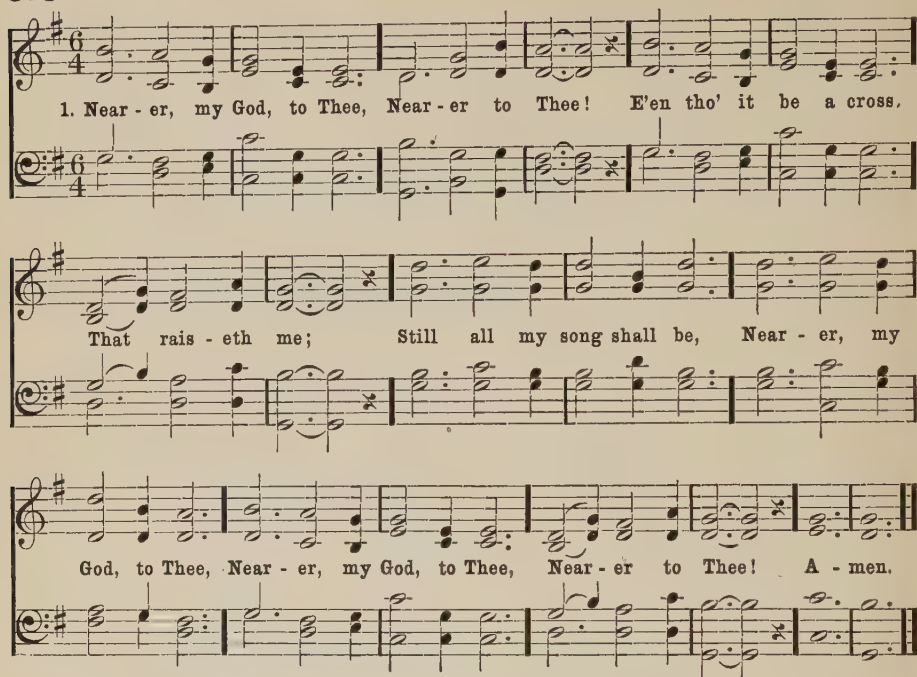

Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them flow in cease-less praise. A-men.



Self-Consecration and Holiness.

535 BETHANY. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

L. MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross,
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

See also St. EDMUND, No. 589.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

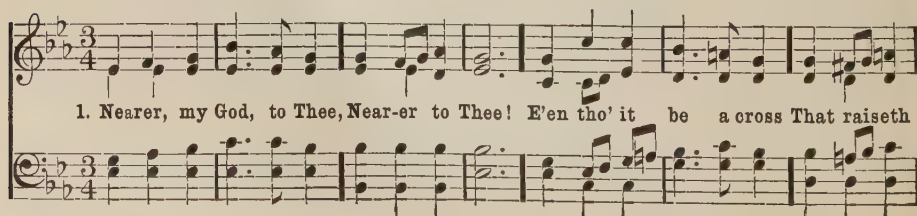
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!

S. F. ADAMS.

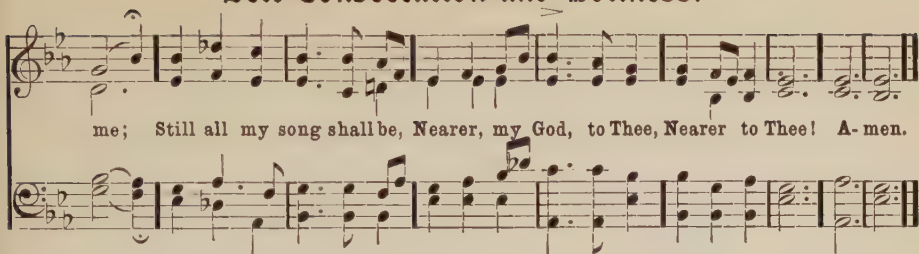
HORBURY. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4. (Second Tune.)

REV. J. B. DYKES.



1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth

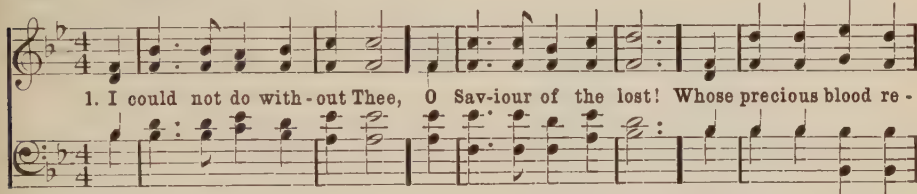
Self-Consecration and Holiness.



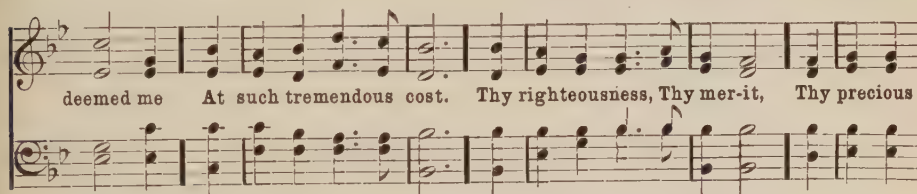
me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! A-men.

536 FAIRBANKS. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

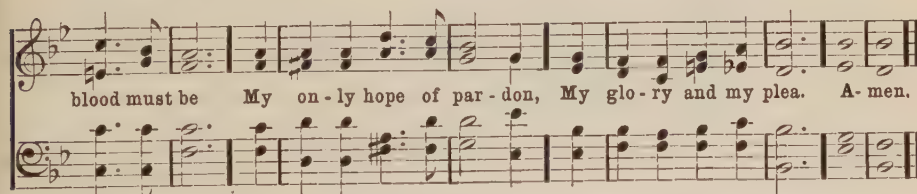
H. F. HEMY.



1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost! Whose precious blood re-



deemed me At such tremendous cost. Thy righteousness, Thy mer-it, Thy precious



blood must be My on-ly hope of par-don, My glo-ry and my plea. A-men.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength nor goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee.
For oh, the way is long;
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And will not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely
This changeful world would be,
Without the sweet communion—
The secret rest with Thee.

5 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange, deep longing,
Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, like Thine,

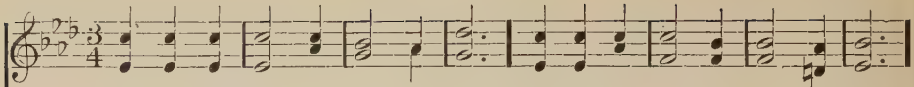
6 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

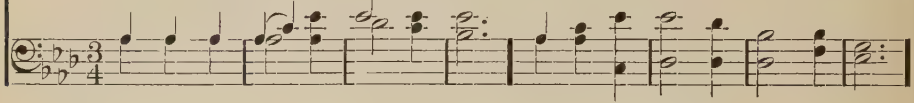
Courage.

537 PENTECOST. L. M.

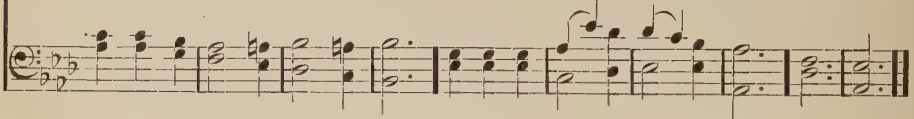
W. BOYD.



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;



Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.



2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

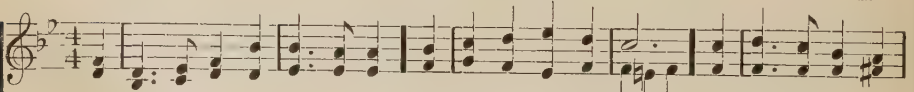
3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

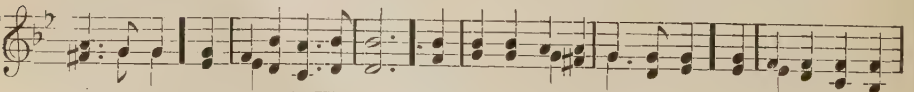
Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL.

538 ALL SAINTS. C. M. D.

H. S. CUTLER.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His-blood-red banner



streams afar; Who follows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over



Courage. -

musical score for 'Courage' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: pain, Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A - men.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save;
 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in His train?

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks the death to feel:
 Who follows in their train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
 And mocked the cross and flame;

4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

Bishop R. HEBER.

DE KOVEN. C. M. D. (Second Tune.)

A. MACDONALD.

musical score for 'The Son of God goes forth to war' in D major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner

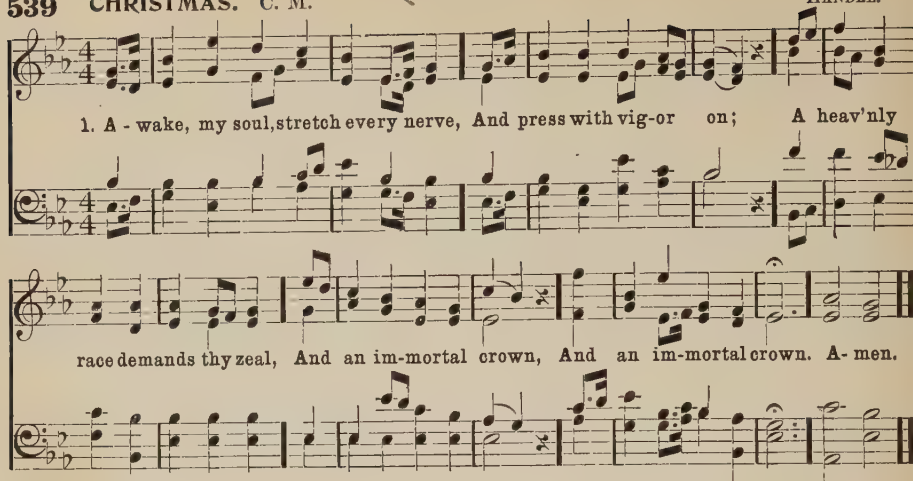
musical score for 'streams a-far' in D major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: streams a-far: Who follows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant

musical score for 'o-ver pain' in D major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: o-ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below, He follows in His train. A-men.

Courage.

539 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vig-or on; A heav'nly
race demands thy zeal, And an im-mortal crown, And an im-mortal crown. A-men.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;

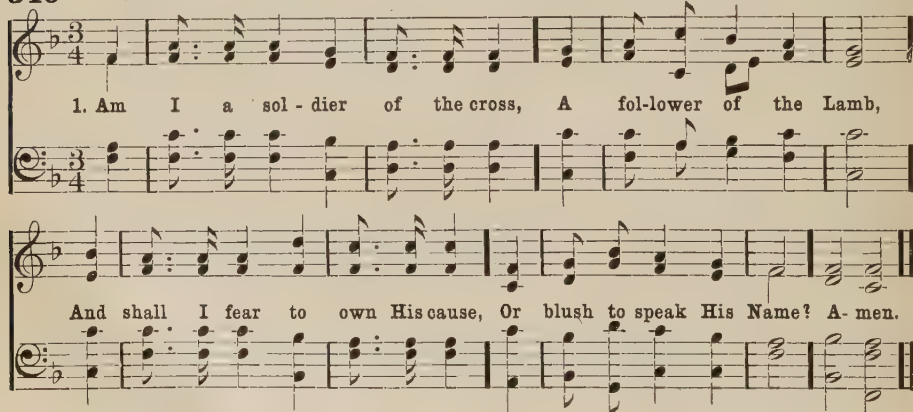
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE

540 ARLINGTON. C. M.

Arr. from T. A. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name? A-men.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Additional tune, Appendix, 679.

Courage.

541 SCHUMANN. S. M.

Arr. from R. SCHUMANN.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - men.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
Up to His blest abode.

G. HEATH.

LABAN. S. M. (Second Tune.)

L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - men.

Courage.

542 ST. GERTRUDE. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.

Sir. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus

Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe;

REFRAIN.

Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol-diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. A-men.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Courage.

543 LANCASHIRE. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

H. SMART.

1. Go for - ward. Chris - tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true!

The Lord Him - self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.

His love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knowsthine hour - ly need;

He can with bread of hea - ven Thy faint - ing spir - it feed. A - men.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Hear not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;

Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past:
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!

Courage.

544 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7, 7, 7, 7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris - tians, on - ward go;

Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life. A - men.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. WHITE.

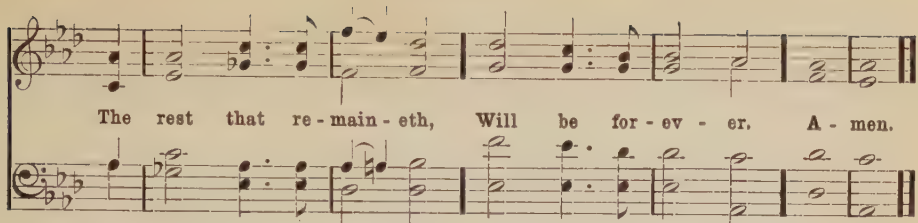
545 ONWARD. 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

W. C. FILBY.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strong - est; Watch for day, Chris - tian,

When the night's longest; On - ward and on - ward still, Be thine en - deav - or;

Courage.



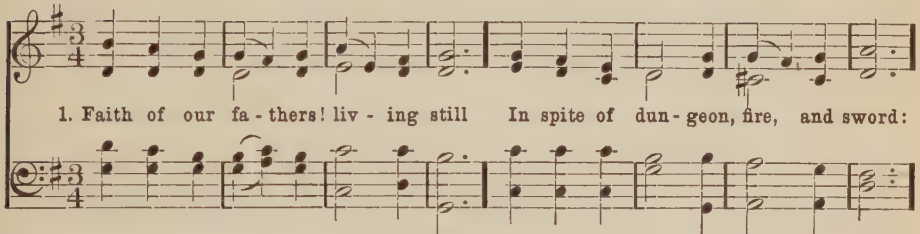
2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

J. STAMMERS.

546 ST. CATHERINE. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

H. F. HEMY, alt. by J. G. WALTON.



2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Courage.

547 WEBB. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,

Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Courage.

EUROPA. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain. (*Second Tune.*)

H. S. IRONS.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - tory un - to vic - to - ry

His ar-my He shall lead, Till ev'-ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.

REFRAIN.

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss: A-men.

Courage.

548 WALTHAM. L. M.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Stand up, my soul; shake off thy fears, And gird the gos-pel ar-mor on;

March to the gates of end-less joy, Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone. A-men.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

2 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

549 MAITLAND. C. M.

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev-ery one, And there's a cross for me. A-men.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

4 Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

5 O precious cross! O glorious, crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars flash down,
And bear my soul away.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

Courage.

550 HAARLEM. 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5.

ADAM DRESE.

1. Je-sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And, although the way be cheer-less,

We will follow, calm and fearless: Guide us by Thy hand To our fa-ther-land. A - men.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'take us;
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,

Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

Count ZINZENDORF, tr. J. BORTHWICK.

Work.

551 ST. GEORGE. S. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear. A - men.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quickened the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of Life
O may our spirits be.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give pentecostal showers:
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Work.

552 WELLS. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

D. BORTNIANSKI.

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whom I serve, Though so fee - bly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve All Thy bid - ding to ful - fill.
O - pen Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me. A - men.

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honor art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free!

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

553 BISHOP. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK

1. Go, la - bor on; spend, and be spent; Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will:
It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the servant tread it still? A - men.

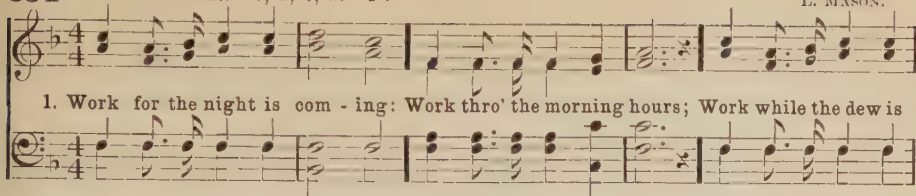
2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises; what are men?
3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee; if He deign

Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes, rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

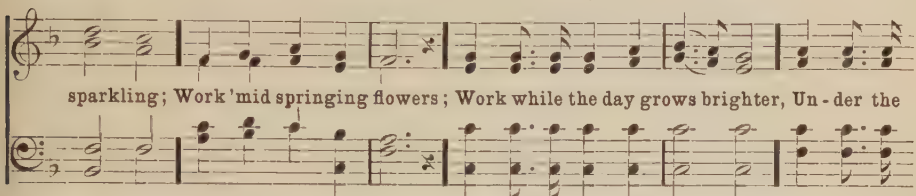
Work.

554 DILIGENCE. 7, 6, 7, 5. D.

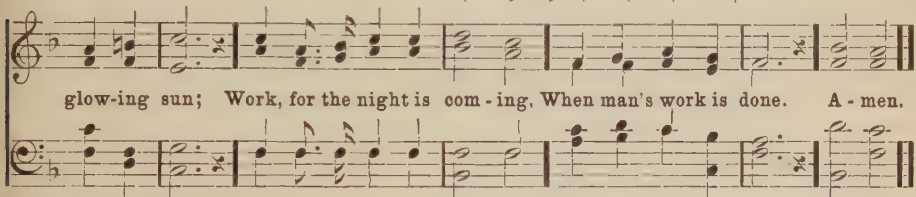
L. MASON.



1. Work for the night is com - ing: Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is



sparkling; Work 'mid springing flowers; Work while the day grows brighter, Un - der the



glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - men.

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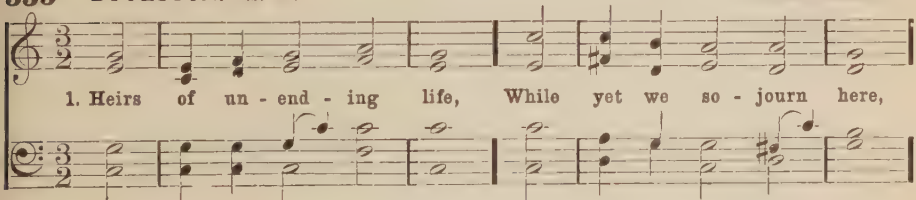
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

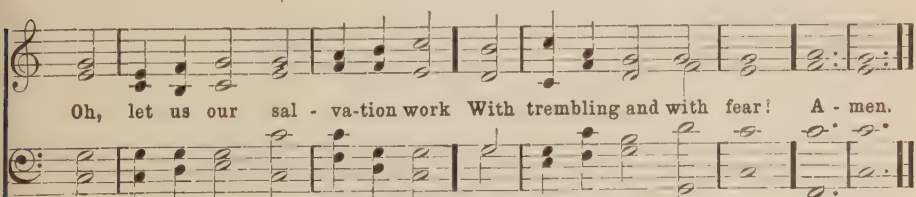
A. L. COGHILL.

555 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Heirs of un - end - ing life, While yet we so - journ here,



Oh, let us our sal - va - tion work With trembling and with fear! A - men.

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

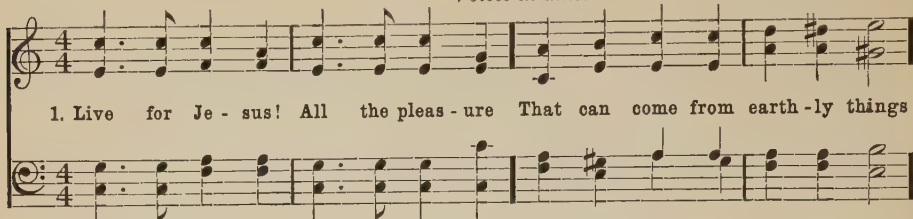
Rev. B. BEDDOME, alt.

Work.

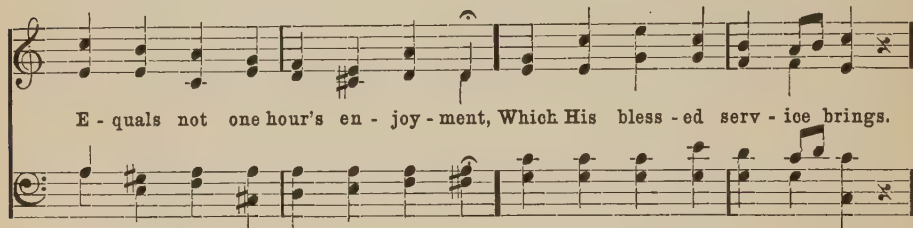
556 ST. CLEMENTS. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER, D.D.

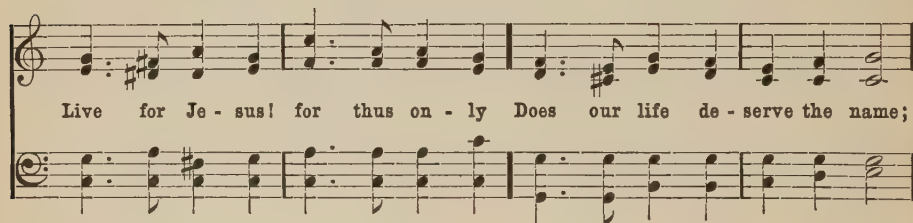
Voices in unison.....



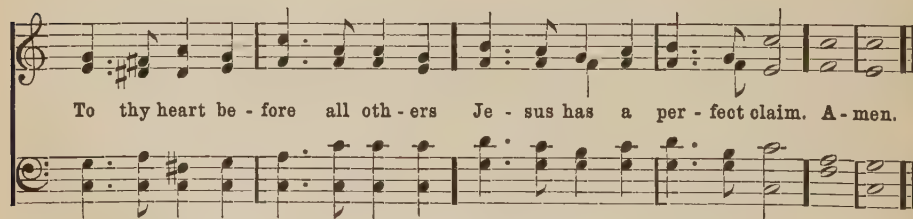
1. Live for Je - sus! All the pleas - ure That can come from earth - ly things



E - quals not one hour's en - joy - ment, Which His bless - ed serv - ice brings.



Live for Je - sus! for thus on - ly Does our life de - serve the name;



To thy heart be - fore all oth - ers Je - sus has a per - fect claim. A - men.

2 Live for Jesus! for thus only
Gather souls while time doth last:
To His cross invite poor sinners,
Soon the work-day will be past.
Thousands of such wand'ers round thee,
After peace and comfort sigh;
Tell them of the Friend who only
Can their longings satisfy.

3 Tell them simply of salvation
Thou thyself in Him hast found;
Of the grace and loving-kindness
Wherewith He thy life has crowned.


Life for Jesus! Life's young springtide
Give Him, and thy summer's prime;
Live for Him when fading autumn
Speaks to thee of shortening time.

4 Give thyself entirely to Him;
Thus He gave Himself for thee,
When He lived on earth despised,
When He died on Calvary.
Give up all for Him, well knowing,
Thus to lose is all to gain;
Live for Jesus, till with Jesus
Thou forever rest and reign.


Work.

557 WESLEY, No. 2. S. M.

S. S. WESLEY.



1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see, And



what I do in an - y - thing To do it as for Thee. A - men.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do be Thou the Way,
In all be Thou the End.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be

But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee:

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work Divine.


REV. GEO. HERBERT.

558 VIGILATE. 7, 7, 7, 3.

W. H. MONK.



1. Chris - tian, seek not yet re - pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;



Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch..... and pray. A - men.

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame:
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

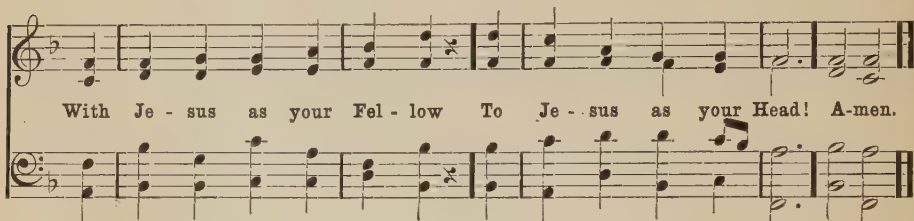
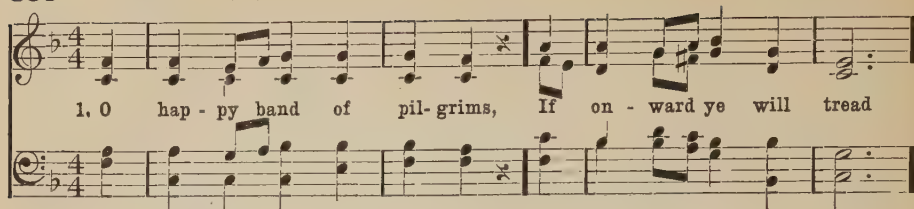
5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

C. ELLIOTT.

Work.

559 KOCHER. 7, 6, 7, 6.

J. H. KNECHT.



2 Oh, happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men!
Oh, happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;

5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure;

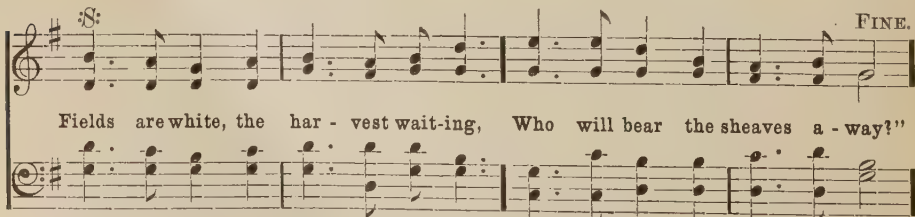
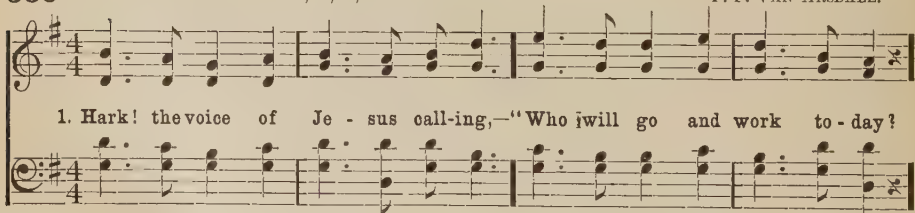
6 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize!

Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

560 MISSION SONG. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE.



D.S.—Who will an - swer, glad - ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

Work.



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free; A - men.



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2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;

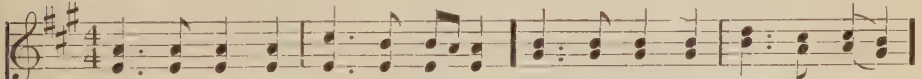
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what Heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

REV. DANIEL MARCH.

ELLESDIE. 8, 7, 8, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

MOZART. ARR. J. P. HOLBROOK.



1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing,—"Who will go and work to - day?"



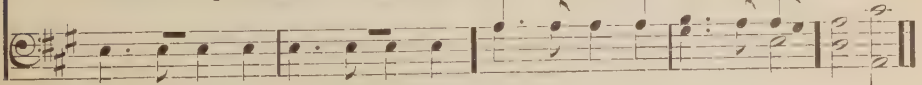
Fields are white, the har - vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"



D.S.—Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."



Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free; A - men.



561 HOLLEY. L. M.

G. HEWS.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err-ing children lost and lone. A-men.

2 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share;

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

562 FIAT LUX. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With lov-ing zeal; The poor and

them that mourn, The faint and o-ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A-men.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;

With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The newborn souls, whose days
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

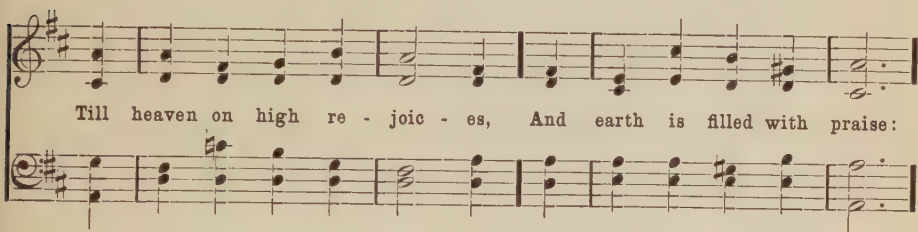
Work.

563 LANCASHIRE. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

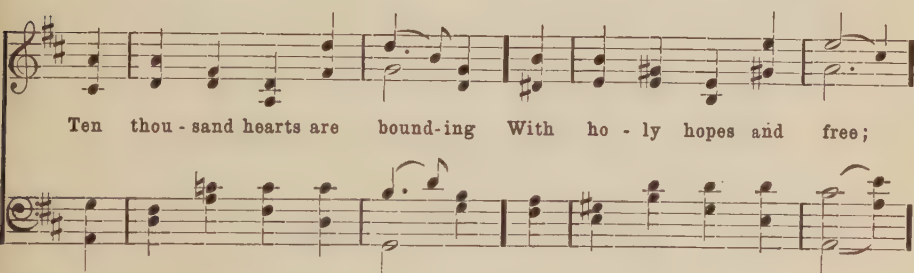
H. SMART.



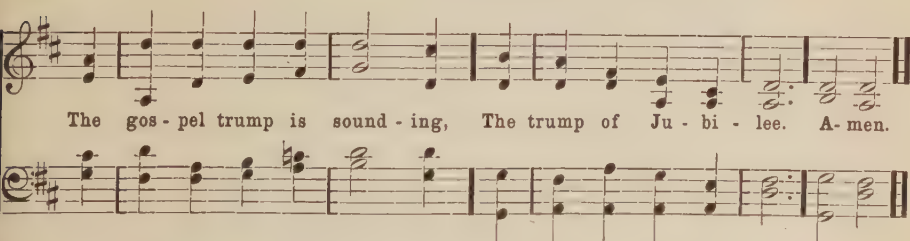
1. O broth - ers, lift your voic - es, Tri - umph - ant songs to raise;



Till heaven on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise:



Ten thou - sand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free;



The gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee. A - men.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close;
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes:
Faith is our battle-token;
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken,
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due,
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.

Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore;
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore:
Still on in conflict pressing
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

Bishop E. H. BICKERSTETH.

Work.

564 ADESTE FIDELES. 11, 11, 11, 11.

J. READING.

1. Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our

lead - er, His Word is our stay; Though suff'ring, and sor - row, and

tri - al be near, The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear?

The Lord is our ref - uge, and whom can we fear? A-men.

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? Our help is in God!

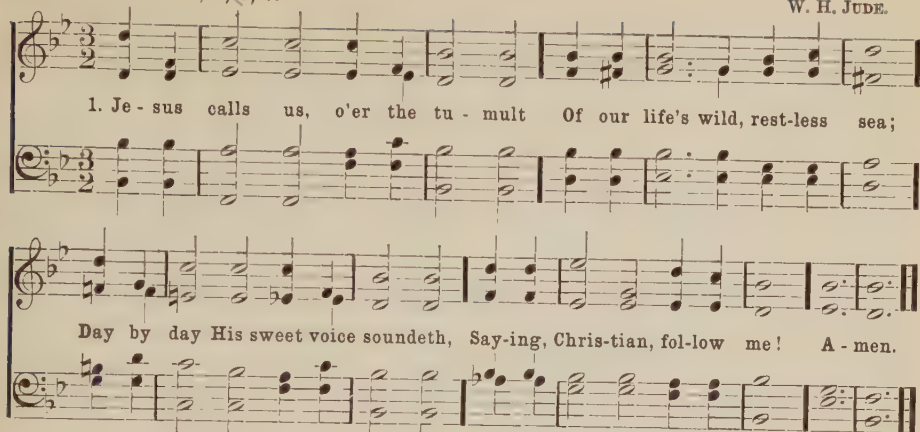
3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home!

Work.

565 JUDE. 8, 7, 8, 7.

W. H. JUDE.



1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, Chris-tian, fol-low me! A - men.

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys, and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,

Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love Me more than these!

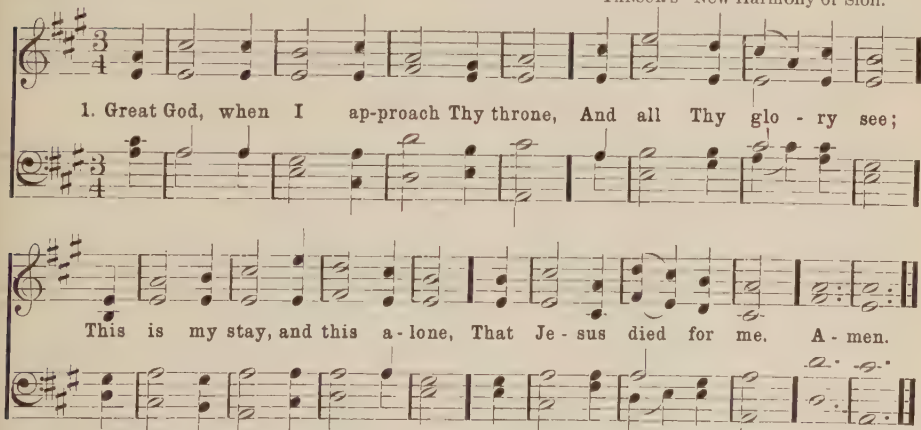
4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

566 ST. ANDREW. C. M.

Judgment.

TANSUR'S 'New Harmony of Zion.'



1. Great God, when I ap-proach Thy throne, And all Thy glo - ry see;
This is my stay, and this a-lone, That Je - sus died for me. A - men.

2 How can a soul condemned to die
Escape the just decree?

A vile, unworthy wretch am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
O, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 My course I could not safely steer
Through life's tempestuous sea,
Did not this truth relieve my fear,
That Jesus died for me.

5 And, Lord, when I behold Thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by Thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

Judgment.

567 LUTHER'S HYMN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

J. KLUG's, Geistliche Lieder.

1. { Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted! }
 The Judge of man-kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed! }

The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -

tained be - fore: Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him. A - men.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:

The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 Beneath His cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

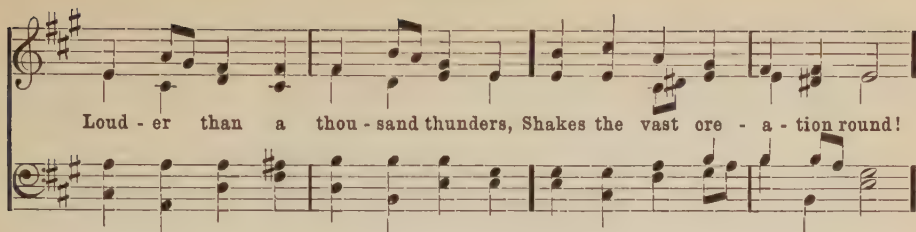
ALT. REV. THOMAS COTTERILL.

568 STÖRL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

J. G. C. STÖRL.

1. Day of judg - ment, day of won - ders! Hark! the trumpet's aw - ful sound,

Judgment.



Loud - er than a thou - sand thunders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round!



How the sum - mons Will the sin - ner's heart con - found! A - men.

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty Divine!
You who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine!

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken,

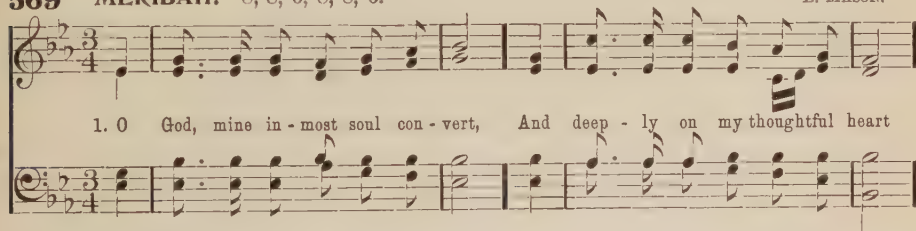
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd,
Take the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall My love and glory know."

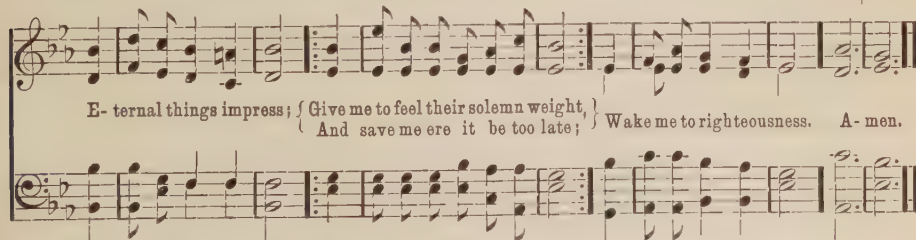
REV. JOHN NEWTON.

569 MERIBAH. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

L. MASON.



1. O God, mine in - most soul con - vert, And deep - ly on my thoughtful heart



E - ternal things impress; { Give me to feel their solemn weight, } Wake me to righteousness. A - men.
{ And save me ere it be too late; }

2 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive
Transported from the vale, to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Judgment.

570 DIES IRÆ. 8, 8, 8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

VERSES. 1-15

1. Day of wrath! that day of mourning! See full-filled the pro-phets' warning,

Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing! 2. O, what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,

When from heav'n the Judge de-scend-eth On Whose sentence all de-pend-eth.

3 Lo! the trumpet's wondrous swelling
Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the throne compelling.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge and answer making.

5 Lo! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall justice be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me,
Shall such grace in vain be brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning,
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition;
Hopeless else were my condition.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue, me from fires undying!

*15 With Thy favored sheep O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

* Music for verse 15 begins at place marked.

Judgment.

VERSES. 16-19

16. While the wick - ed are con-found-ed, Doomed to flames of woe un-bound-ed,

Call me, with Thy saints sur-round-ed. 17. Bow my heart in meek sub-mis-sion

Strewn with ash-es of con-tri-tion; Help me in my lost con-di-tion.

18. Day of sor-rows, day of weep-ing, When, in dust no lon-ger sleep-ing,

Man a-wakes in Thy dread keep-ing! 19. To the rest Thou didst pre-pare me;

ORGAN.

By Thy Cross, O Christ, up-bear me; Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare me. A-men.

Judgment.

571 SCHUBERT. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

Arr. from SCHUBERT, by W. W. GILCHRIST.

1. The world is ver - y e - vil; The times are wax - ing late:

Be so - ber and keep vig - il The Judge is at the gate,

The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The Judge that comes with might,

To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A-men.

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2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one:

3 The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Reflection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distress!
Strive, man, to win that glory:
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest:
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

1. Je - sus, Thy blood and right-eousness My beau-ty are, my glo - rious dress,

'Midst flaming worlds, in these ar-rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head. A - men

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am;
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

E'en then this shall be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove;
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail:
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

Count ZINZENDORF, Tr. REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Heaven.

1. Come, Lord, and warm each lan-guid heart, In - spire each life - less tongue;

And let the joys of heaven im-part Their in - fluence to our song. A - men.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease,
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

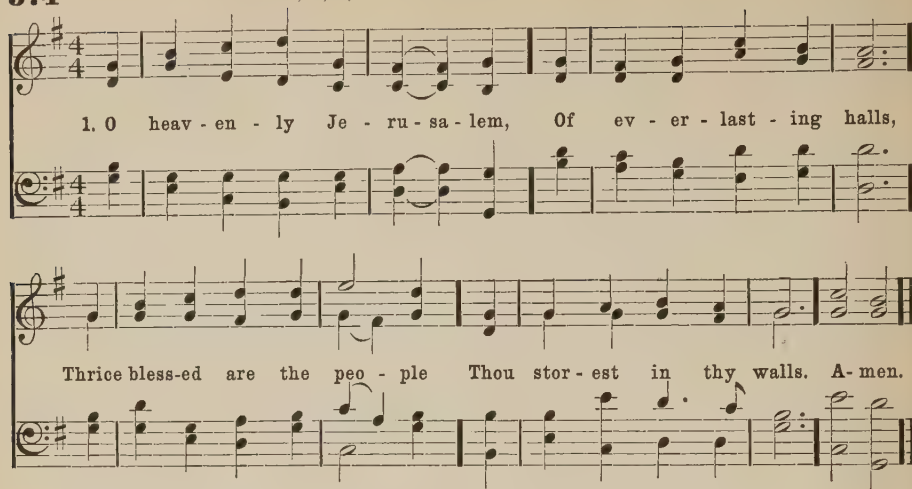
3 The soul, from sin forever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity.
Redeeming love adore.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

Heaven.

574 ST. ALPHEGE. 7, 6, 7, 6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. O heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Of ev - er - last - ing halls,

Thrice bless - ed are the peo - ple Thou stor - est in thy walls. A - men.

2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints forever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

3 There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown:
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

4 Naught to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;

They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.

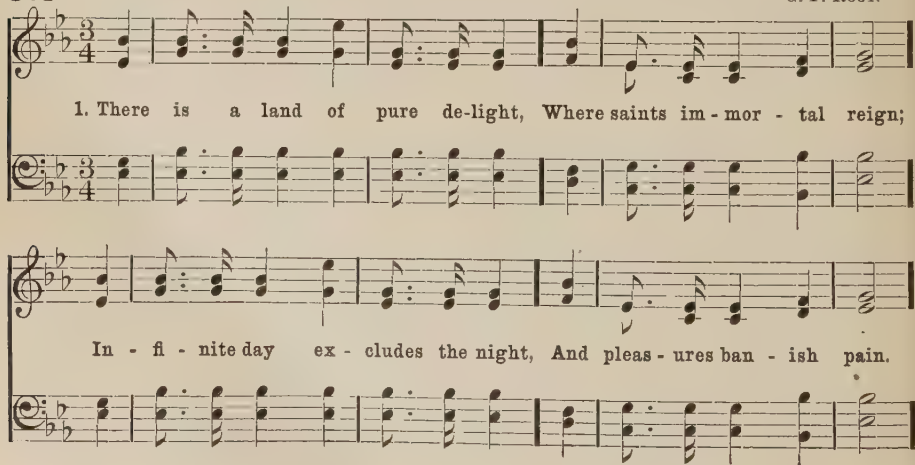
5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow.

TR. ISAAC WILLIAMS.

575 VARINA. C. M. D.

G. F. ROOT.



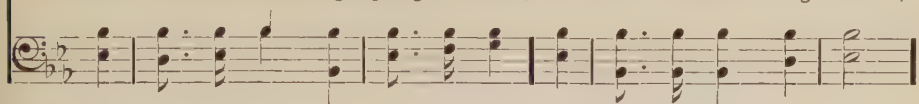
1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.

Heaven.



2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er-with - 'ring flow'rs;



Death, like a nar - row sea di-vides This heav'nly land from ours. A - men.



3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes;

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

SERENITY. C. M. (Second Tune.)

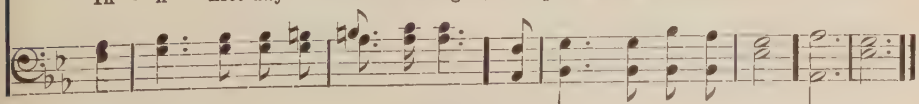
W. V. WALLACE.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saint im - mor - tal reign;



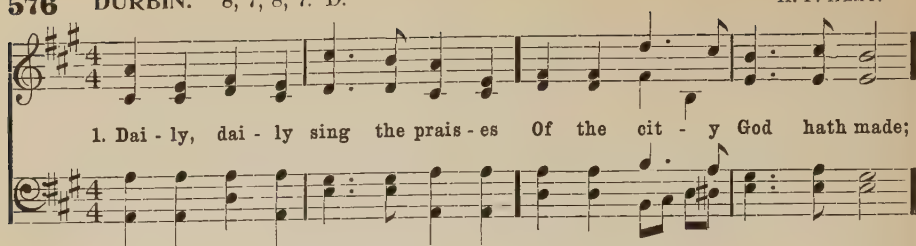
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban-ish pain. A - men.



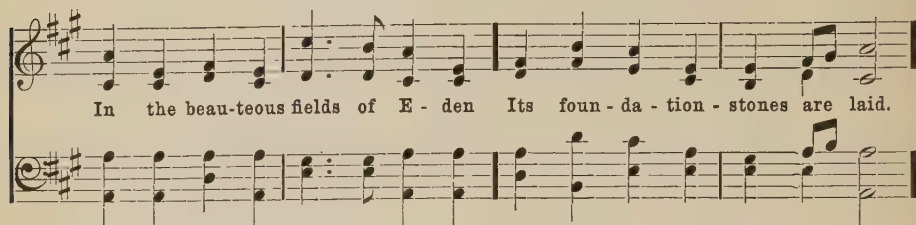
Heaven.

576 DURBIN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

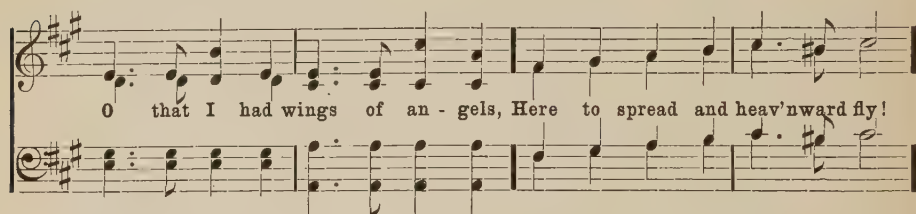
H. F. HEMY.




1. Dai - ly, dai - ly sing the prais - es Of the cit - y God hath made;



In the beau-teous fields of E - den Its foun - da - tion - stones are laid.



O that I had wings of an - gels, Here to spread and heav'nward fly!



I would seek the gates of Zi - on, Far be - yond the star-ry sky. A - men.

2 All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnished gold;
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
O that I had wings, etc.

3 In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels swing their censers
In a ring about His feet.
O that I had wings, etc.

4 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a sudden beam of light.
O that I had wings, etc.

5 There the meadows green and dewy
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;
Thousand; thousand are the colors
Of the waving flowers there.
O that I had wings, etc.

6 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemed throng.
O that I had wings, etc.

7 O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!
O that I had wings, etc.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

Heaven.

577 BONAR. 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent

in their turn - ing Round the nev - er chang - ing pole;

Up - ward where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the

blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul. A - men.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His Name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

Heaven.

578 ETERNITY. S. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole. A - men.

- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,

- Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

579 TICHFIELD. 7, 7, 7, 7. D.

J. RICHARDSON.

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This in - nu-mer - a - ble throng, Round the al - tar,

night and day, Tuning their triumphant song? Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor,

Heaven.

glo-ry, pow'r Wis-dom, rich-es to ob-tain New do-min-ion ev-'ry hour." A-men.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His eternal Name;
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels their fears:
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

RAPTURE. 7, 7, 7, 7. D. (Second Tune.)

J. HAYDN.

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This in-nu-mer-a-ble throng, Round the al-tar,

night and day, Tun-ing their triumphant song? "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain. Blessing, hon-or,

glo-ry, pow'r, Wis-dom, rich-es to ob-tain, New do-min-ion ev-'ry hour." A-men.

Heaven.

580 REGENT SQUARE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

H. SMART.

1. Light's a - bode, Ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vis - ion whence true peace doth spring;

Bright - er than the heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the High - est King.

O how glo - rious are the prais - es Which of thee the proph - ets sing. A - men.

2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

4 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong and free;
Full of vigor, full of pleasure,
Thou shalt last eternally.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
There unknown are toil and care.

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors,
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

581 ARIEL. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Arr. Dr. L. MASON.

1. With joy shall I be - hold the day That calls my willing soul a - way,

Heaven.

To dwell among the blest: For lo! my great Redeemer's pow'r Un-folds the ev - er -

last-ing door, And points me to His rest, And points me to His rest. A - men.

- 2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise; Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
- There, crowned with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th' Almighty King.
- 4 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings out-
For evermore shall dwell: [spread,
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled,
And bid the world farewell.

Rev. J. MERRICK.

582 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7.

IG. PLEYEL.

1. Palms of glo - ry, rai-ment bright, Crowns that nev - er fade a - way,

Gird and deck the saints in light; Priests and kings and conquerors they. A - men.

- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords—
- "Take the kingdom! it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
- 4 Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas their Saviour's Righteousness,
And His blood; that made them so.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

583 ST. ALPHEGE. 7, 6, 7, 6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care;
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there. A-men.

See also AURELIA, No. 222.

- 2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest:
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.
- 3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
- 4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
- 5 There God, our King and portion,
In fullness of His grace,

Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

- 6 But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

- 7 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!

- 8 Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

584 HOMELAND, No. 1. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of souls free-born! No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn: I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;

Heaven.

There is no pain in the Homeland, To which I'm draw-ing near. A - men.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of Thy redeeming love.

Rev. H. R. HAWES.

HOMELAND, No. 2. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6. (Second Tune.)

G. C. STEBBINS.

1. The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is

known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My

heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Homeland, To which I'm drawing near,

There is no pain in the Homeland, To which I'm draw-ing near. A - men.

Heaven.

585 PARADISE, No. 1. 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6.

Sir. J. BARNBY.

1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

Where loy-al hearts and true,
 hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - - al hearts and true Stand

ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 'Tis weary waiting here;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth

As on Thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 Is destining for me;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
 Oh, keep me in Thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above,
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

Rev. F. W. FABER.

CORCORAN. 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6. (Second Tune.)

H. F. HEMY.

1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

Heaven.

happy land Where they that loved are blest ; Where loyal hearts and true..... Stand ev - er

in the light,..... All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho-ly sight? A-men.

PARADISE, No. 2. 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6. (Third Tune.)

H. SMART.

1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the

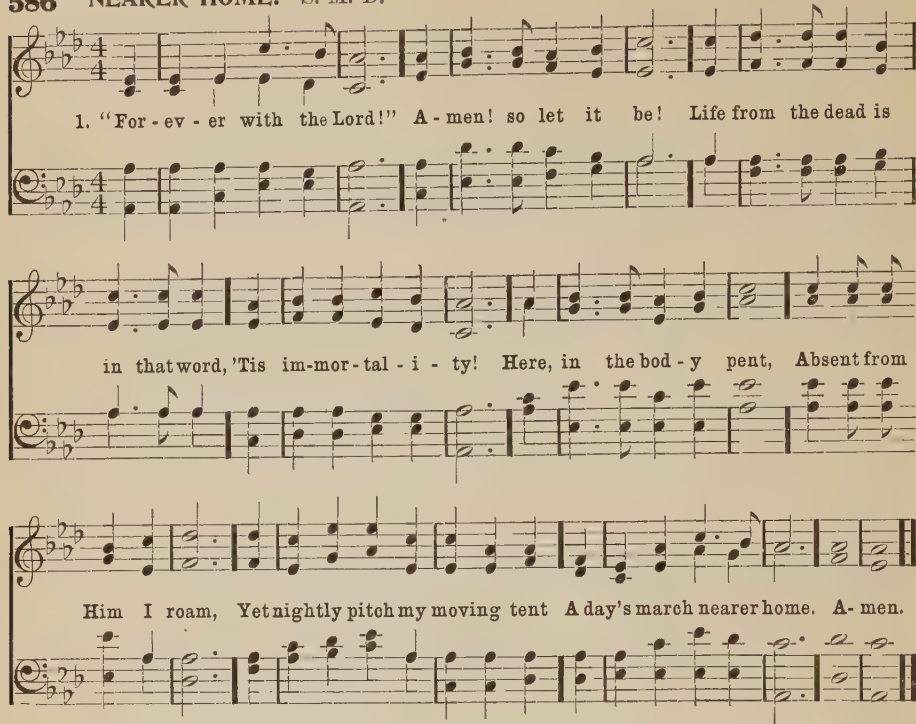
hap - py land Where they that loved are blest ; Where loy - al hearts and true Stand

ev - er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro', In God's most ho-ly sight? A-men.

Heaven.

586 NEARER HOME. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be! Life from the dead is
in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty! Here, in the bod - y pent, Absent from
Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home. A - men.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil:


Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail,
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

587 MATERNA. C. M. D.

S. A. WARD.



1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows

Heaven.

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? 2. O hap-py har-bor of God's saints! O

sweet and pleasant soil! In thee no sorrow may be found, No grief, no care no toil. A-men.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen. [flowers]

6 Right through thy streets, with silver
The living waters flow, [sound,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Tr. D. DICKSON.

JERUSALEM. C. M. (Second Tune.)

C. F. ROPER.

1. O Moth-er dear, Je-ru-sa-lem, Whenshall I come to thee?

When shall my sor-row have en end? Thy joys when shall I see? A-men.

Heaven.

588 PILGRIMS. 11, 10, 11, 10. With Refrain.

H. SMART.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing

REFRAIN.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—REF.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

Rev. F. W. FABER.

Heaven.

VOX ANGELICA. 11, 10, 11, 10. With Refrain. (Second Tune.) Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing

REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night!

Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A - men.

Heaven.

588 NORWICH. 11, 10, 11, 10. With Refrain. (Third Tune.)

H. F. HEMY.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and

O-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing

REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! Angels of Je-sus, An-gels of light,

Sing-ing to wel-come The pil-grims of the night. night. A-men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—REF.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudness love.—REF.

Heaven.

589 ST. EDMUND. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home;

Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home:

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - ery hand:

Heav'n is my fa - ther - land. Heav'n is my home. A - men.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.

There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Rev. THOMAS R. TAYLOR.

heaven.

590 BLESSED HOME. 6, 6, 6, 6. D.

Sir J. STAINER.

1. There is a blessed home, Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er come,
Nor tears of sor-row flow; Where faith is lost in sight And patient hope is crown'd,
And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round. A-men.

2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;

To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

591 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. WALCH.

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun-try Mine eyes their vig-ils keep' For ver-y love be-

Heaven.

hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep, The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is

unc-tion to the breast, And med-i-cine in sick-ness, And love, and life and rest. A - men.

2 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
 Thou hast no time, bright day:
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away:
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

3 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown:

But He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect;
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD of Cluny. Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

592 STANIFORTH. C. M.

T. W. STANIFORTH.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me, When shall my labors have an end

In joy, and peace, and thee? A - men.

See also MATERNA No. (587.)

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 And pearly gates behold? [walls
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bower than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Blest seats! through rude and stormy
 I onward press to you. [scenes

4 Why should I shrink from pain and
 Or feel at death dismay? [woe,
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Heaven.

593 EWING. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

A. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry What light be - yond com - pare. A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Heaven.

URBS BEATA. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain. (Second Tune.) G. F. LE JEUNE.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy con - tem -

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not, What

joys a - wait us there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry What bliss be - yond compare.

REFRAIN.

Je - ru - - - - sa - lem the gold - en!

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!

Be - neath

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. A - men.

Org.

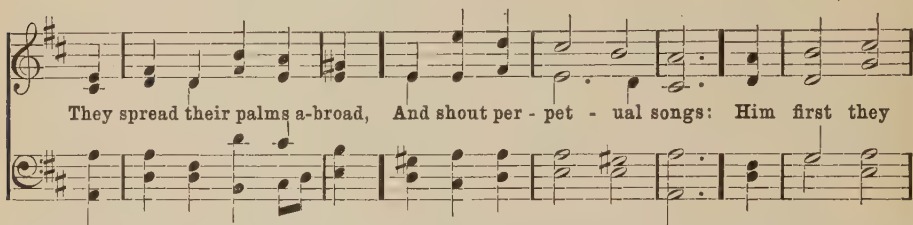
General Hymns.

594 DARWALL. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Rev. J. DARWALL.



1. A - round the throne of God The host an - gel - ic throngs:



They spread their palms a-broad, And shout per - pet - ual songs: Him first they



own, Him last and best; God ev - er blest, and God a - lone. A - men.

2 Their golden crowns they fling
Before His throne of light,
And strike the rapturous string,
Unceasing, day and night: [clare;
"Earth, heaven, and sea, Thy praise de-
For Thine they are, and Thine shall be.

3 "O Holy, Holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art, and art to be;
Nor time shall see Thy sway depart.

4 "Great are Thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might;
All just and true Thy ways,

Thou King of saints, in light:
Let all above, and all below,
Conspire to show Thy power and love.

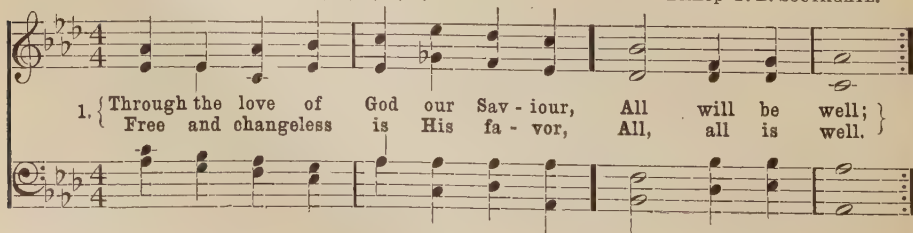
5 "Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy Name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng from every shore,
And all adore in one loud song."

6 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
His glory own, first, last, and best,
God ever blest, and God alone.

Rev. HENRY WARE, alt.

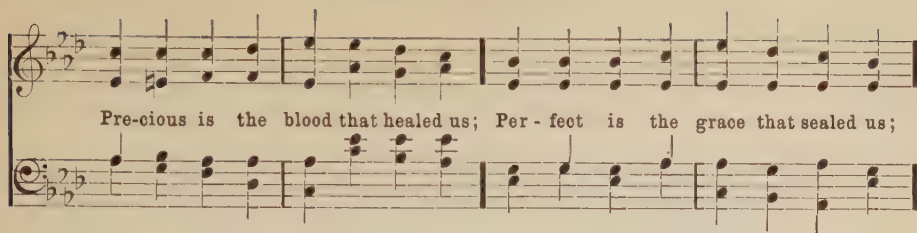
595 SOUTHGATE. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 4.

Bishop T. B. SOUTHGATE.



1. { Through the love of God our Sav - iour, All will be well; }
Free and changeless is His fa - vor, All, all is well. }

General Hymns.



Pre-cious is the blood that healed us; Per-fect is the grace that sealed us;



Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us; All must be well! A-men.

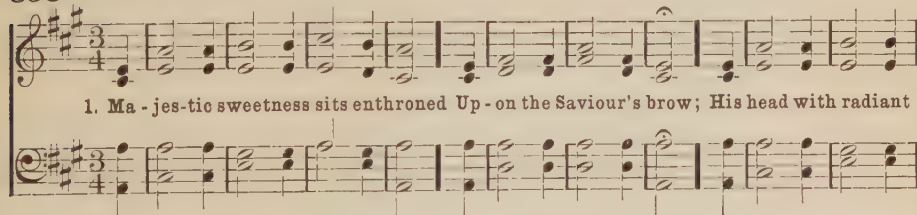
2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well!

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well!

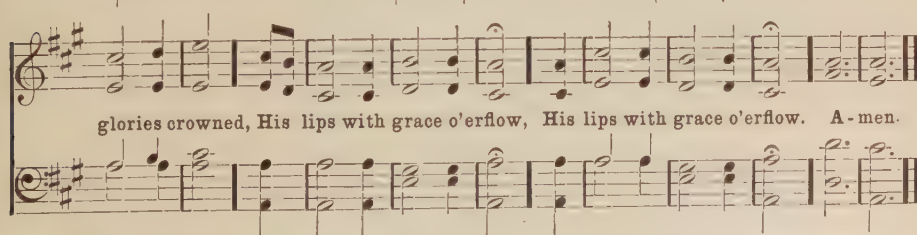
Mrs. M. P. BOWLEY.

596 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc.



1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant



glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow. A-men.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

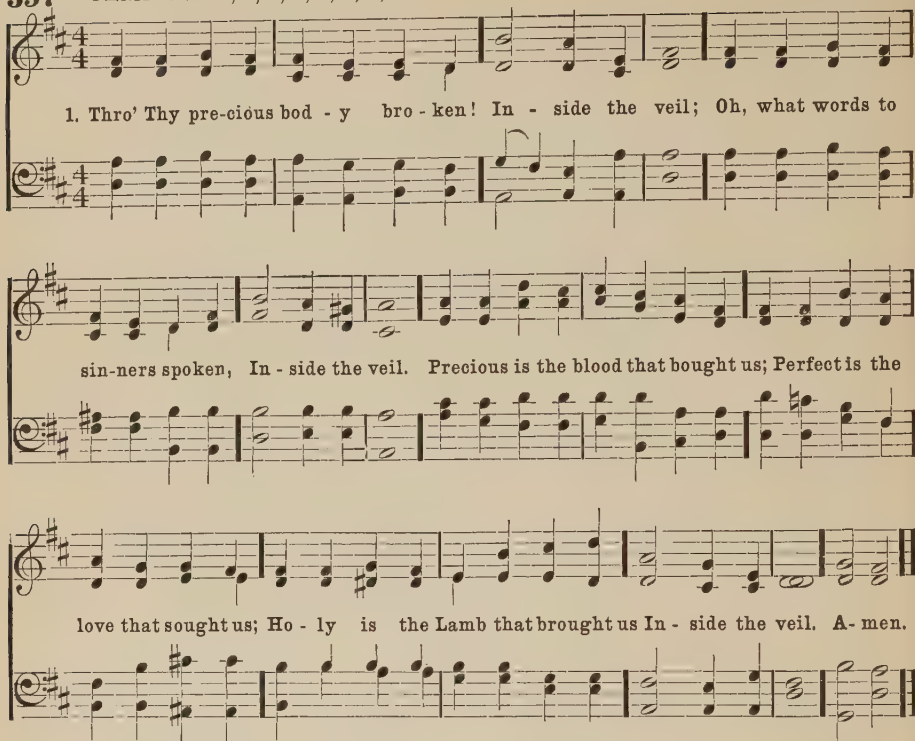
5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

General Hymns.

597 TEMPLE. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

E. J. HOPKINS.



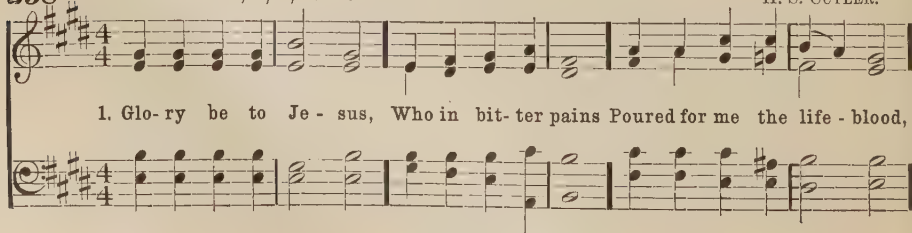
1. Thro' Thy pre-cious bod - y bro - ken! In - side the veil; Oh, what words to
sin-ners spoken, In - side the veil. Precious is the blood that bought us; Perfect is the
love that sought us; Ho - ly is the Lamb that brought us In - side the veil. A - men.

2 Lamb of God! through Thee we enter 3 Soon Thy saints shall all be gathered
 Inside the veil; Inside the veil;
Cleansed by Thee, we boldly venture All at home—no more be scattered—
 Inside the veil. Inside the veil.
Not a stain—a new creation;
Ours is such a full salvation;
Low we bow in adoration
 Inside the veil. Inside the veil.

Anon.

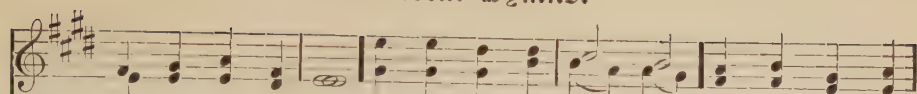
598 ST. JOHN. 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

H. S. CUTLER.

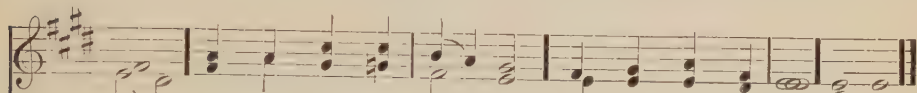


1. Glo-ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit-ter pains Poured for me the life - blood,

General Hymns.



From His sa-cred veins! 2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I



find, Blest be His oom - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind. A-men.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Does the world redeem!

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

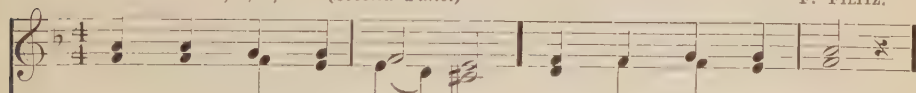
5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.


Tr. Rev. E. CASWALL.

CASWALL. 6, 5, 6, 5. (Second Tune.)

F. FILITZ.



1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains

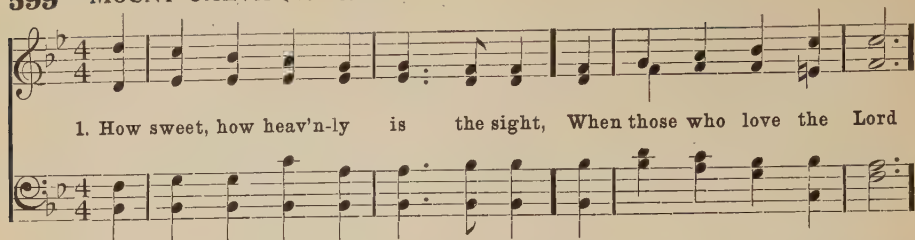


Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins! A-men.

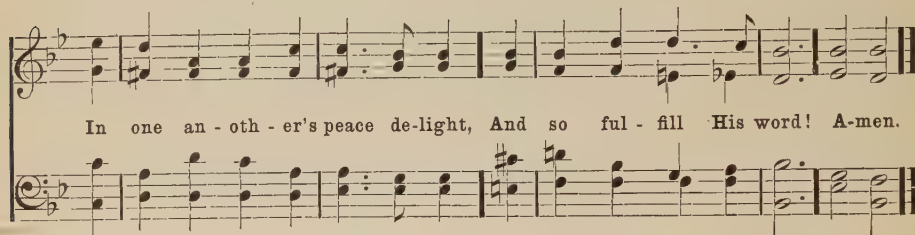
General Hymns.

599 MOUNT CALVARY. C. M.

Sir R. P. STEWART.



1. How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord



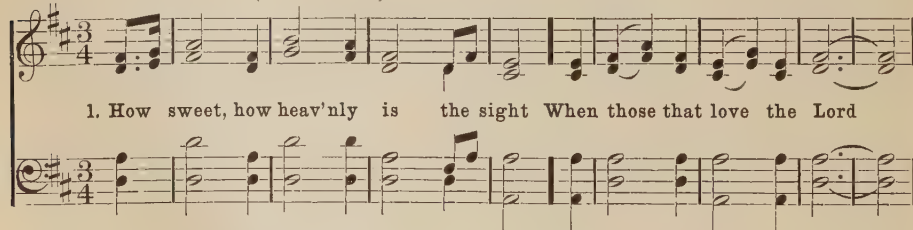
In one an - oth - er's peace de-light, And so ful - fill His word! A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart! | 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow. |
| 4 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love! | 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love. |

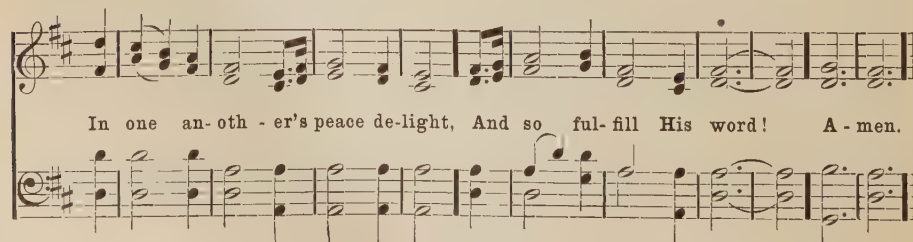
Rev. JOSEPH SWAIN,

SILOAM. C. M. (Second Tune.)

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight When those that love the Lord

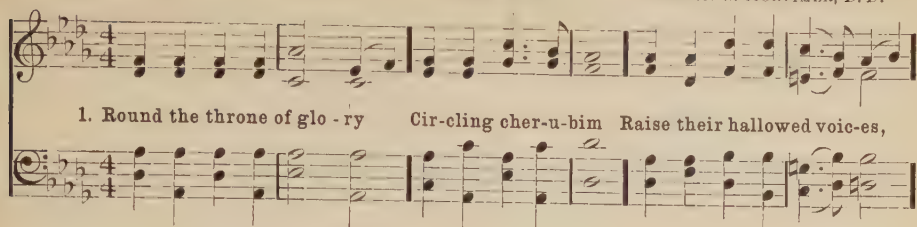


In one an - oth - er's peace de-light, And so ful - fill His word! A - men.

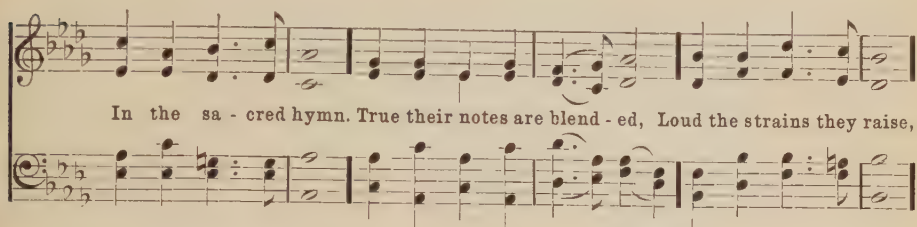
General Hymns.

600 MORTIMER. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.

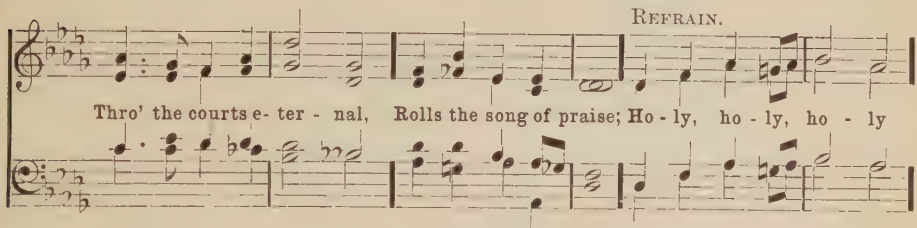
REV. A. G. MORTIMER, D. D.



1. Round the throne of glo - ry Cir - cling cher - u - bim Raise their hallowed voic - es,



In the sa - cred hymn. True their notes are blend - ed, Loud the strains they raise,



REFRAIN.
Thro' the courts e - ter - nal, Rolls the song of praise; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly



Bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Heav'n and earth are fill - ed With Thy Maj - es - ty! A - men.

2 Earth hath many voices
Blended with the sea,
Pealing forth the anthem
Of their praise to Thee;
Night and day it rises,
Mingling with the song
Which these sacred singers
Endlessly prolong.—REF.

3 Where the city steeple
And the village spire
Points each faithful toiler
To his soul's desire,
There in faith we gather,
There our homage pay,
Prayer and praise we offer
On each hallowed day.—REF.

4 One our heavenly Father,
Round whose throne we meet,
One our great Redeemer,
One our Paraclete;
Bound in living union,
By one holy tie,
In Thy sacred presence,
Triune God, we cry:—REF.

5 Raise the hymns of triumph!
Heaven and earth and sea,
Roll your thousand voices
Forth in harmony!
Voices young and aged,
Voices grand in song,
Blend them, singers holy,
Loud the strain prolong.—REF.

Anon.

General Hymns.

601 FESTAL. L. M.

MEDELSSOHN, arr. W. J. BOEHM, Mus. Bac.

1. O wondrous type, O vis - ion fair Of glo-ry that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the moun-tain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows? A-men.

See also MENDON, No. 271.

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet,

3 The law and prophets there have place,
Two chosen witnesses of grace;
The Father's voice from out the cloud,
Proclaims His only Son aloud.

4 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

5 O Father, with th'eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever one,
Vouchsafe to bring us, by Thy grace,
To see Thy glory face to face.

Tr. Rev. J. M. NEALE.

602 MERCY. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Day by day the man-na fell; Oh, to learn this les-son well!
Still by con-stant mer-cy fed, Give me, Lord! my dai-ly bread. A-men.

2 "Day by day" the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! my times are in Thy hand;
All my brightest hopes have planned

To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill
Not my own, my Father's will.

J. CONDER.

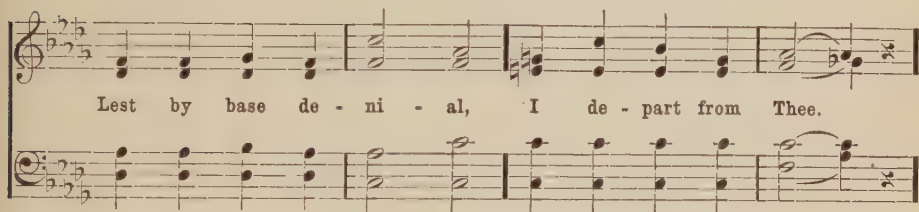
General Hymns.

603 PENITENCE. 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

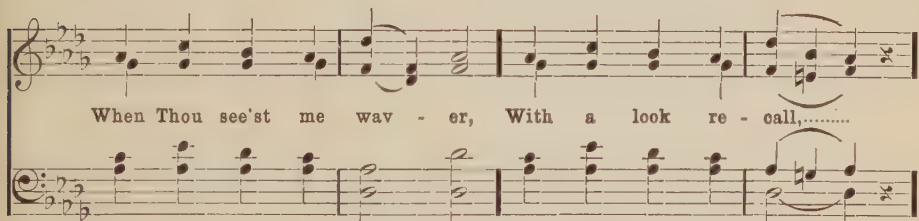
S. LANE.



1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;



Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee.



When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,.....



Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;

Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

J. MONTGOMERY, W. P. HUTTON and G. THRING.

General Hymns.

604 BROCKLESBURY. 8, 7, 8, 7.

C. A. BARNARD.

1. Light of those whose drear-y dwell-ing Bor-ders on the shades of death,

Come, and by Thy love's re-veal-ing, Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath. A-men.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:

3 Come, and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the Gospel-grace.

4 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince,
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;

5 By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release,
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

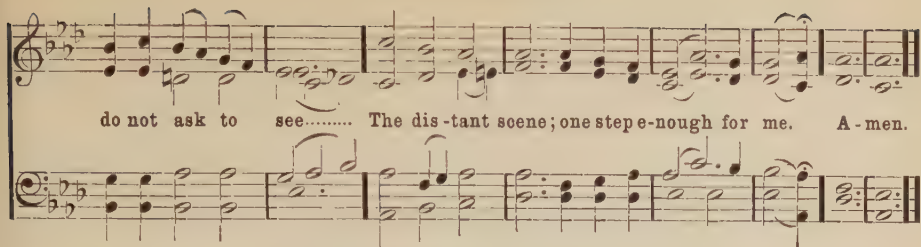
605 LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I

General Hymns.



do not ask to see..... The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A-men.

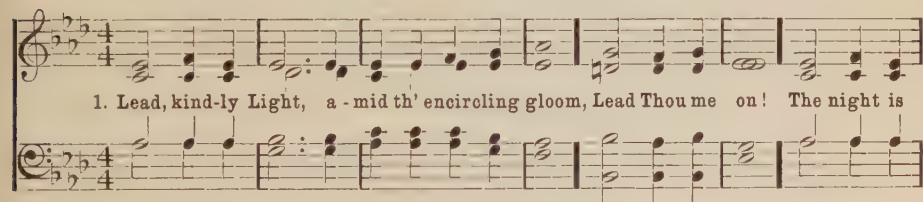
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

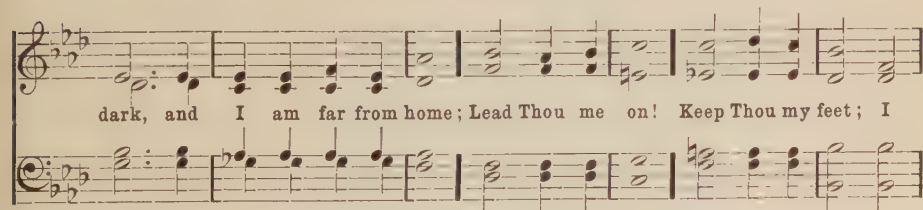
REV. JOHN H. NEWMAN.

LUX BEATA. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10. (Second Tune.)

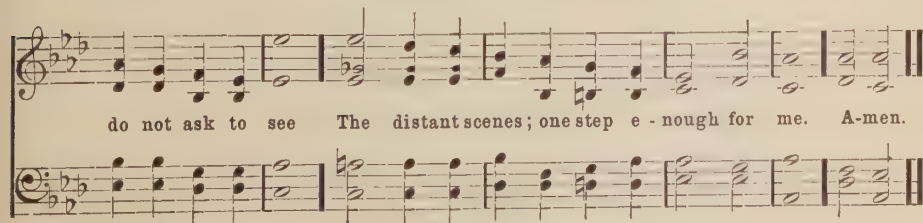
A. L. PEACE.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is



dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I



do not ask to see The distant scenes; one step e-nough for me. A-men.

General Hymns.

606 SANDON. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

C. H. PURDAY.

1. Lead, Heavenly Light, illumine my life's dark day, Lead Thou me on; Thou on-ly,

art the Life, the Truth, the Way, Lead Thou me on; Je - sus, my Lord, my

Saviour, and my Friend, Be Thou my Guide un - to my journey's end. A-men.

Tune LUX BENIGNA, on preceding page, can be used here.

2 Long years I wandered, nor did pray that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
Thy love has sought and found me, Lord, and now,
Lead Thou me on.
May Thy Good Spirit ever by Thy Word,
Keep me from garish forms, true Light afford.

3 Should guilty doubts and fears my soul oppress,
Still lead me on;
O Light of Life! show forth Thy Righteousness,
To cheer me on.

Then "justified by faith" in Thee, my way,
With growing light shall shine to perfect day.

4 Increase my faith, hope, love, from day to day,
Thou leading on,
Till Heaven's dawn break, earth's shadows flee away,
And night be gone.
Then waking, in Thy perfect Light I'll share,
And satisfied, Thy glorious likeness wear.

General Hymns.

607 LISBON. S. M.

D. READ.

1. O ev - er - last - ing Light, Giv - er of dawn and day,
Dis - pell - er of the an - cient night In which cre - a - tion lay; A - men.

2 O Everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin.

3 O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure Guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me, and teach me too.

4 O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.

5 O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

6 O Everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

7 Thou art in heaven our All,
Our All on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D.

608 SAWLEY. C. M.

J. WALCH.

1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine. A - men.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un -
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

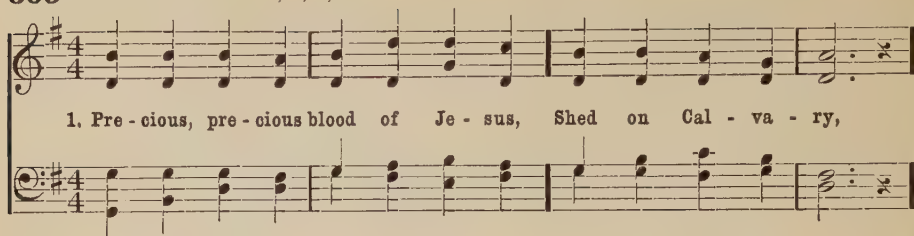
5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D.

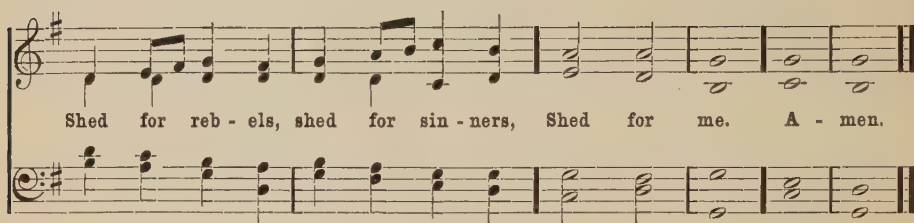
General Hymns.

609 STEPHANOS. 8, 5, 8, 3.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.



1. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,



Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me. A - men.

2 Precious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

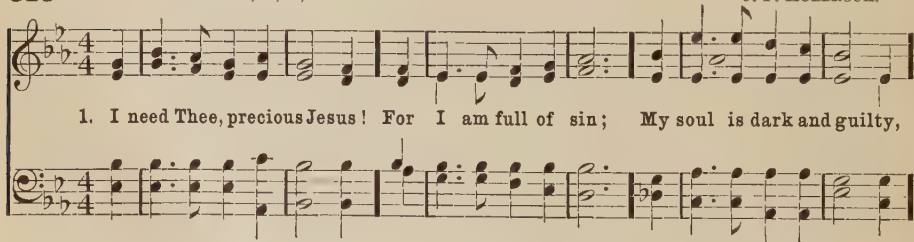
3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

5 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for thee.

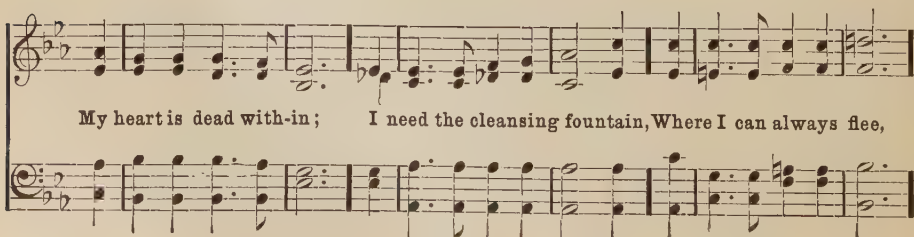
MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

610 VOX JESU. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

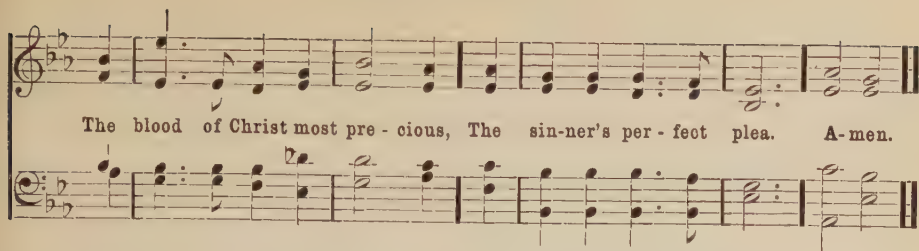


1. I need Thee, precious Jesus! For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and guilty,



My heart is dead with-in; I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can always flee,

General Hymns.



The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin-ner's per - feet plea. A-men.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

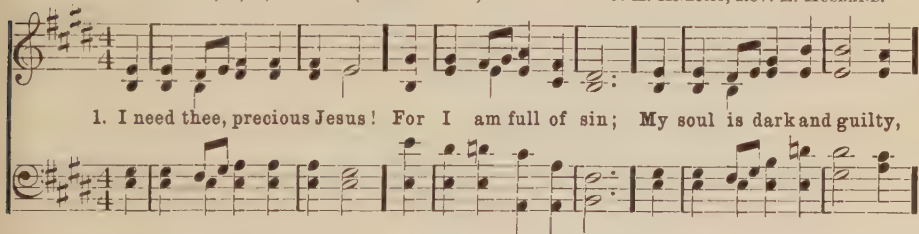
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

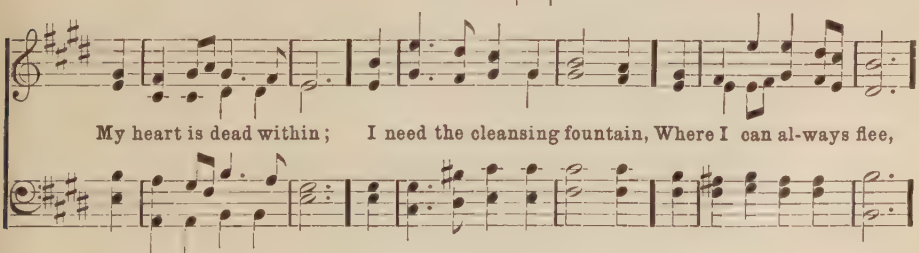
Rev. F. WHITFIELD.

ST. EDITH. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. (Second Tune.)

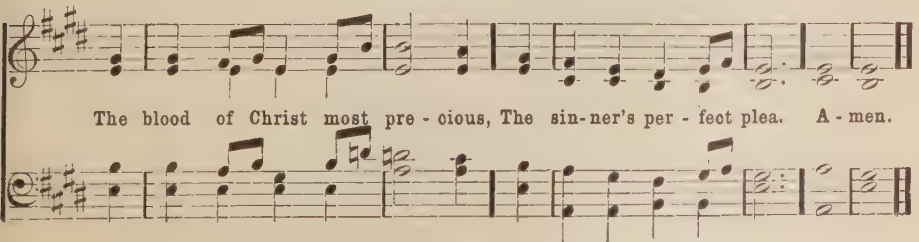
J. H. KNECHT, Rev. E. HUSBAND.



1. I need thee, precious Jesus! For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and guilty,



My heart is dead within; I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can al-ways flee,



The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin-ner's per - feet plea. A-men.

General Hymns.

611 WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum - b'ring care,

And spend the hours of set - ting day In humble, grate - ful pray'r. A - men.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. P. H. BROWN.

612 BERWICK. C. M.

St. Alban's Book.

1. I've found the Pearl of great - est price, My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must; for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em - ploy. A - men.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest and King;
A Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,
And He the King of kings;
He is the Sun of righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My Comfort and my Love,
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

General Hymns.

613 EVENING PRAISE. 7, 7, 7, 7, 4. With Refrain.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest:

Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her ev'ning lamps a-light Thro' all the

REFRAIN.

sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A-men.

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2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.—REF.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

General Hymns.

614 JACOBS' CHANT. Irregular.

REV. WILLIAM JACOBS.

1. One sweetly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:

I'm nearer my home to - day Than I ever have been be - fore; A-men.

2 Nearer my|Father's|house,
Where the|many|mansions|be;
Nearer the|great white|throne,
Near-|er the|crystal|sea;

3 Nearer the|bound of|life,
Where we|lay our|durdens|down;
Nearer|leaving the|cross,
Nearer|gain-|ing the|crown.

4 But the waves of that|silent|sea
Roll|dark be|fore my|sight,
That brightly the|other|side
Break|on a|shore of|light.

5 O, if my|mortal|feet
Have|almost|gained the|brink,
If it be I am|nearer|home
Even to-|day|than I|think.

6 Father,|perfect my|trust;
Let my|spirit|feel in|death
That her feet are|firmly|set
On the|rock of a|living|faith.

PHOEBE CARY.

ROSEVILLE. P. M. (Second Time.)

R. S. AMBROSE.

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;

I am nearer my home to - day Than I ever have been be - fore. A - men.

The slurs to be used in each verse as needed.

General Hymns.

615 ANGEL VOICES. 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 4, 3.

Sir. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light, An - gel harps for - ev - er ring - ing,

Rest not day nor night; Thousands only live to bless Thee, And confess Thee Lord of might. A - men.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,

Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

FRANCIS POTT.

616 PROCUL. S. M.

Dr. S. S. WESLEY.

1. Be - hold what won - drous grace The Fa - ther has be - stowed

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God! A - men.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much Divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.

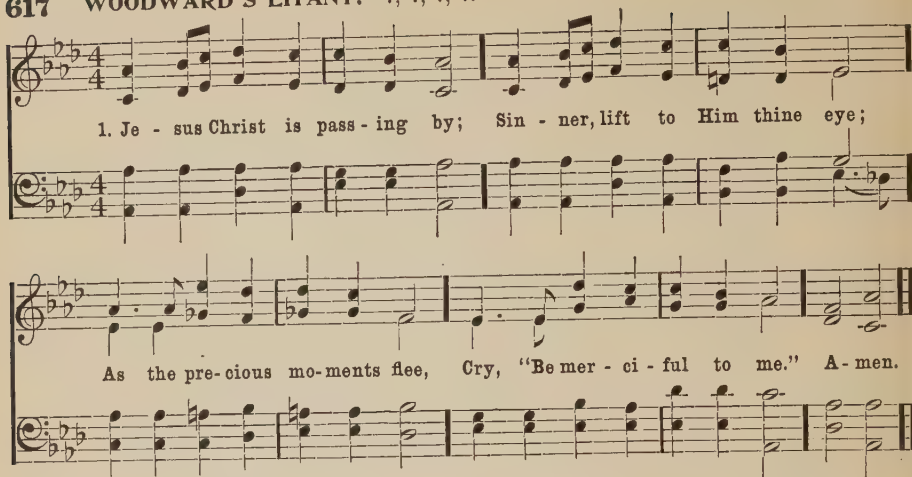
5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

General Hymns.

617 WOODWARD'S LITANY. 7, 7, 7, 7.

W. W. WOODWARD.



1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by; Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, "Be mer - ci - ful to me." A - men.

2 Jesus Christ is passing by;
Will He always be so nigh?
Now is the accepted day;
Seek for healing while you may.

3 Fearest thou He will not hear?
Art thou bidden to forbear?
Let no obstacle defeat;
Yet more earnestly entreat.

4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of Me?"
Rise and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me:
Let it penetrate my soul;
All my heart and life control."

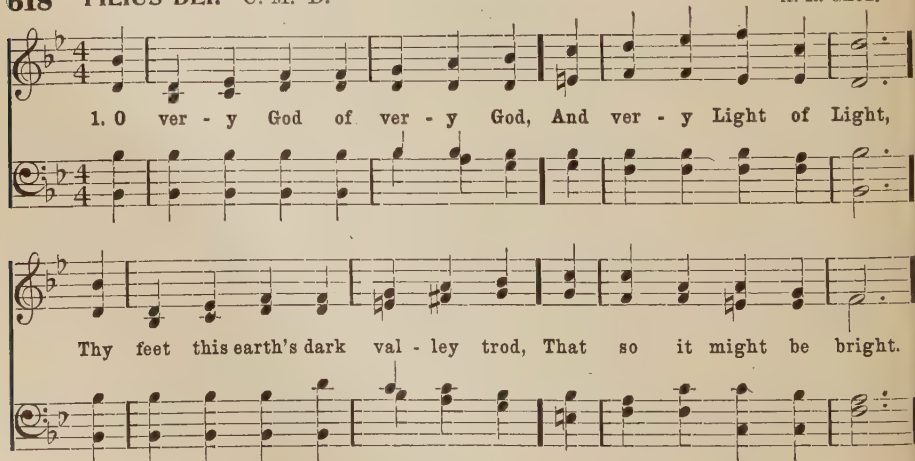
6 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power
Comes; it is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release;
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

7 Glory to the Saviour's Name!
He is ever still the same;
To His matchless honor raise
Never-ending songs of praise.

Rev. J. D. SMITH.


618 FILIUS DEI. C. M. D.

A. R. GAUL.




1. O ver - y God of ver - y God, And ver - y Light of Light,
Thy feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright.

General Hymns.



Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong, Thick dark-ness blinds our eyes;



Cold is the night, and oh, we long That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise. A - men.

2 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day
That never shall be past.
Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

3 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings.
To God the Father, power and might
Both now and ever be;
To Him that is the Light of Light,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee!


REV. J. M. NEALE.

619 BEATITUDO. C. M.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,



A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly shed for me. A - men.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

General Hymns.

620 FIAT LUX. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES

1. Lord of all power and might, Fa-ther of love and light, Speed on Thy word! O let the

gos-pel sound All the wide world around, Wher-ev-er man is found! Godspeed His word! A - men.

2 Hail, blessèd Jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan;
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man!
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word!
One for His truth we stand,

Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield His word!

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before.
His words ere long shall run
Free as the noonday sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His word!

HUGH STOWELL.

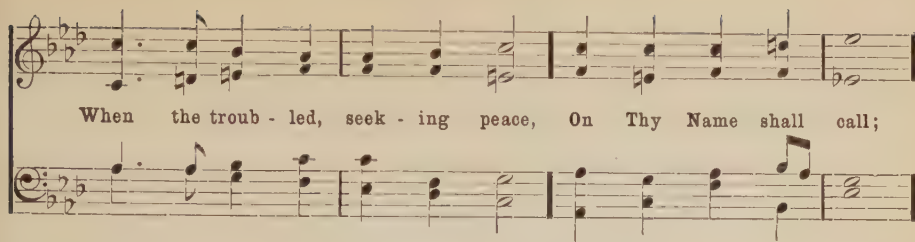
321 INTERCESSION. 7, 5, 7, 5. D. With Refrain.

W. H. CALLCOTT.
Last two lines from MENDELSSOHN.

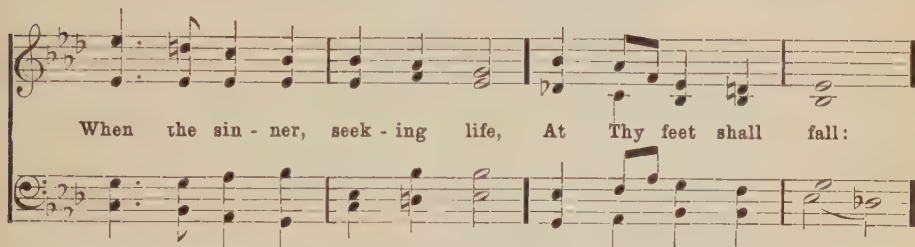
1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy good - ness flee;

When the heav - y - la - den cast All their load on Thee;

General Hymns.



When the troub - led, seek - ing peace, On Thy Name shall call;



When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall:

REFRAIN. *Slower.*



Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heaven, Thy dwelling - place on high. A-men.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:

REFRAIN.

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:

REFRAIN.

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:

REFRAIN.

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

5 When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When the widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'

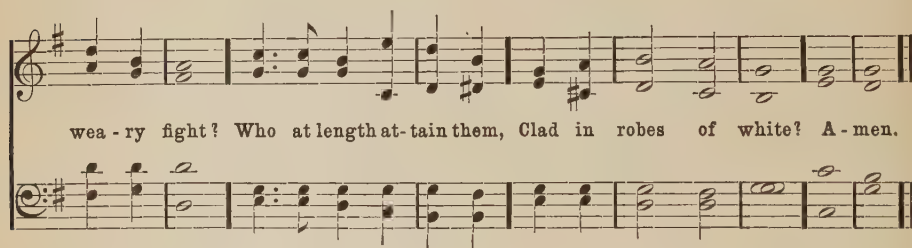
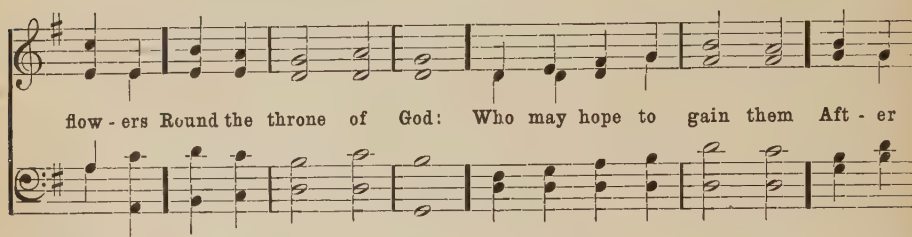
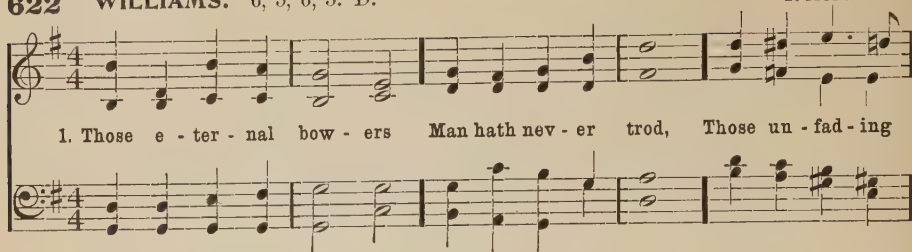
REFRAIN.

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

General Hymns.

622 WILLIAMS. 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

T. MORLEY.



2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

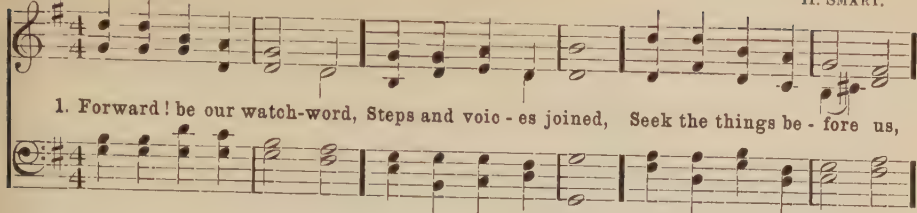
4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labor,
When He tells you, "Fight?"

5 Jesus, Lord of glory.
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

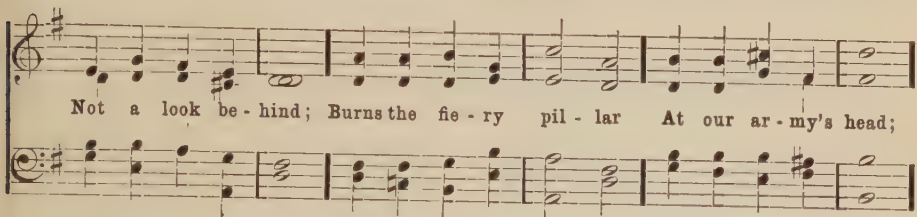
General Hymns.

623 ST. BOTOLPH. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.

H. SMART.

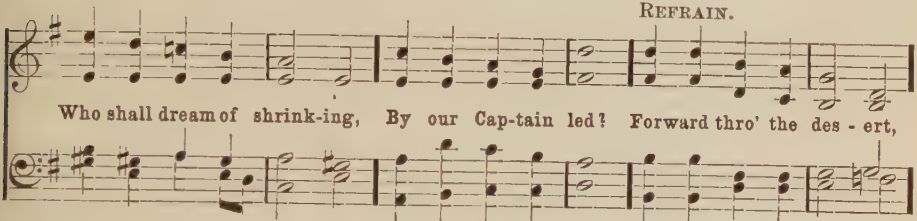


1. Forward! be our watch-word, Steps and voice joined, Seek the things before us,

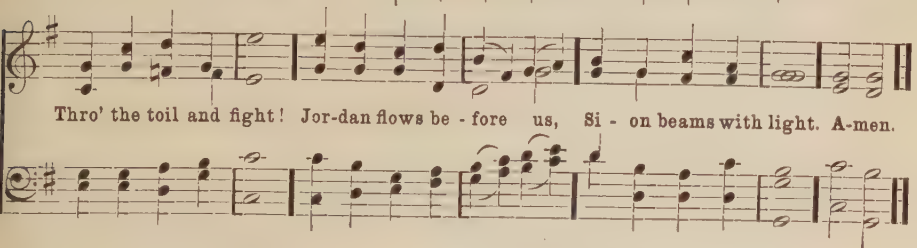


Not a look behind; Burns the fiery pillar At our army's head;

REFRAIN.



Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? Forward thro' the des-ert,



Thro' the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows be-fore us, Si-on beams with light. A-men.

2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward! marching upward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold

Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

4 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light!

General Hymns.

624 SPOTSWOOD. L. M.

A. H. MESSITER.

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heav'n be-gan the strain,

The homage which to Christ be-ongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A-men.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"</p> <p>3 To Him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"</p> | <p>4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"</p> <p>5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"</p> |
|--|--|

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

625 BENEDIC ANIMA. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Sir J. Goss.

1. Je - sus came, the heavens a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;

Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;

General Hymns.



Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glad's our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.


3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing
Till the dawn of endless day.

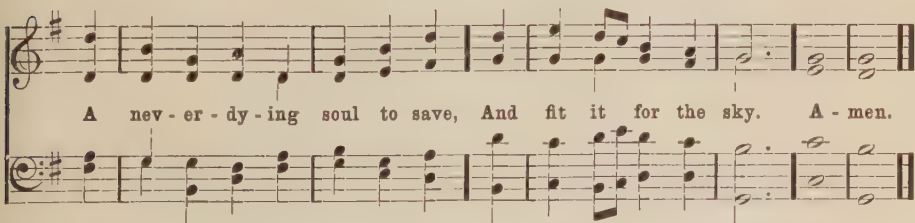
Rev. GODFREY THRING.

626 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,



A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky. A - men.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

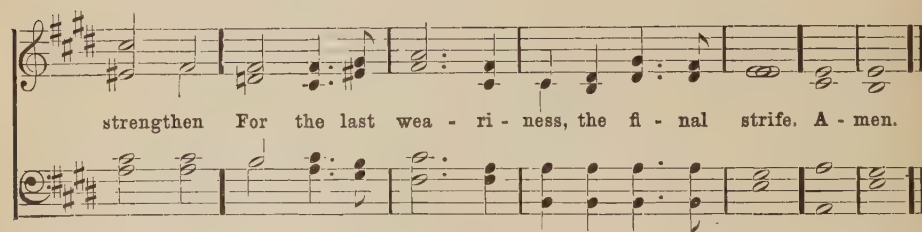
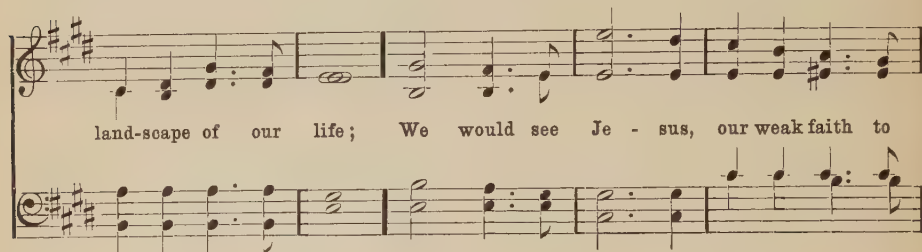
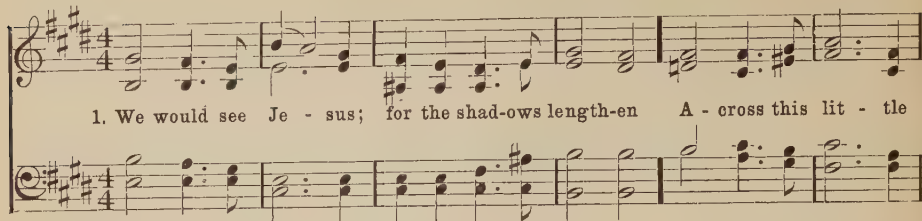
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

General Hymns.

627 CONSOLATION. 11, 16, 11, 10.

Arr. from FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

A. B. WARNER.

General Hymns.

628 MARGARET. P. M.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
 cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home was there
 found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A-men.

Use the slurs and crochets as the words require.

- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living
 Proclaiming Thy royal degree; [sang, That should set Thy people free; [word,
 But in lowly birth didst Thou come to, But with mocking scorn, and with crown
 And in great humility. [earth, They bore Thee to Calvary. [of thorn
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus! Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
 There is room in my heart for Thee. Thy cross is my only plea.
- 3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had 5 When the heavens shall ring, and the
 their nest At Thy coming to victory, [angels sing
 In the shade of the forest tree; Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet
 But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son there is room,
 In the desert of Galilee. [of God There is room at My side for thee."
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus! And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for Thee. When Thou comest and callest for me.

General Hymns.

629 EDEN. 11, 10, 11, 10.

Sir J. STAINER.

1. An-cient of days, Who sit-test, throned in glo-ry; To Thee all
knees are bent, all voices pray; Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous
sto-ry, With light and life since E-den's dawn-ing day. A-men.

- 2 O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewild'ring;
To Thee, in rev'rent love, our hearts are bowed.
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quick'ning pow'r that gives increase:
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.


Bishop W. C. DOANE.

630 TINTERN ABBEY. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

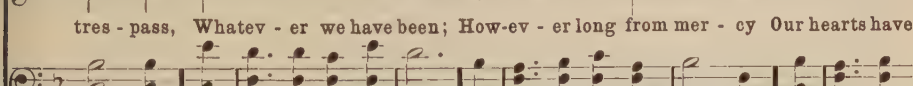
Anon.

1. To-day Thy mer-cy calls us To wash a-way our sin, How-ev-er great our

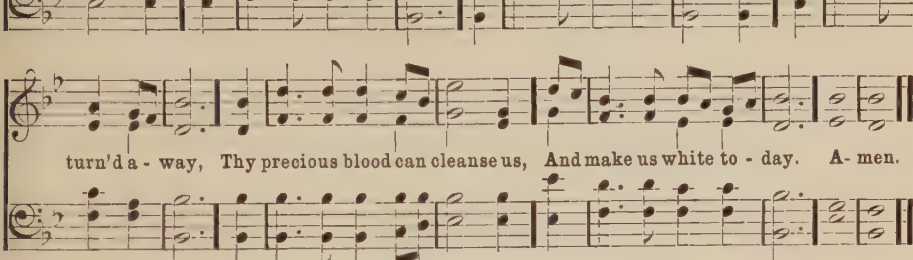
General Hymns.



tres - pass, Whatev - er we have been; How-ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have



turn'd a - way, Thy pre-cious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day. A - men.



Tune HOMELAND, No. 1, No. 584, can be used.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's blessing,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future place be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits;
His blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates;

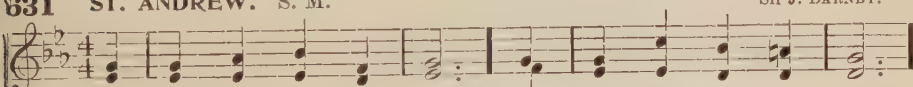
No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home!

4 Oh, all embracing mercy,
Oh, ever open door,
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eye run o'er?
When all things seem against us
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One Ear will hear our prayer!

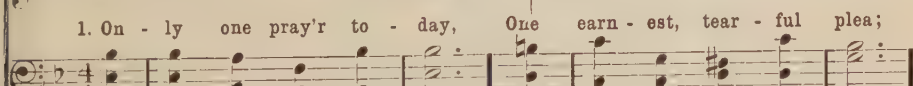
O. ALLEN.

631 ST. ANDREW. S. M.

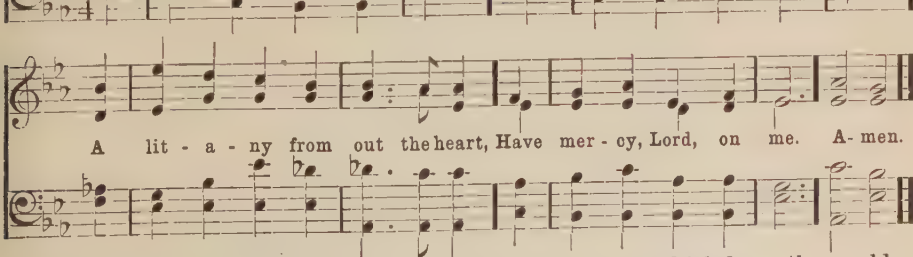
Sir J. BARNBY.



1. On - ly one pray'r to - day, One earn - est, tear - ful plea;



A lit - a - ny from out the heart, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me. A - men.



2 Although my sin is great,
Still to my God I flee:
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."

3 Because of Jesus' Cross,
And that unfathomed sea.

The crimson tide which laves the world,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

4 No other Name than His,
My hope, my help may be:
O by that one all-saving Name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

General Hymns.

632 STUTTGART. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Arr. by H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. God, my King, Thy might confessing, Ev-er will I bless Thy Name; Day by day Thy throne addressing,

Still will I Thy praise proclaim. A - men.

- 2 Honor great our God befiteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.
3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,

Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Bishop RICHARD MANT.

TRUST. 8, 7, 8, 7. (Second Tune.)

MENDELSSOHN.

1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy Name;


Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. A - men.

633 MIRIAM. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.


J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. O Bread to pilgrims giv-en, O Food that an-gels eat, O Man-na sent from heav-en,

General Hymns.



For heaven-born natures meet, Give us, for Thee long pin-ing, To eat till rich-ly filled;



Till, earth's de-lights re-sign-ing, Our ev-ery wish is stilled. A-men.


2 O Water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art:
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, Thou True and Loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

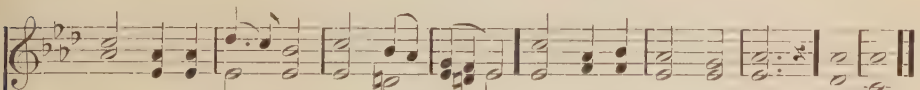
Tr. Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D.

634 FLEMMING. 8, 8, 8, 6.

F. F. FLEMMING.



1. O Ho-ly Saviour, Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,



Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A-men.

2 What though the world deceitful prove, Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
And earthly friends and hopes remove; Still whispers, "Cling to me!"
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee,

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
No safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,

General Hymns.

635 EUREKA. Irregular.
The last verse in Unison.

A. C. FALCONER.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe-ly lay In the shelter of the fold; But one was hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold,

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*

A-way on the mountains wild and bare, A-way from the tender Shepherd's care. A-men.

- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Art they note-nough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of Mine
Has wandered a-way from Me
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."
3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night, that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.
4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone a-stray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

* These notes to be omitted in 3d verse. Care must be taken to adapt the music to the accentuation of the words.

THE NINETY AND NINE. (Second Tune.) (To be sung only as a Solo.) IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe-ly lay In the shelter of the fold,

Copyright, 1904, by Ira D. Sankey, renewal. The Biglow & Main Co., New York, owners, used by per.

General Hymns.

But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold—

rit.

A-way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der

Shep-herd's care, A-way from the ten-der Shep-herd's care. A-men.

636 FREEMANTLE. L. M.

W. J. BOEHM, Mus. Bac.

1. Strong Son of God, im-mor-tal Love, Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,

By faith, and faith a-lone, em-brace, Be-liev-ing where we can-not prove. A-men.

Copyright, by Wm. J. Boehm.

2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

4 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

5 We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

General Hymns.

637 BREAD OF LIFE. 6, 4, 6, 4. D.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page

I seek Thee Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word. A - men.

Copyright by J. H. Vincent.

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;

Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All in all.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

638 JESUS IS MINE! 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

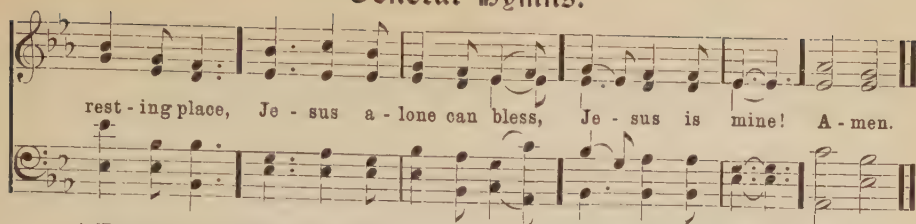
T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - ery

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no

By permission.

General Hymns.



rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine! A - men.

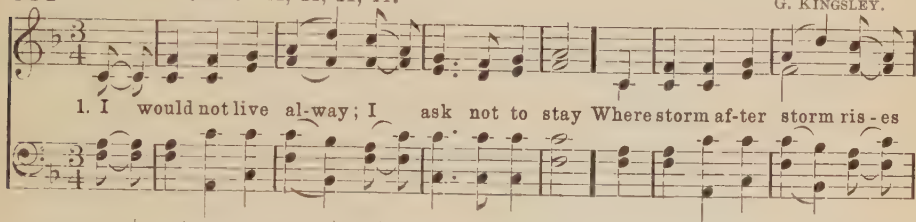
2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost is this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!
4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

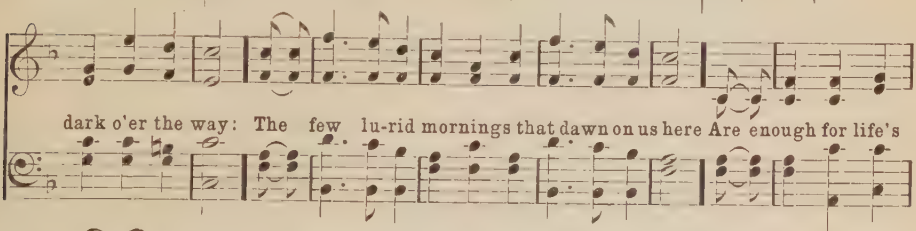
Mrs. CATHERINE J. BONAR.

639 FREDERICK. 11, 11, 11, 11.

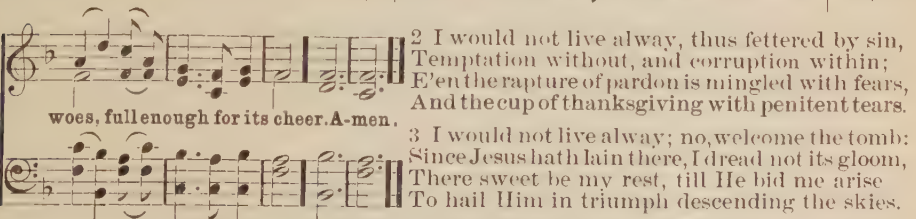
G. KINGSLEY.



1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter storm ris-es



dark o'er the way: The few lu-rid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's



woes, full enough for its cheer. A-men.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom,
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

General Hymns.

640 FLEMMING. 11, 10, 11, 6.

F. F. FLEMMING.

1. When on my day of life the night is fall-ing, And in the winds from un-sunned spaces
blown I hear far voic - es out of darkness call - ing My feet to paths unknown—A-men.

- 2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!
- 3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.
- 4 I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.
- 5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.
- 6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.
- 7 There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long. Amen.

J. G. WHITTIER.

641 HOLY WAR. 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

J. BOOTH.

mp Voices in Unison.

1. Chris-tian! dost thou see them, Though on ho - ly ground, How the hosts of

General Hymns.

ff Harmony.

dark - ness Com- pass thee a - round? Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee, Soldier of the cross. A-men.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Sin," they say, "is human;"
"Will God heed thy prayer?"

Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too.
But, work done for My sake
Makes thee more My own;
All life's toil and sorrow
End before My throne."

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE, tr. Rev. J. M. Neale.
Recast Wm. C. O'NEILL.

PENITENCE. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. (*Second Tune.*)

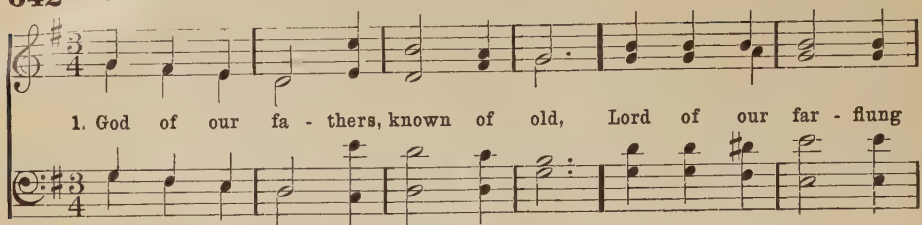
S. LANE.

1. Christian! dost thou see them, Though on holy ground, How the hosts of darkness Compass thee a-round?
Christian! up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee, Soldier of the cross. Amen.

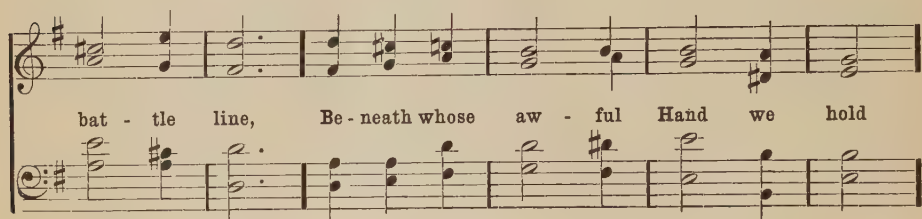
General Hymns.

642 RECESSIONAL. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

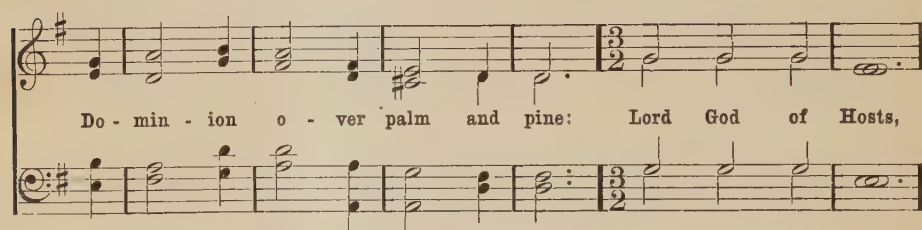
THOMAS L. BERRY.



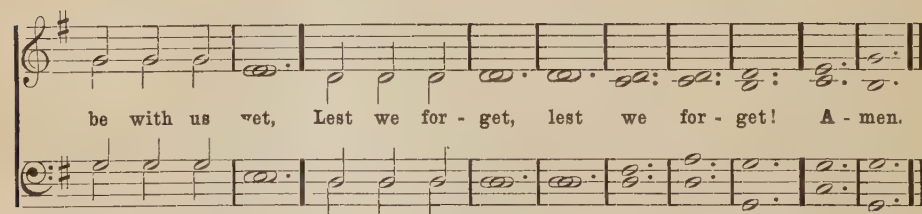
1. God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung



bat - tle line, Be - neath whose aw - ful Hand we hold



Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine: Lord God of Hosts,



be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get! A - men.

Copyright, 1919, by T. L. Berry.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding-calls not Thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

General Hymns.

643 AUTUMN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

L. VON ESCH.



1. Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal lisp Thy name?



Lord of men, as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - ery creature's theme.



Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days,



Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and end - less praise. A - men.



2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song?

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:
Thence return, and reign for ever:
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

General Hymns.

644 BRADFORD. C. M.

Arr. from G. F. HÄNDEL.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives And ev - er prays for me;
A tok - en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty. A - men.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of Paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

645 HOLBORN HILL. L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book.

1. My gra - cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev - ery serv - ice I can pay,
And call it my su - preme de - light To hear Thy dic - tates, and o - bey. A - men.

2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;

Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power.

General Hymns.

646 RUTHERFORD. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 5.

Arr. from CHRETIEN URHAN,
by E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes:

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A-men.

2 The King there in His beauty
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 O Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet Well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

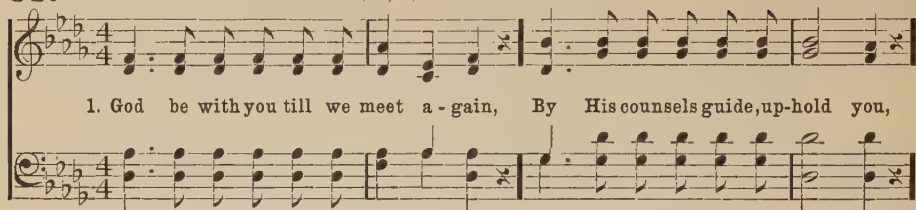
4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

5 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

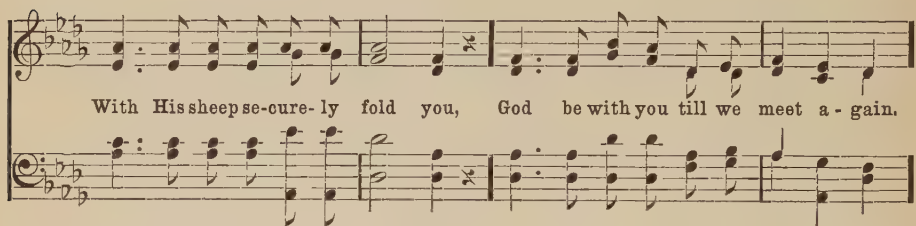
General Hymns.

647 GOD BE WITH YOU. 9, 8, 8, 9. With Refrain.

W. G. TOMER.

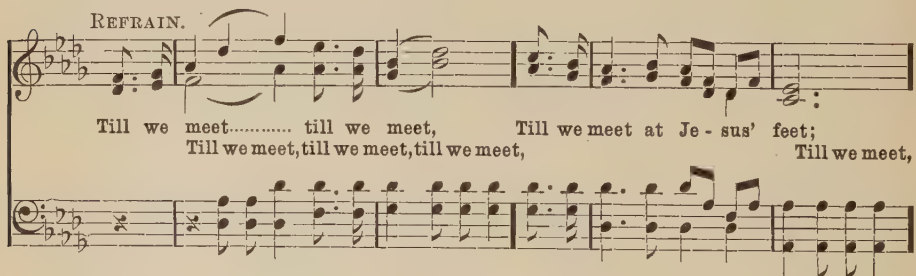


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,



With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

REFRAIN.



Till we meet..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,



Till we meet..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. A - men.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Copyright by J. E. Rankin.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—REF.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,

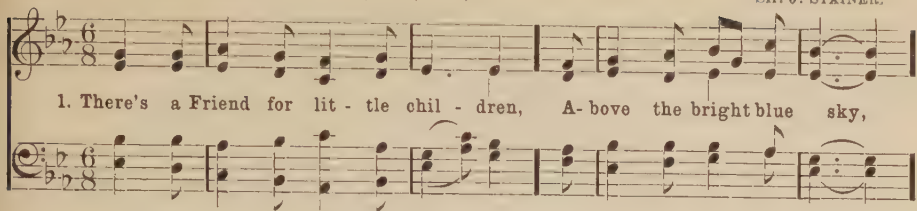
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.—REF.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—REF.

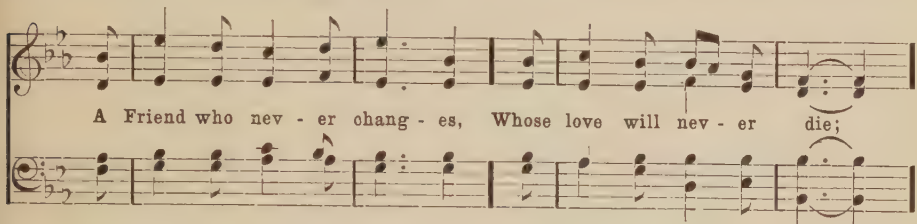
Children's Services.

648 IN MEMORIAM. 8, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Sir. J. STAINER.



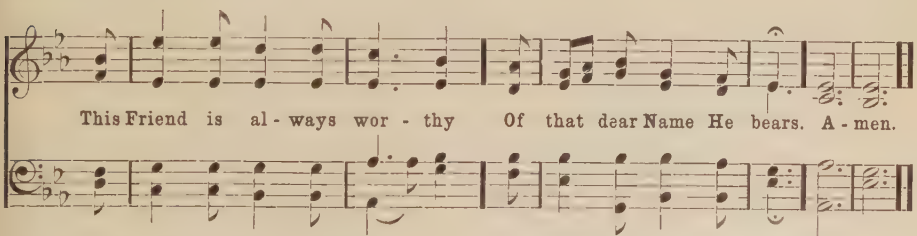
1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky,



A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;



Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang - ing years,



This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear Name He bears. A - men.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

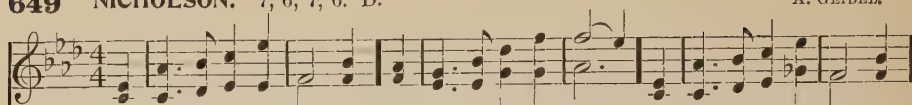
4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.

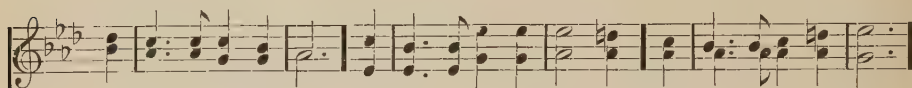
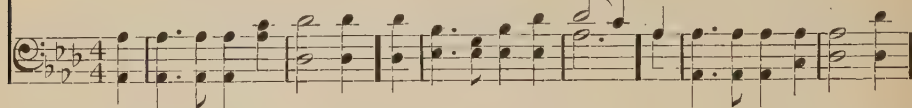
Children's Services.

649 NICHOLSON. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

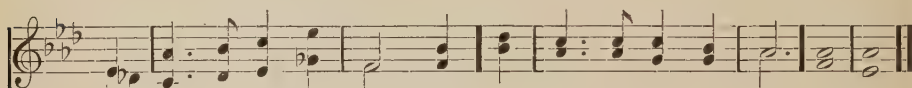
A. GEIBEL.



1. I love the name of Je - sus, That name the angels sing, And with their loud hosannas



The heavenly portals ring. To Him my all con - fid - ing, In Him my joy complete,



I learn, with Christian meek - ness, My du - ty at His feet. A - men.



2 I love to think of Jesus
When all is calm and still,
When pure and holy feelings
My grateful bosom fill.
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days;
How just are all His counsels,
And true are all His ways!

3 I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at His throne;
Oh, may His Spirit help me
To live for Him alone!
To labor for my Saviour
My greatest joy shall be;
I know that Jesus loves me,
Because He died for me.

Anon.

650 GREENLAND. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.

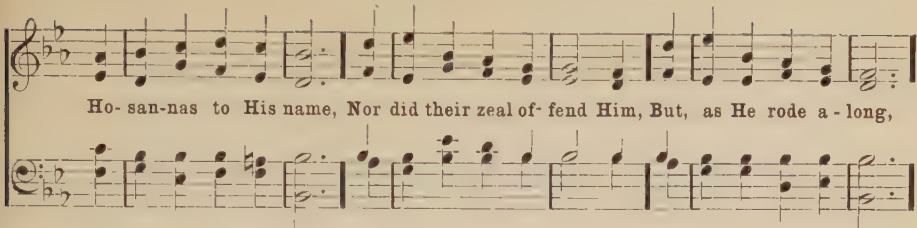
Lausanne Psalter.



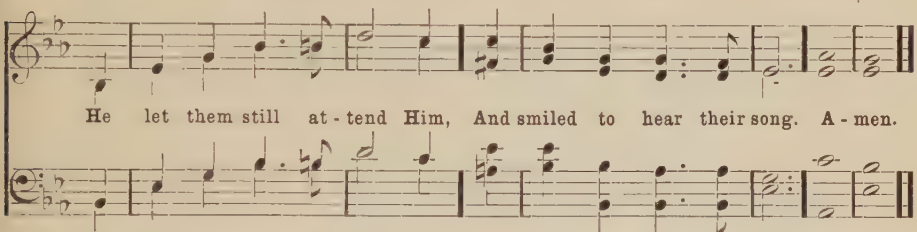
1. When His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Si - on Je - sus came, The children all stood singing



Children's Services.



Ho-san-nas to His name, Nor did their zeal of-fend Him, But, as He rode a-long,



He let them still at-tend Him, And smiled to hear their song. A-men.

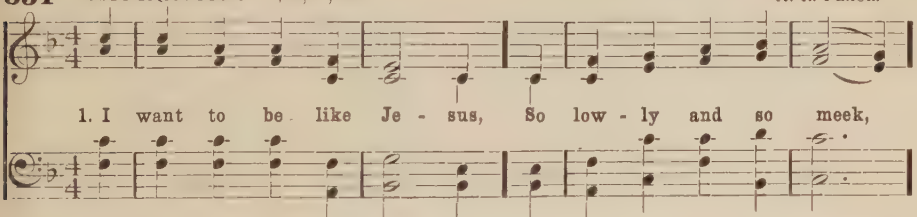
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
In Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon His throne,
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender
They, too, shall be the Lord's

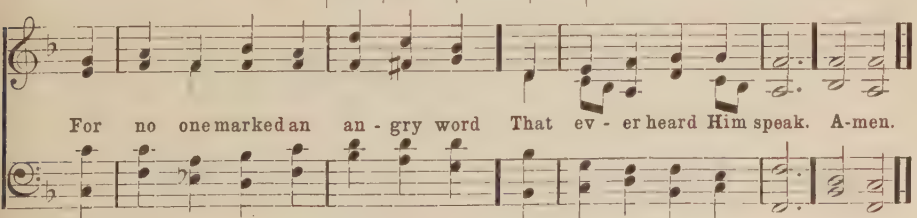
J. KING.

651 ASPIRATION. 7, 6, 7, 6.

A. L. PEACE.



1. I want to be like Je-sus, So low-ly and so meek,



For no one marked an an-gry word That ev-er heard Him speak. A-men.

2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top,
He met His Father there.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

3 I want to be like Jesus:
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

5 Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
Then, gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

Children's Services.

652 ARCADIA. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

A. GEIBEL.

Ho - ly Fa - ther, we a - dore Thee, And all hon - or to Thee give,

For the bless - ings, with - out num - ber, Free - ly grant - ed while we live.

D.S.—And in rip - er years ne'er fail - ing As the sol - ace of our woes.

In our youth - ful days Thy mer - cy, Like a riv - er calm - ly flows; A - men.

2 Holy Father, Thou didst love us,
E'en while wandering far from Thee,
And didst send the blessed Saviour
For a sacrifice to be.
In a manger low they laid Him,
'Mid the beasts within the stall;
Angels guarding the Redeemer,
Who salvation brought to all.

3 Holy Father, send Thy Spirit
Into every waiting heart!
And let all receive with favor,
What will prove the better part!
While to Thee, with tuneful voices,
Sweetest praises we will sing,
Heaven and earth, in one grand chorus,
Loudest hallelujahs ring.

ANON.

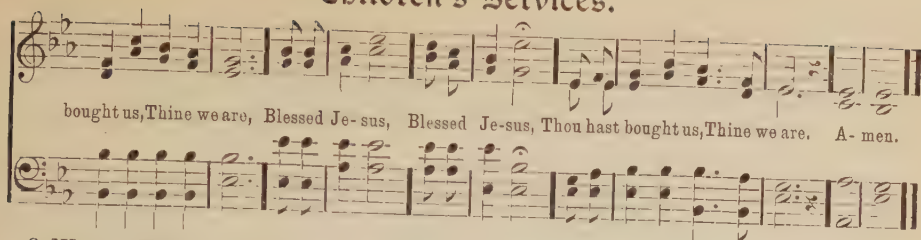
653 BRADBURY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tenderest care; In Thy pleasant pastures

feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare; Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus! Thou hast

Children's Services.



bought us, Thine we are, Blessed Je-sus, Blessed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:

Blessèd Jesus!

Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!

We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:

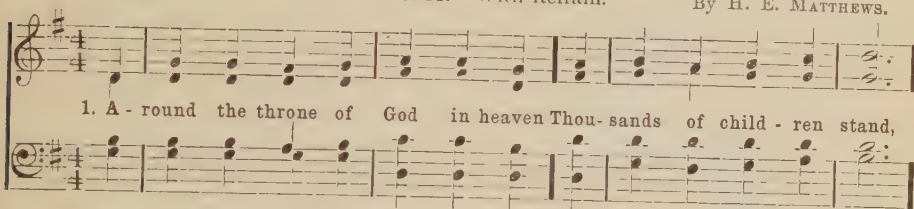
Blessèd Jesus!

Thou hast loved us, love us still.

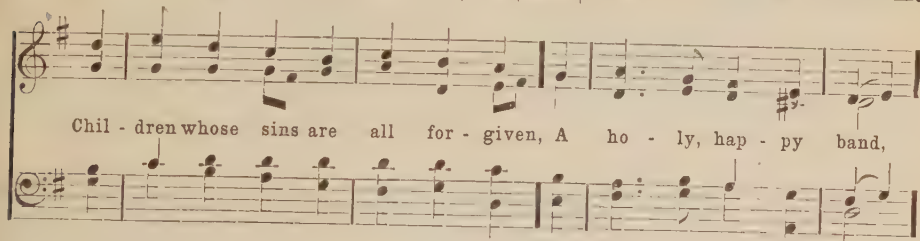
DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

654 CHILDREN'S PRAISES. C. M. With Refrain.

By H. E. MATTHEWS.

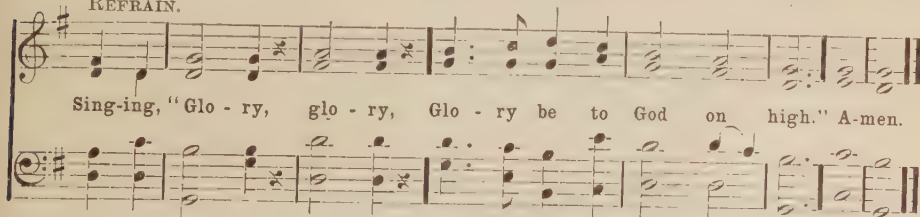


1. A-round the throne of God in heaven Thou-sands of child-ren stand,



Chil-dren whose sins are all for-given, A ho-ly, hap-py band,

REFRAIN.



Sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high." A-men.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade.—REF.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there?—REF.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.—REF.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb.—REF.

ANNE H. SHEPHERD.

Children's Services.

655 CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heav-en's brighta-bode, The an - gel host on high, Sing praises

to their God. Al - le - lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King, Al-le-lu-ia. A-men.

2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.

Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King,
Alleluia!

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art

Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King,
Alleluia!

4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
All then with one accord
Shall lift the joyful sound.

Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King,
Alleluia!

Rev. J. CHANDLER.

656 BAGGE. 7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7.

Grimm's Chorale Book.

1. Je - sus makes my heart re-joice, I'm His sheep and know His voice;

He's a Shep-herd, kind and gra-cious, And His pas - tures are de - li - cious;

Children's Services.

Con-stant love to me He shows, Yea, my worth-less name He knows. A - men.

2 Trusting His mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of His grace in richest measure;
When athirst to Him I cry,
Living water He'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as His sheep;
For when these blest days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour
I shall be conveyed to rest:
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

H. LOUISE VON HAYN.

HINCHMAN. 7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7. (*Second Tune.*)

U. C. BURNAP.

1. Je - sus makes my heart re - joice, I'm His sheep, and know His voice;

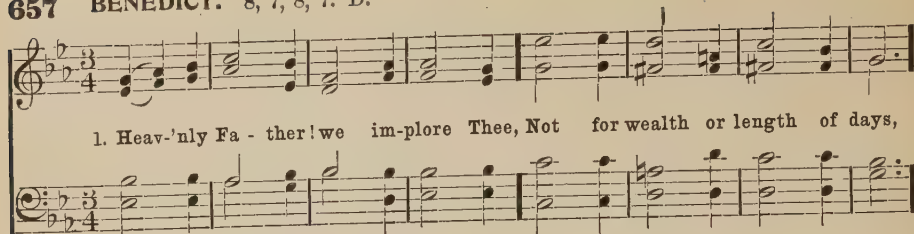
He's a Shep - herd, kind and gra - cious, And His pas - tures are de - li - cious;

Constant love to me He shows, Yea, my worthless name He knows. A - men.

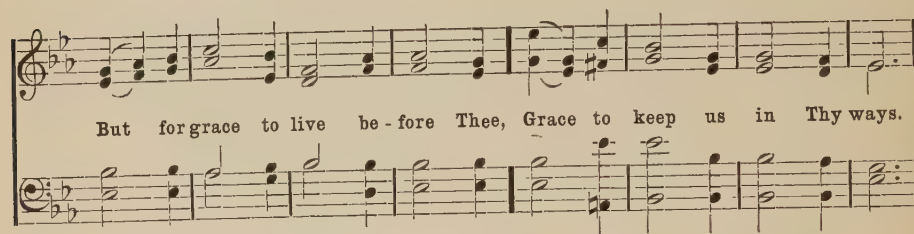
Children's Services.

657 BENEDICT. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.

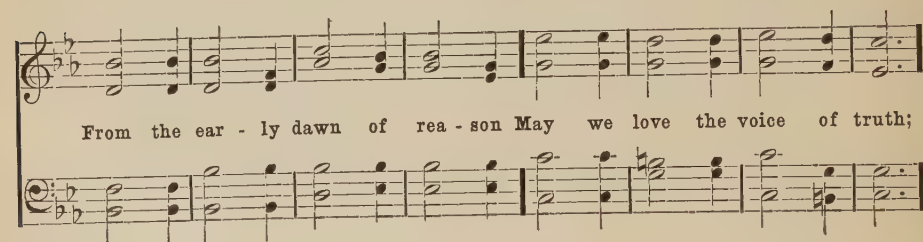
H. F. HEMY.



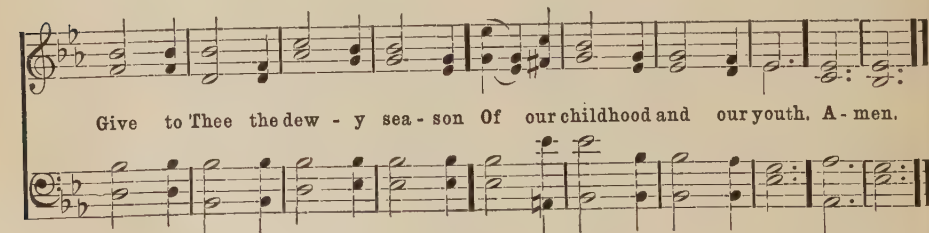
1. Heav'nly Fa - ther! we im-plore Thee, Not for wealth or length of days,



But for grace to live be - fore Thee, Grace to keep us in Thy ways.



From the ear - ly dawn of rea - son May we love the voice of truth;



Give to Thee the dew - y sea - son Of our childhood and our youth. A - men.

2 May the wondrous love of Jesus,
On our hearts be deep impressed:
May the thought, He ever sees us,
Teach us in His love to rest.
In the bible Thou hast given,
We can learn of joys on high;
Of a bright and glorious heaven,
Far above the starry sky.

3 Upward, Lord, would we be soaring,
Nothing here can satisfy;
Hear our spirits' deep imploring,
Fit us, Lord, to dwell on high.
Heavenly Father! we implore Thee,
Not for wealth or length of days,
But for grace to live before Thee,
Grace to keep us in Thy ways.

Anon.

Children's Services.

658 ST. THERESA. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Bright-ly gleams our banner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wanderers on-ward

To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,

REFRAIN.
And with hearts u-nit-ed Take our heavenward way. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner,

Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wanderers onward To their home on high. A-men.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.—REF.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace;
Jesus in His beauty;
Songs that never cease.—REF.

THOMAS J. POTTER.

Children's Services.

659 SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain. W. H DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

Ref.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels; Borne in a song to me!

D. C. Refrain.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea..... A-men.

Used by permission of W. H. Doane. Copyright.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—REF.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—REF.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Children's Services.

660 ST. SYLVESTER. 8, 7, 8, 7.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night; Thro' the darkness be Thou

near me, Keep me safe till morning light. Amen.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer! [me;

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell

MRS. MARY L. DUNCAN.

By permission.

661 SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How sweet the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar - on's dew - y rose! A - men.

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away:

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age

Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike Divine; [crowned,

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER.

Children's Services.

662 NEWELL. 6, 5, 6, 5. D.

B. MANLEY.

1. Hear the trum-pets sounding With a sil-ver strain! Hear the message float-ing
0-ver land and main! Hear the voice of mer-cy Speak-ing from on high,
With those gra-cious ac-cents Je-sus pass-es by. A-men.

2 Some have heard Him speaking
And their hearts replied;
As He smiled upon them
Sin within them died.
By His love He won them;
Drew them to His side;
Bowed their hearts within them,
Vanquished all their pride.

3 By His grace He won them,
Made their hearts His own,
And within their bosoms
Fixed His lasting throne;
In their blood He found them,
In their sin and shame;
With pre-ailing power
To their rescue came.

3 Who can hear His accents
Thrill the hearts within,
And be still a captive
In the bonds of sin?
Who can taste the pardon
Which His grace bestows,
Nor confess the mercy
Which hath healed His woes?
4 Harken, sinners, hearken,
To the Gospel strain!
Hear the voice of mercy
Sound o'er earth and main!
Is there not a kingdom
Which to man draws nigh?
In that kingdom, sinner,
Jesus passes by.

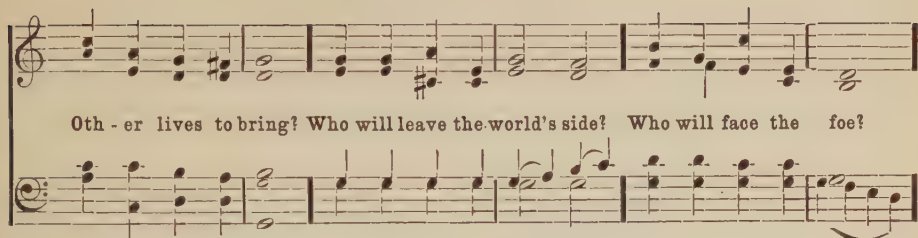
Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

663 ARMAGEDDON. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.

Arr. by Sir J. Goss.

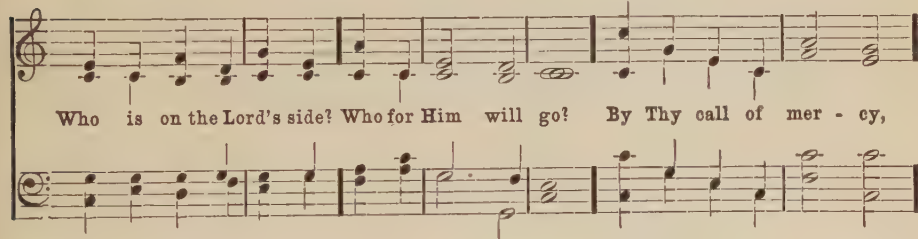
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers

Children's Services.



Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

REFRAIN.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,



By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine. A-men.

2 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem:
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow:
Round His truth unchanging,
Victory is secure;

For His standard ranging,
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

Children's Services.

664 HERMAS. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Gold - enharpsare sound-ing, An - gel voic - es ring, Pear - ly gates are o - pened,

O-pened for the King, Christ, the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,

REFRAIN.
Is gone up in tri - umph To His Throne a - bove. All His work is end - ed,

Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King! A - men.

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with gladness
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.—REF.

3 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright Home preparing.
Little ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth, too.—REF.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

Children's Services.

665 ST. ALBAN. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain. Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN, by Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. On our way re-joic-ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es,

O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness! Thine it can-not be!

REFRAIN.

Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re-joic-ing,

As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es O Thou God of love! A-men.

Tune HERMAS on opposite page can also be used.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.—REF.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader!
Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?—REF.

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!—REF.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL.

Children's Services.

666 SWEET STORY. 11, 8, 12, 9.

English Melody.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A - men.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind looks when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:—

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering here,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home:
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Mrs. J. THOMPSON LUKE.

Children's Services.

667 ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.

F. C. MAKER.

1. I heard a sound of voices A-round the great white throne, With harpers harp-ing
on their harps To Him that sat there-on: "Sal-va-tion, glo-ry, hon-or!" I heard the
song a-rise, As thro' the courts of heav'n it rolled In won-drous har-mo-nies. A-men.

2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war.
I heard the saints uprising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
With jewelled diadem;
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street:
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet.

4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light;

Additional tune, Appendix. No. 677

And there His servants serve Him
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.

5 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home.

REV. GODFREY THRING.

Children's Services.

668 SAMUEL. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn. The tem - ple courts were dark, The

lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark, When sud - den - ly a

voice Di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,—
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. BURNS.

669 RUTH. 6, 5, 6, 5, D.

S. SMITH.

1. Sum-mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is flow - ing

Children's Services.

Boun - ti - ful and free, Ev - 'ry-thing re - joic - es In the mel-low rays,

All earth's thou-sand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. A - men.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee;
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Bishop W. W. How.
Moravian Melody.

370 GAMBOLD. 5, 5, 11.

1. O tell me no more Of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er. A - men.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determined on that happy
ground.

3 The souls that believe,
In paradise live: [ceive. And me in that number will Jesus re-
4 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Rise, follow Thy Saviour, and bless the
glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort; go,
follow Him, go.

6 Perhaps with the aim
To honor His Name, [I am.
I may do some service, poor dust though

7 Yet this is confessed,
I count it most blessed,
As at the beginning, in Him to find rest.

8 And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

9 But this I do find,
We two are so joined.
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

10 Lo, this is the race
I'm running through grace [face.
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's

Children's Services.

671 EVENING HYMN. 6, 5, 6, 6.

Sir J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A - men.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;

Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

LYNDHURST. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. (Second Tune.)

Anon.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky;

Children's Services.



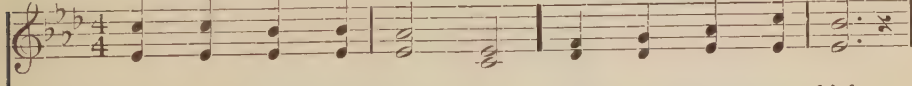
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;



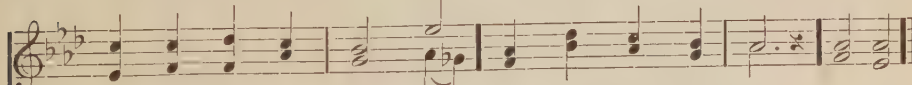
With Thy tender - est bless - ing May our eye - lids close. A - men.

672 ST. LUCIEN. 6, 5, 6, 5.

C. H. RINCK.



1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,



Pity-ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry. A - men.

2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way

Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

6 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

Children's Services.

673 SWEET ALLELUIAS. 11, 10, 11, 11.

Anon.

Sweet al - le - lu - ias! the birds and the blos - soms

Chant forth in har - mo - ny, "Praise to the Lord."

Sweet al - le - lu - ias from pen - i - tent bo - soms;

And An - gels in rap - ture re - ech - o the word. A - men.

2 Sweet alleluias! the works of creation
Praise Him Who only may e'er be adored;
Sweeter the thrill of a new animation
When sinners, new pardoned, sing, "Praise to the Lord!"

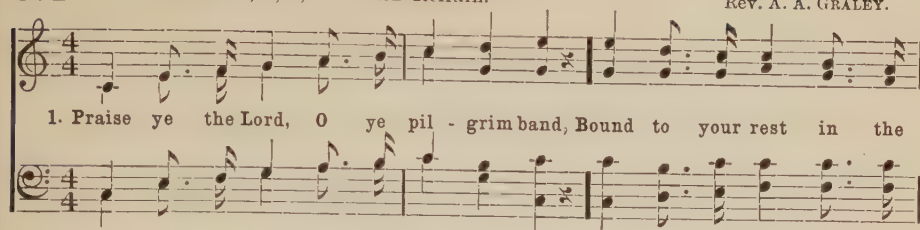
3 Sweet alleluias to Jesus their Saviour:—
All the bright Seraphim join in the song;
Nations shall start from their evil behavior,
And sweet alleluias to Jesus prolong.

4 Sweet alleluias! the great congregation
Round the white Throne shall re-echo the word,
Pass with their palms through the gates of salvation,
With sweet alleluias in praise to the Lord,

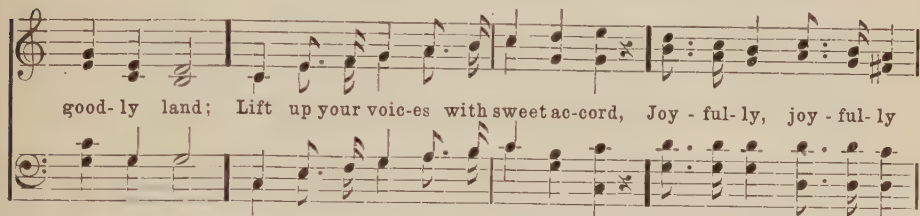
Children's Services.

674 JARDINE. 9, 9, 9, 9. With Refrain.

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

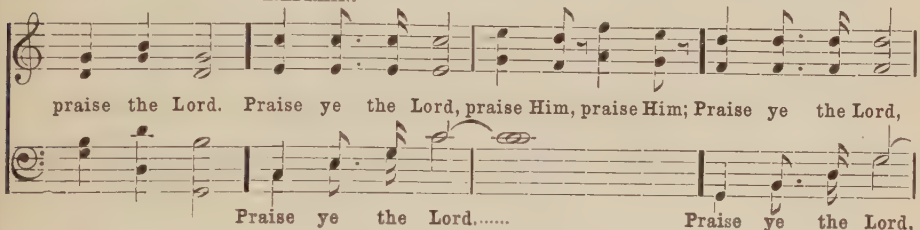


1. Praise ye the Lord, O ye pil - grim band, Bound to your rest in the

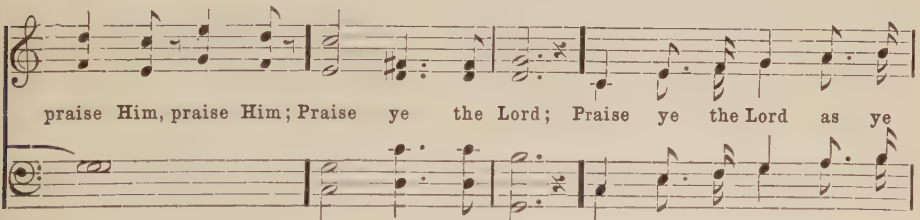


good - ly land; Lift up your voices with sweet accord, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly

REFRAIN.



praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord, praise Him, praise Him; Praise ye the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord..... Praise ye the Lord,



praise Him, praise Him; Praise ye the Lord; Praise ye the Lord as ye



pass a - long; Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly raise the song! A - men.

2 Praise ye the Lord, O ye warrior band:
Who can the army of God withstand?
Armor divine is your shield and sword:
Joyfully, joyfully praise the Lord!—REF.

3 Praise ye the Lord, O ye toiling band;
Blest is the work of your heart and hand;

Jesus shall be by the world adored:
Joyfully, joyfully praise the Lord!—REF.

4 Bound to the beautiful land of rest,
Meeting the foe with a dauntless breast,
Working for Jesus by deed and word,
Joyfully, joyfully praise the Lord!—REF.

Children's Services.

675 ST. AUSTIN'S. P. M.

Rev. A. G. MORTIMER, D. D.

Voices in unison.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the conquer-ing Lamb be - fore us,

With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His Ho - ly

arm spread o - 'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of Light

With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the

ar - mies of night, That the sons of day may greet Him. A - men.

- 2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high For our Captain has broken the brazen
Our helmet His salvation, And burst the bars of iron. [gates,
Our banner the cross of Calvary, We march, we march, etc.
Our watch-word, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.
- 3 And the choir of angels with songs With His eye of love looking down from
awaits, And His holy arm spread o'er us. [above.
Our march to the golden Sion, We march, we march, etc.
- 4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the conquering Lamb before us,
With His eye of love looking down from
And His holy arm spread o'er us. [above.
We march, we march, etc.

Children's Services.

MARCH TO VICTORY. P. M. (Second Tune.)

Sir J. BARNBY.

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the con-quer-ing Lamb be-fore us, With His

lov-ing eye looking down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His

FINE. Last verse only.

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, o'er us. A-men. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,

With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to fight the ar - mies of night,

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We

Children's Services.

676 THE MORNING STAR. 7, 7, 6, 6, 7.

Rev. F. F. HAGEN.

SOLO.

1. Morn-ing Star, Thy cheer-ing light Can dis - pel the gloom of night;

CHORUS.

Morn-ing Star, Thy cheer-ing light Can dis - pel the gloom of night;

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

Light Divine, come and shine, Come and shine, Light Divine, In this darksome heart of mine.

2 Thine effulgence, glorious Light,
Far exceeds the sun so bright;
Jesus, Thou canst bestow,
Canst bestow, Jesus, Thou,
More than thousand suns can do.

3 Joyful beam, Thy light we see,
Willingly we follow Thee;
Fairest Star, near and far,
Near and far, Fairest Star,
Christ as God we Thee revere.

4 Therefore, oh! Thou Light divine,
Come without delay and shine,
Jesus, come make Thy home,
Make Thy home, Jesus, come,
In my heart; Lord Jesus, come.

Tr. Rev. M. HOUSER

Dorologies

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 S. M.
 We give Thee glory, Lord,
 Thy majesty adore;
 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 We bless for evermore. Amen.</p> <p>2 S. M. D.
 Thee, Father, Spirit, Son,
 We joyfully adore;
 We bless the Eternal Three in One,
 Who reigns for evermore;
 Thou glorious Trinity,
 By earth and heaven adored,
 We glorify, we worship Thee,
 The universal Lord. Amen.</p> <p>3 C. M.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.</p> <p>4 C. M. D.
 The God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by His redeeming Word
 And new-creating Breath;
 To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit all-Divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join. Amen.</p> <p>5 L. M.
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.</p> <p>6 L. M.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given
 By all on earth and all in heaven. Amen.</p> <p>7 L. M. D.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, praise be given,
 The everlasting Three in One,
 Adored by all in earth and heaven;
 As was in circling ages past,
 Is now, and shall for ever be,
 While saints their crowns of glory cast
 Before Thy Throne, blest Trinity. Amen.</p> <p>8 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
 To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 All praise be given;
 Crown Him in every song;
 To Him your hearts belong,
 Let all His praise prolong
 On earth, in heaven. Amen.</p> <p>9 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
 O God, for ever blest,
 To Thee all praise be given;
 Thy Name Triune confess
 By all in earth and heaven;
 As heretofore it was, is now,
 And shall be so for evermore. Amen.</p> | <p>10 7, 6, 7, 6. D.
 Great God of earth and heaven
 To Thee our songs we raise;
 To Thee be glory given
 And everlasting praise;
 We joyfully confess Thee,
 Eternal Triune God;
 We magnify, we bless Thee,
 And spread Thy praise abroad. Amen.</p> <p>11 7, 7, 7, 7.
 Sing we to our God above
 Praise eternal as His love;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.</p> <p>12 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
 Praise the Name of God most High,
 Praise Him, all below the sky,
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.</p> <p>13 7, 7, 7, 7. D.
 Praise our glorious King and Lord,
 Angels waiting on His word,
 Saints that walk with Him in white,
 Pilgrims walking in His light:
 Glory to the Eternal One,
 Glory to His Only Son,
 Glory to the Spirit be,
 Now, and through eternity. Amen.</p> <p>14 8, 7, 8, 7.
 Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days. Amen.</p> <p>15 8, 7, 8, 7, 4. 7, or 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
 Glory be to God the Father,
 Glory be to God the Son,
 Glory be to God the Spirit,
 Great Jehovah, Three in One:
 Glory, glory.
 While eternal ages run. Amen.</p> <p>16 8, 7, 8, 7. D.
 Praise the God of all creation
 Praise the Father's boundless love;
 Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
 Priest and King enthroned above;
 Praise the Fountain of Salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live:
 Undivided adoration
 To the One Jehovah give. Amen.</p> <p>17 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven;
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.</p> <p>18 10, 10, 10, 10.
 To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal praise and worship be address;
 From age to age, ye saints, His name adore,
 And spread His fame, till time shall be no more.
 —Amen</p> |
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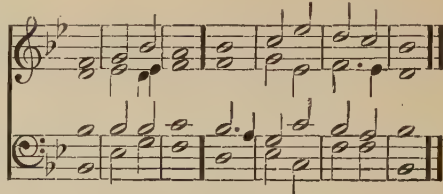
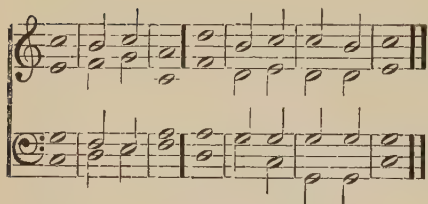
Venite Exultemus.

1

Dr. W. Hayes.

2

Sir. George Elvey.

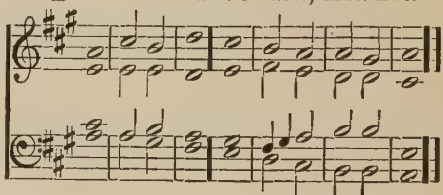
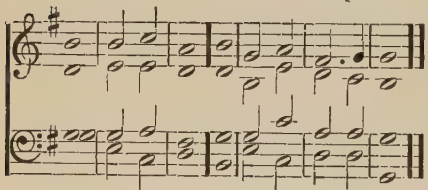


3

E. J. Hopkins.

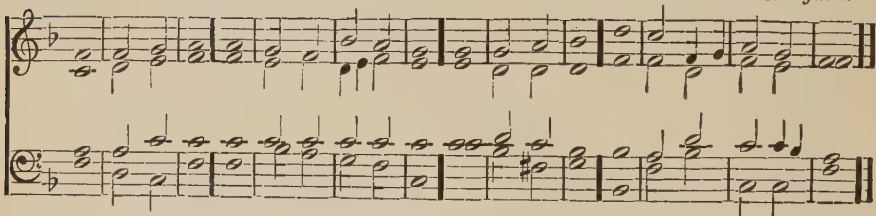
4

Sir. J. Goss, Mus. Doc.



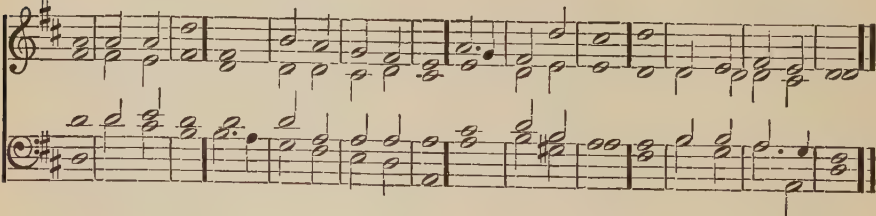
5

Langdon.



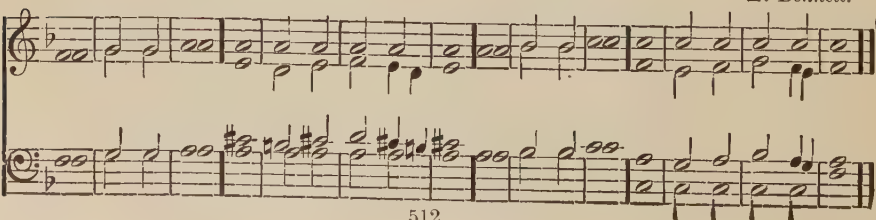
6

Dr. R. Woodward.



7

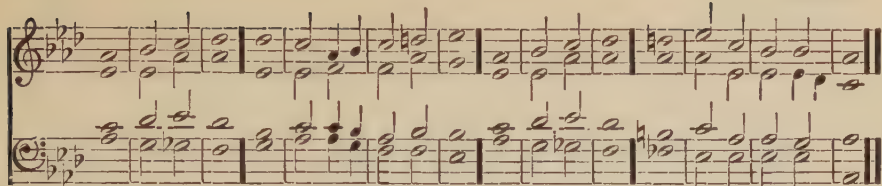
A. Bennett.



MORNING PRAYER.

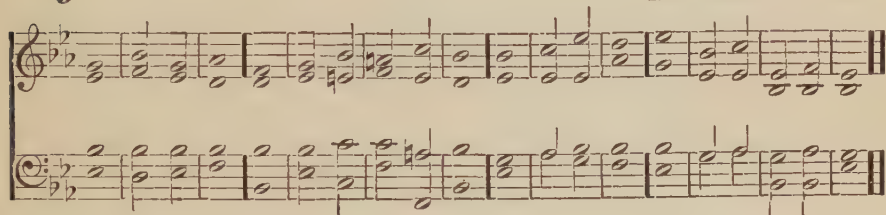
8

G. F. Lumsden.



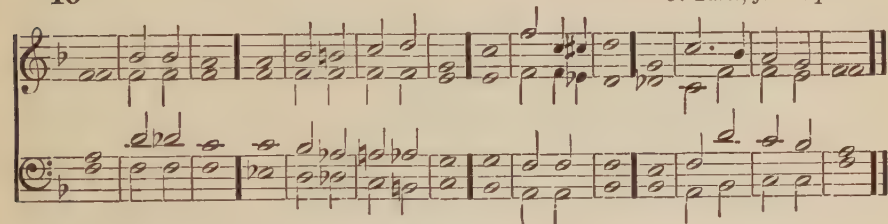
9

Rev. Rowland W. Mott.



10

J. Turle, from Spohr.



Psalm xcv.

- 1 O come let us sing|unto the|Lord : || let us heartily rejoice in the|strength of|our sal-|vation.
 - 2 Let us come before his presence with|thanks=|giving : || and show ourselves |glad in|him with|psalms.
 - 3 For the Lord is a|great=|God : || and a great|King a-|bove all|gods.
 - 4 In his hand are all the corners|of the|earth : || and the strength of the|hills is|his =|also.
 - 5 The sea is his, |and he|made it : || and his hands pre-|pared the|dry =|land.
 - 6 O come, let us worship and |fall=|down: || and kneel be-|fore the|Lord our|Maker.
 - 7 For he is the|Lord our|God : || and we are the people of his pasture, and the|sheep of |his =|hand.
 - 8 O worship the Lord in the|beauty of |holiness : || let the whole earth|stand in|awe of |him.
 - 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to|judge the|earth : || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the|people|with his|truth.
- Glory be to the Father, |and to the|Son : || and |to the|Holy|Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now and |ever|shall be: || world without|end=|
A=|men.

MORNING PRAYER.

De Deum Laudamus.

(QUADRUPLE CHANT.)

11

Sir H. S. Oakeley, Mus. Doc.

12

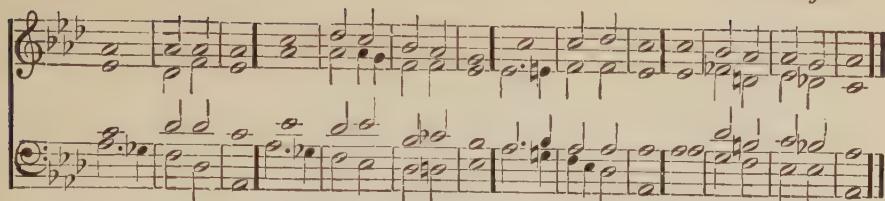
Anonymous.

13

R. Cooke.

14

Stafford Smith.

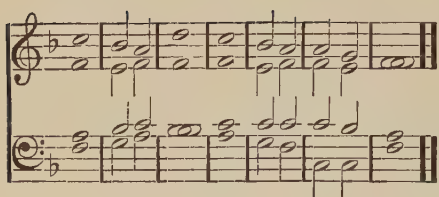
**Te Deum Laudamus.**

- 1 We praise Thee O God : || We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
- 2 All the earth doth worship Thee : || The Father ever-lasting.
- 3 To Thee all Angels cry aloud : || The Heavens, and all the powers there in.
- 4 To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim : || Con-tin-u-al-ly do cry.
- 5 Holy, Ho-ly, Ho-ly : || Lord God of Sa-ba-oth.
- 6 Heaven and earth are full of the Maj-es-ty : || Of Thy Glo-ry.
- 7 The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee : || The goodly fellow-ship of the Pro-phets praise Thee.
- 8 The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee : || The Holy Church throughout all the world doth ac-know-ledge Thee.
- 9 The Father of an-in-fi-nite Majesty : || Thine adorable true and on-ly Son.
- 10 Also the Ho-ly Ghost : || The Com-fort-er.
- 11 Thou art the King : || Of Glo-ry O—Christ.
- 12 Thou art the ever-last-ing Son : || Of—the Fa—ther.
- 13 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de-liv-er man : || Thou didst humble Thyself to be born—of a Virgin.
- 14 When Thou hast overcome the sharpness of death : || Thou didst open the kingdom of Heav'n to all be-lievers.
- 15 Thou sittest at the right hand of God : || In the Glory of the Father.
- 16 We believe that Thou shalt come : || To be—our—Judge.
- 17 We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants : || Whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy pre-cious blood.
- 18 Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints : || In Glo-ry ev-er-last-ing.
- 19 O Lord save Thy people : || And bless—Thine—heritage.
- 20 Gov—ern them : || And lift them up for-ever.
- 21 Day—by day : || We mag-ni-fy—Thee.
- 22 And we worship Thy Name : || Ever world—without end.
- 23 Vouch-safe O Lord : || To keep us this day with-out sin.
- 24 O Lord have mercy up-on us : || Have mer-cy up-on us.
- 25 O Lord let Thy mercy be up-on us : || As our trust—is in Thee.
- 26 O Lord in Thee have I trusted : || Let me nev-er be con-founded.

Jubilate Deo.

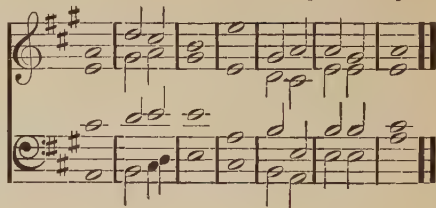
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Randall.



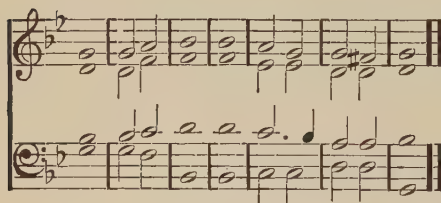
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Joseph Kellway.



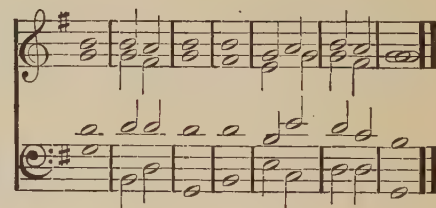
18

Joseph Goldwin.



19

Ancient Chant.



Psalm c.

1 O be joyful in the Lord | all ye | lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord He is God, it is He that hath made us and not we our- | selves : we are His people, and the | sheep of | His = | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His | courts with | praise : be thankful unto Him and | speak good | of His | name.

4 For the Lord is gracious His mercy is | ever- | lasting ; and His truth endureth from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.

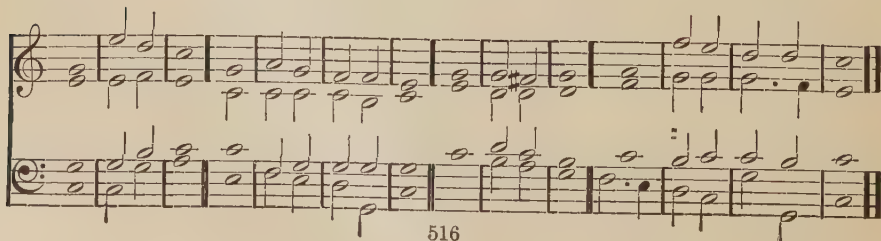
G. O. *ff* without reeds.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning is now and | ever | shall be : world without | end = |

A = | men.

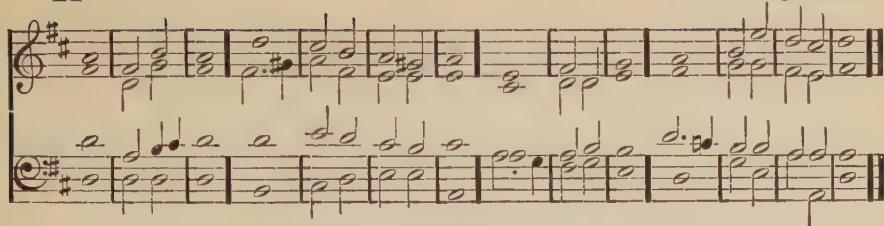
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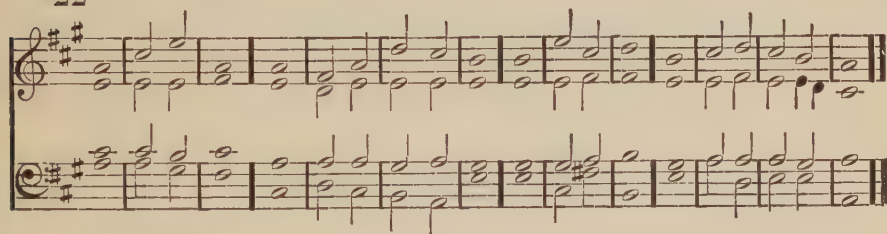
MORNING PRAYER.

21

Henry Smart.

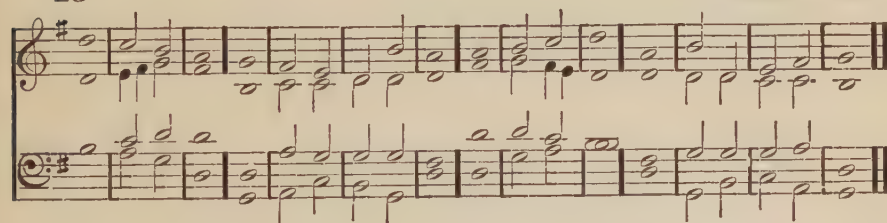


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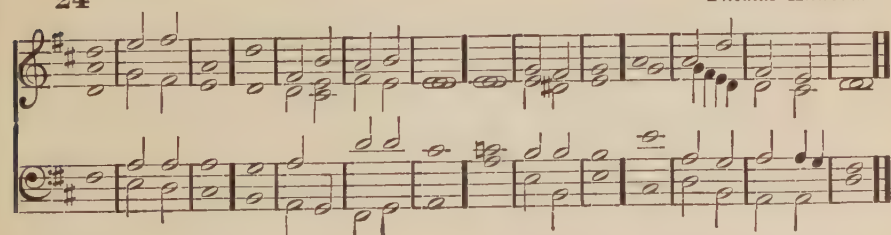
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Dr. William Crotch.

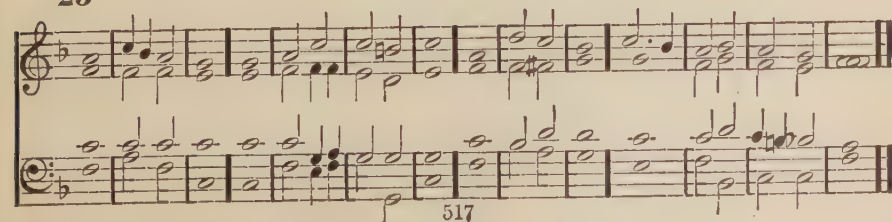


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Thomas Attwood.



25

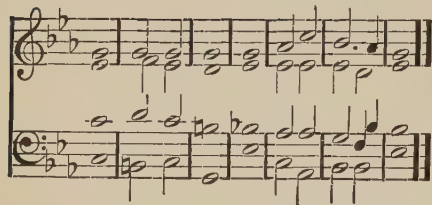


MORNING PRAYER.

Benedictus.

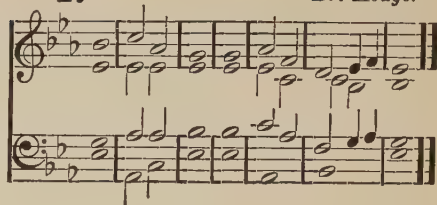
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Rev. W. Felton.



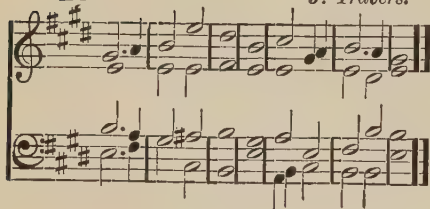
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Dr. Hodge.



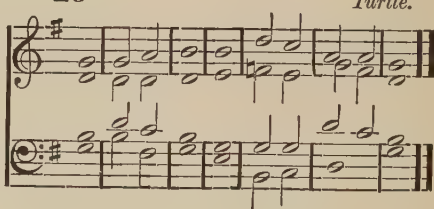
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J. Travers.



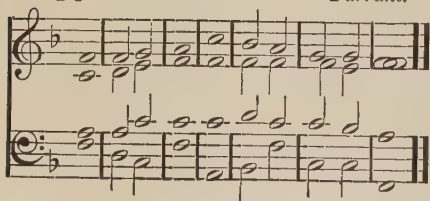
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Turtle.



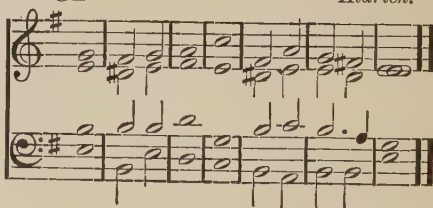
30

Farrant.



31

Aldrich.



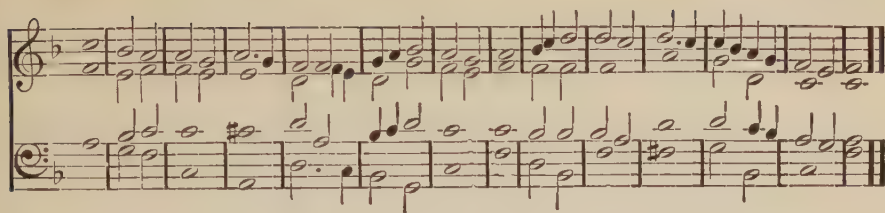
Luke 1, 68.

- 1 Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel : for He hath visited | and re-|deemed
His | people :
 - 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal-|vation | for us : in the house | of His | servant |
David :
 - 3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | Prophets : which have been | since
the | world be-|gan :
 - 4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies | and from the | hand of | all that |
hate us.
- Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost :
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be : world without | end = |
A = | men.

MORNING PRAYER.

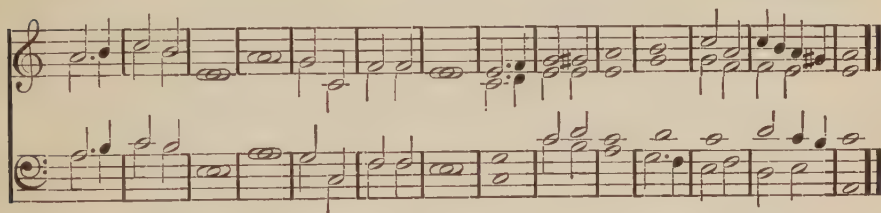
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Rev. G. M. Slatter.



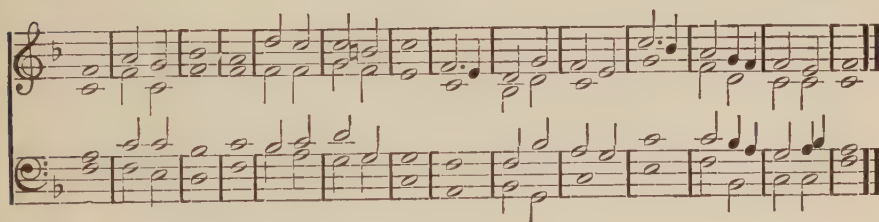
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Dr. Beckwith.



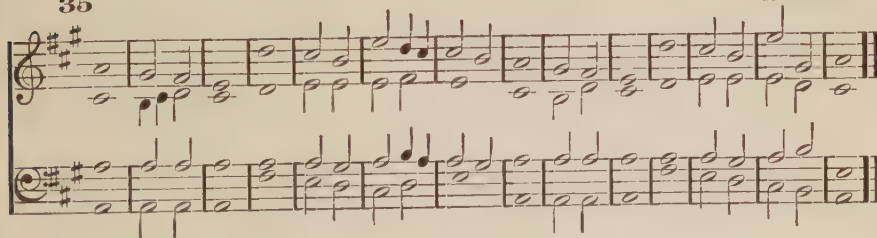
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Handel.



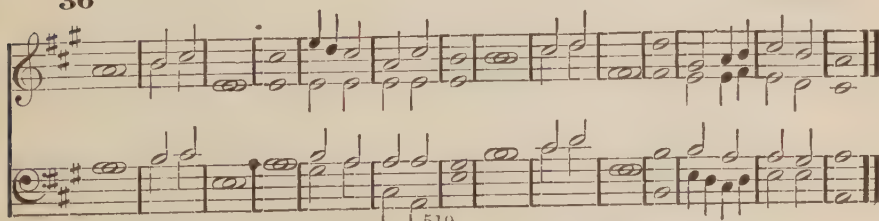
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Heathcote.



36

Adam Geibel.

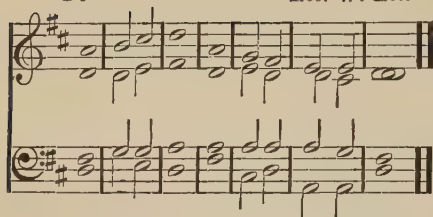


EVENING PRAYER.

Cantate Domino.

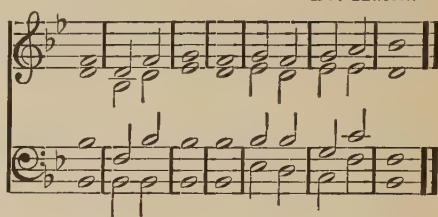
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Rev. W. Lee.



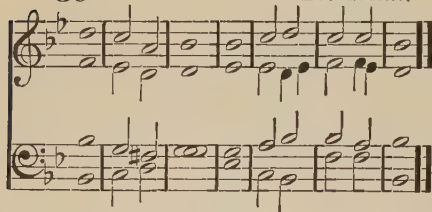
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Dr. Mason.



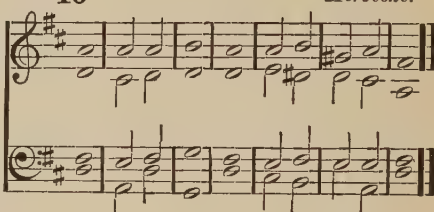
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Dr. Greene.



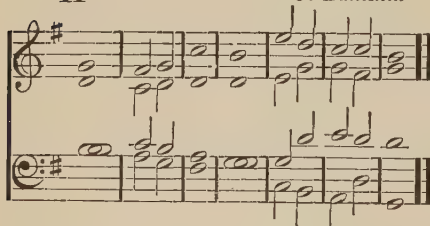
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Merbecke.



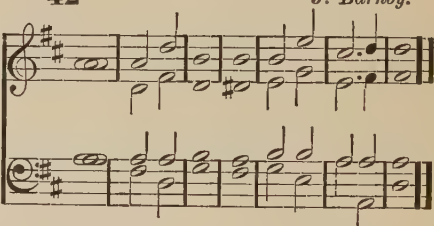
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J. Battishill.



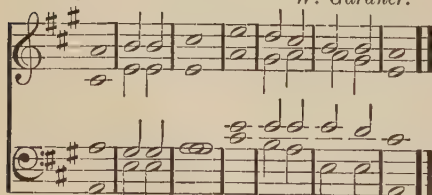
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J. Barnby.



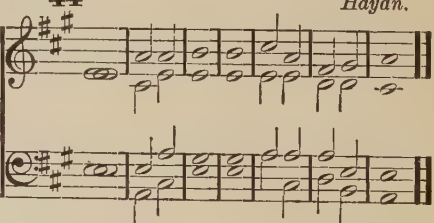
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W. Gardner.

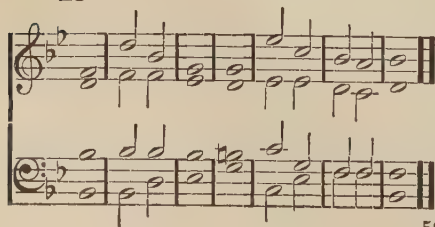


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Haydn.

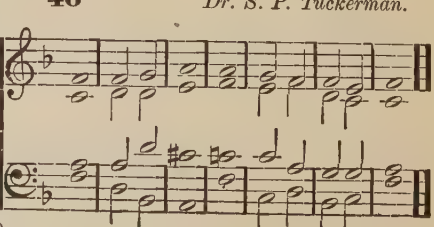


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46

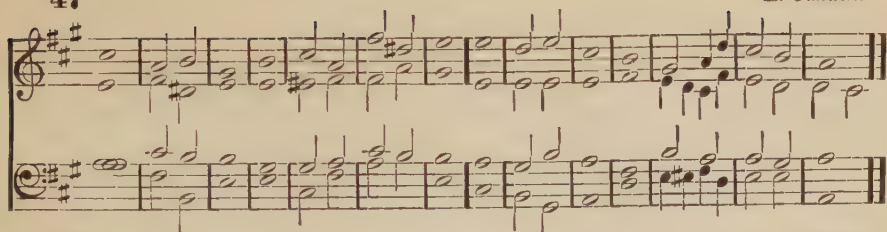
Dr. S. P. Tuckerman.



EVENING PRAYER.

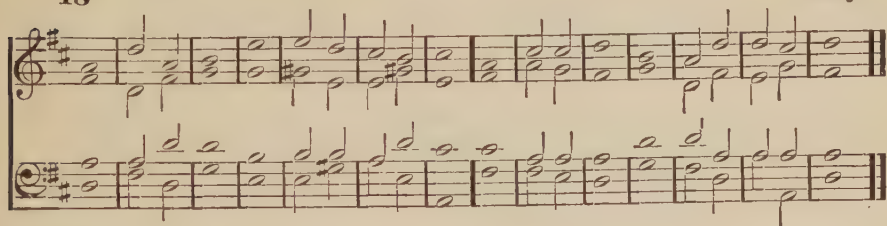
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E. Oakden.



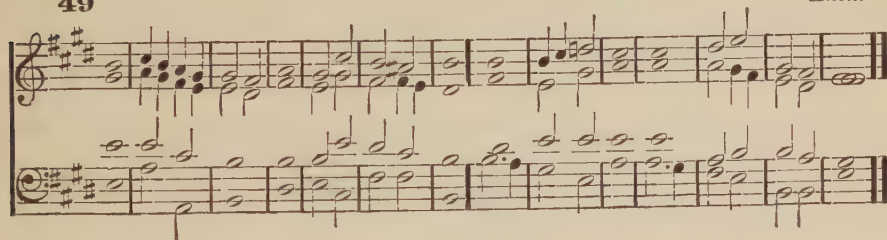
48

Darley.



49

Anon.



Psalm xlviii.

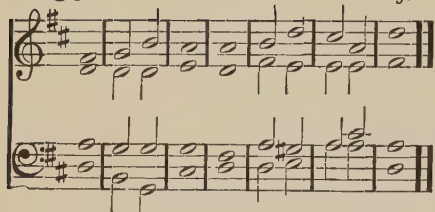
- 1 O sing unto the Lord a new song : for He hath done marvellous things :
 - 2 With His own right hand, and with His holy arm : hath He gotten Himself the victory :
 - 3 The Lord declared His salvation : His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the heathen.
 - 4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the house of Israel : and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.
 - 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord all ye lands : sing, rejoice and give thanks.
 - 6 Praise the Lord upon the harp : sing to the harp with a psalm of thanks giving.
 - 7 With trumpets also and shawms : O show yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.
 - 8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is : the round world, and they that dwell therein.
 - 9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord : for He cometh to judge the earth.
 - 10 With righteousness shall He judge the world : and the people with equity.
- Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be : world without end =
A = men.

EVENING PRAYER.

Bonum Est Confiteri.

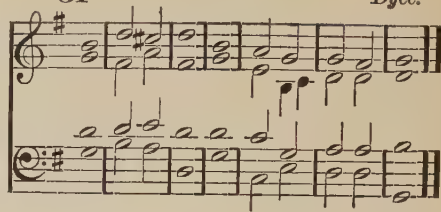
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Barnby.



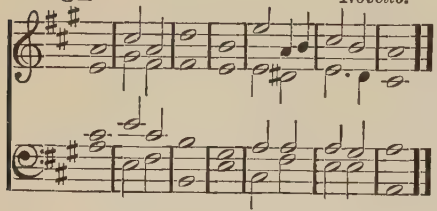
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Dyce.



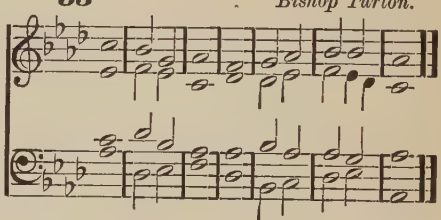
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Novello.



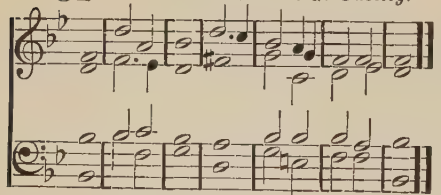
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Bishop Turton.



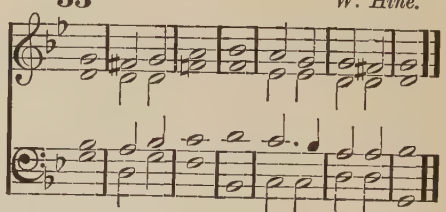
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Rev. F. A. G. Ouseley.



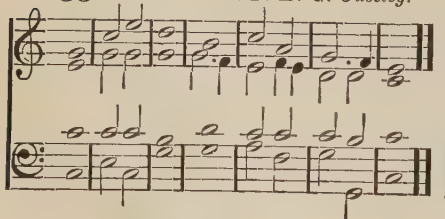
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W. Hine.



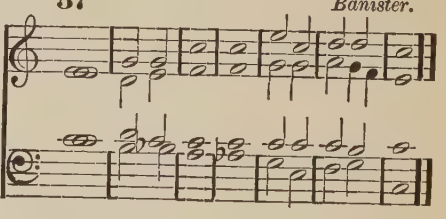
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Rev. F. A. G. Ouseley.



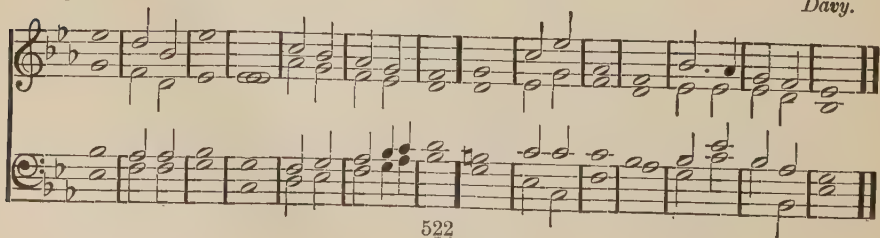
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Banister.



58

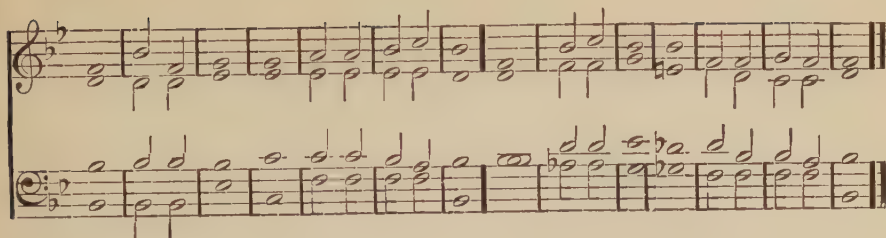
Davy.



EVENING PRAYER.

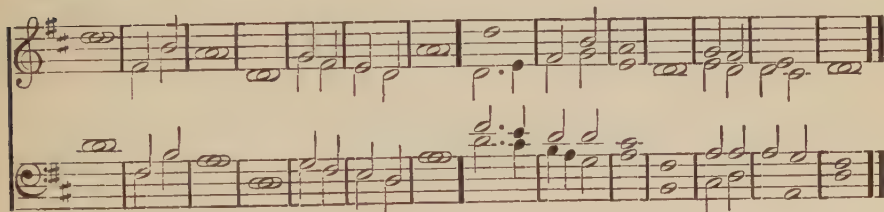
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Beethoven.



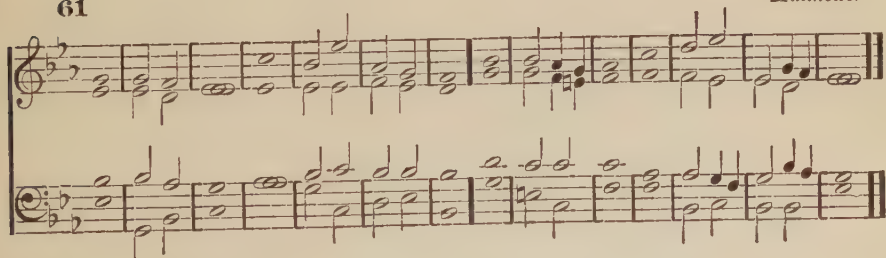
60

Dr. Beckwithe.



61

Matthews.



Psalm xcii.

- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks|unto the|Lord : and sing praises unto Thy
name==|O most|Highest.
 - 2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness early|in the|morning : and of Thy truth|
in the|night==|season.
 - 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up-|on the|lute : upon a loud instru-
ment|and up-|on the|harp.
 - 4 For Thou Lord hast made me glad|through Thy|works : and I will rejoice in
giving praise for the oper-|ations|of Thy|hands.
- Glory be to the Father|and to the|Son : and|to the|Holy|Ghost :
- As it was in the beginning, is now and|ever|shall be : world without|end==|

A=|men.

523

EVENING PRAYER.

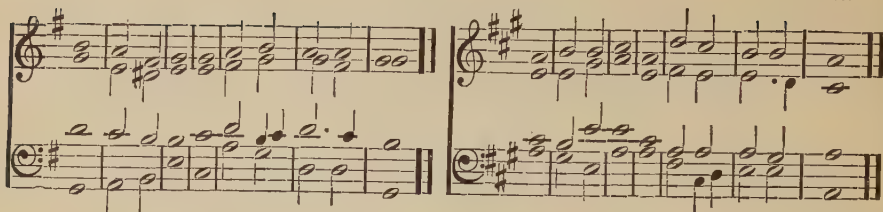
Magnificat.

62

Greene.

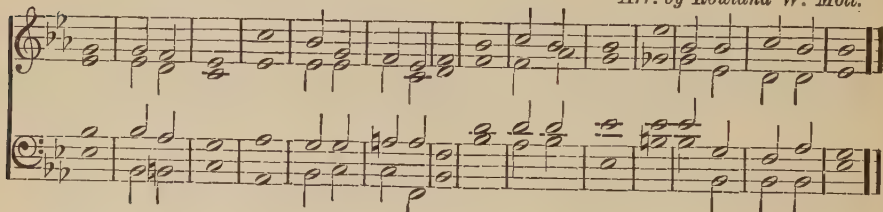
63

Turner.



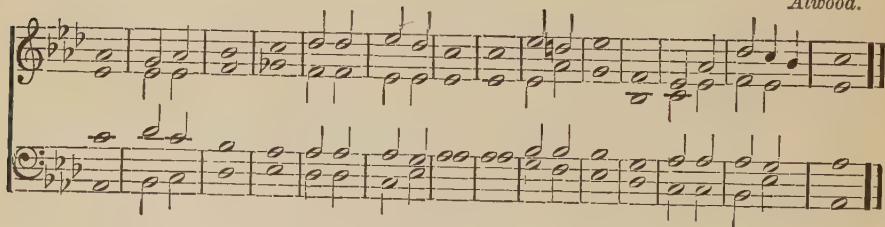
64

Arr. by Rowland W. Mott.



65

Atwood.



St. Luke 1: 46.

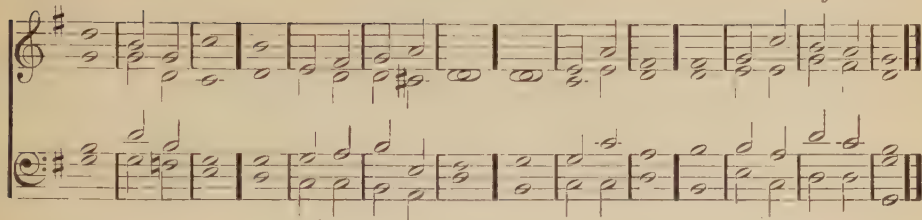
- 1 My soul doth magni-|fy the|Lord: and my spirit hath re-|joiced in|God my|Saviour.
 - 2 For He|hath re-|garded: the lowli-|ness of|His hand-|maiden.
 - 3 For be-|hold from|henceforth: all gener-|ations shall|call me|blessed.
 - 4 For He that is mighty hath|magni-fied|me: and|holy|is His|name.
 - 5 And His mercy is on|them that|fear Him: through|out all|gener-|ations.
 - 6 He hath showed strength|with His|arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagin-|ation|of their|hearts.
 - 7 He hath put down the mighty|from their|seat: and hath ex-|alted the|hum-ble and|meek.
 - 8 He hath filled the hungry with|good=|things: and the rich He hath|sent=|empty a-|way.
 - 9 He, remembering His mercy hath holpen His|servant|Israel: as He prom-ised to our forefathers, Abraham|and His|seed for|ever.
- ff* Glory be to the Father,|and to the|Son: and|to the|Holy|Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and|ever|shall be: world without|end=|
A=men.

EVENING PRAYER.

Magnificat.

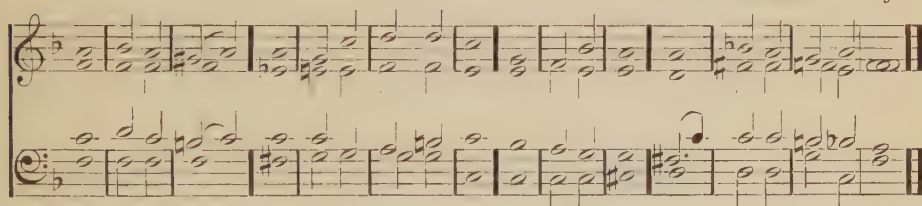
66

Henry Smart.



67

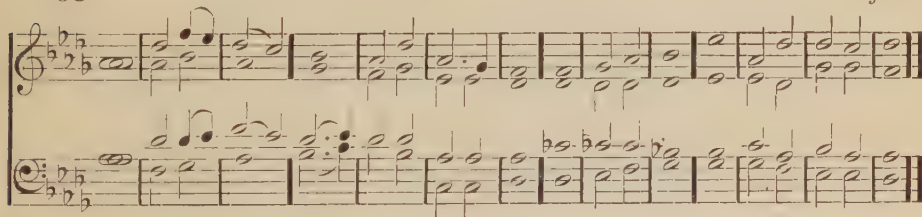
Thomas L. Berry.



Copyright, 1920, by T. L. Berry.

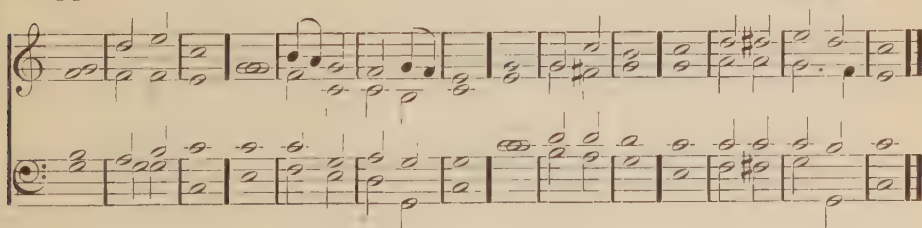
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W. E. Hayes.



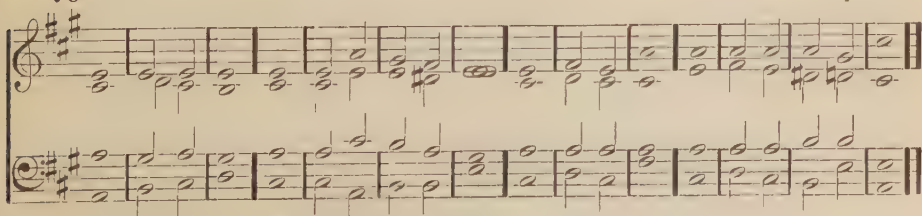
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C. E. Kettle.



70

Anna W. Chapman.

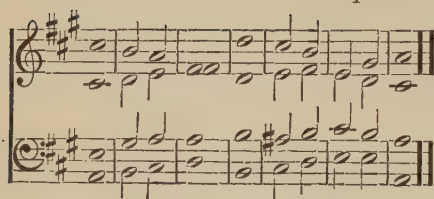


EVENING PRAYER.

Deus Misereatur.

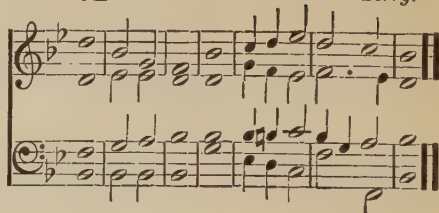
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Stephens.



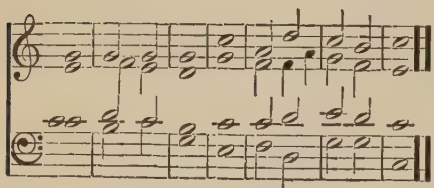
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Terry.



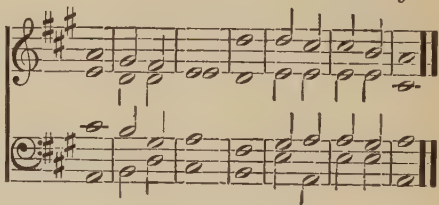
73

Anon.



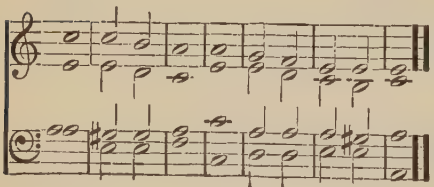
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Bellamy.



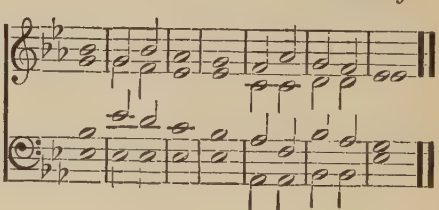
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Bridge.



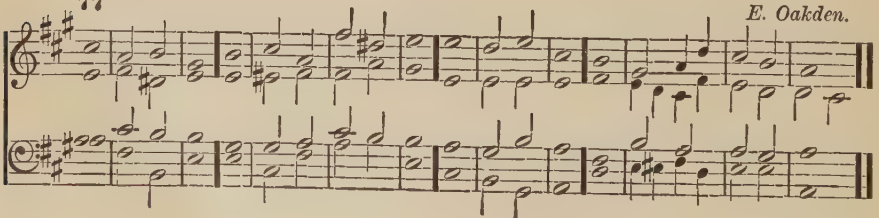
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Barnby.



77

E. Oakden.



78

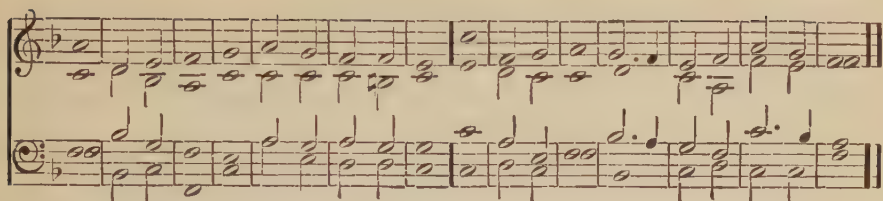
E. J. Hopkins.



EVENING PRAYER.

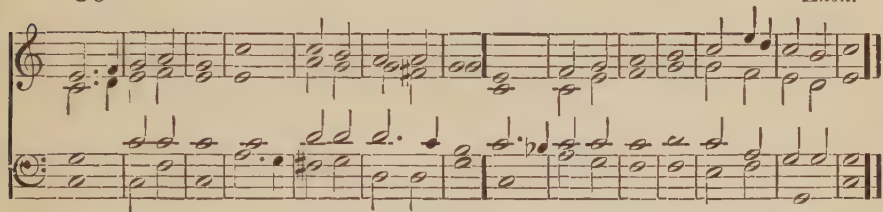
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Lemon.



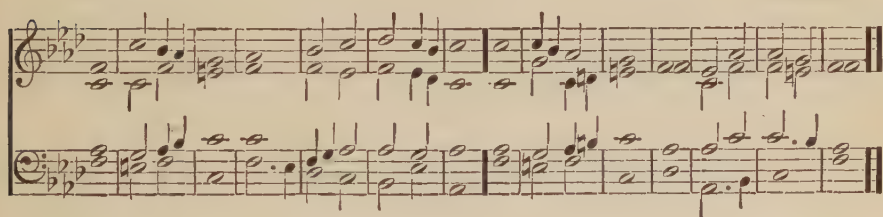
80

Anon.



81

Brownsmith.



Psalm lxxvii.

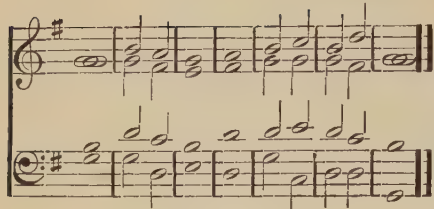
- 1 God be merciful unto|us and|bless us: and show us the light of His coun-
tenance, and be|merciful|unto|us:
 - 2 That Thy way may be|known upon|earth: Thy saving|health a-|mong all|
nations.
 - 3 Let the people praise|Thee O|God: yea, let|all the|people|praise Thee.
 - 4 O let the nations rejoice|and be|glad: for Thou shalt judge the folk right-
eously and govern the|nations|upon=|earth.
 - 5 Let the people praise|Thee O|God; yea, let|all the|people|praise Thee.
 - 6 Then shall the earth bring|forth her|increase, and God, even our own God
shall|give=|us His|blessing.
 - 7 God shall|bless=|us: and all the ends of the|world shall|fear=|Him.
- ff* Glory be to the Father,|and to the|Son: and|to the|Holy|Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now and|ever|shall be: world without|end=|
A|men.

EVENING PRAYER.

Benedic Anima Mea.

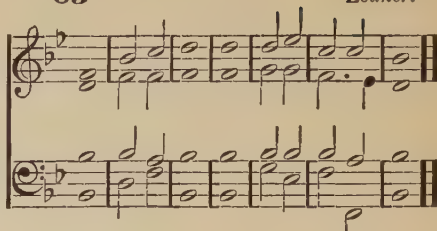
82

Gregory.



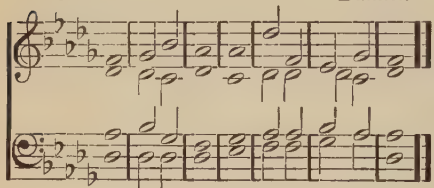
83

Zeuner.



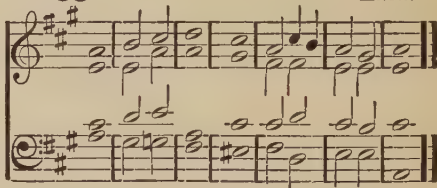
84

Bunnet.



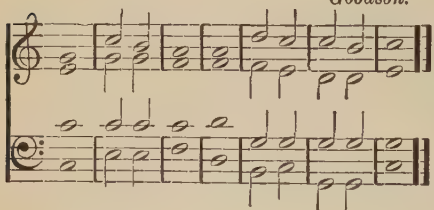
85

Anon.



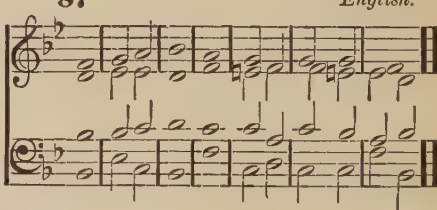
86

Goodson.



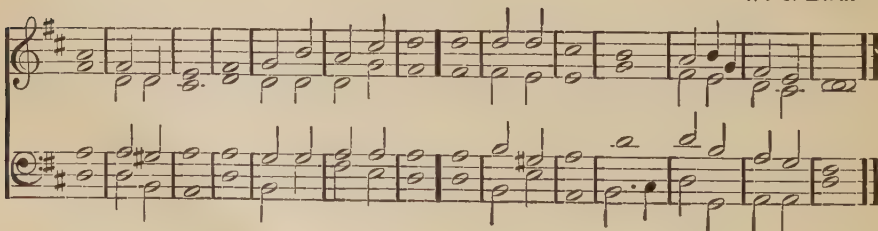
87

English.



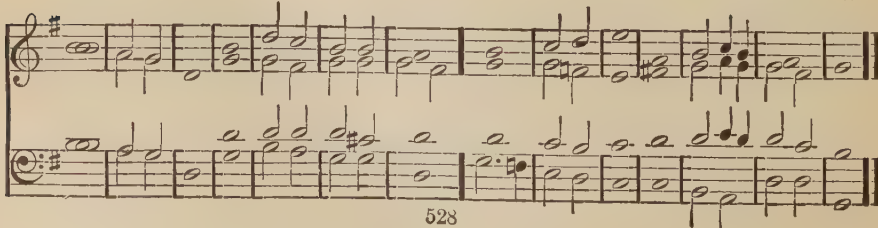
88

W. C. Bird.



89

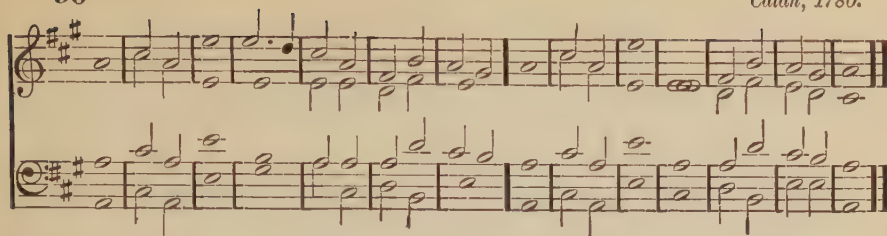
R. P. Harris.



EVENING PRAYER.

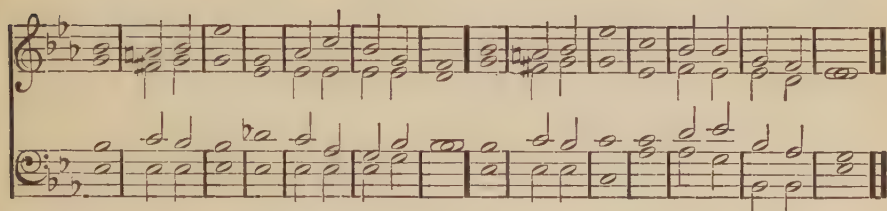
90

Calah, 1780.



91

Warren.



92

B. Tours.



Psalm cii.

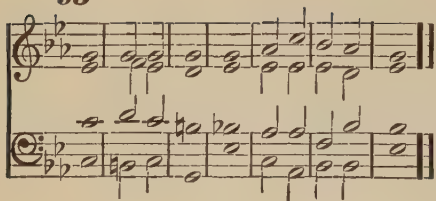
- 1 Praise the Lord | O my | soul : and all that is within me | praise His | holy | name.
- 2 Praise the Lord | O my | soul : and for- | get not | all His | benefits.
- 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin : and healeth all = | thine in- | firmities.
- 4 Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction : and crowneth thee with | mercy and |
loving | kindness.
- 5 O praise the Lord ye angels of His, ye that ex- | cel in | strength : ye that fulfil
His commandment, and harken unto the | voice = | of His | word.
- 6 O praise the Lord all | ye His | hosts : ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.
- 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all places of | His do- | minion :
praise thou the | Lord = | O my | soul.

ff Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost :
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever | shall be : world without | end = |
A = | men.

EVENING PRAYER.

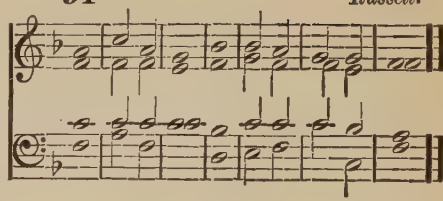
Nunc Dimittis.

93



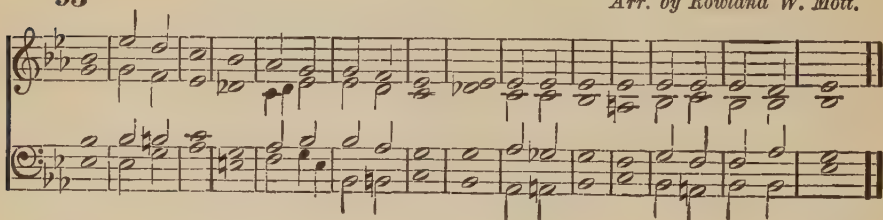
94

Russell.



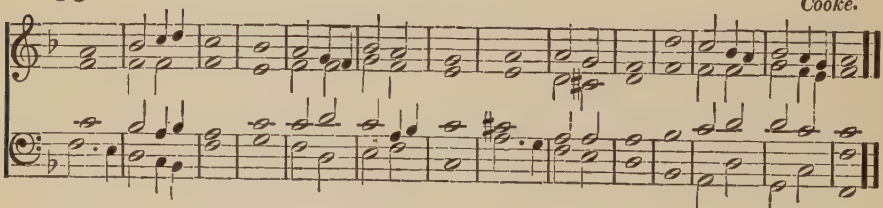
95

Arr. by Rowland W. Mott.



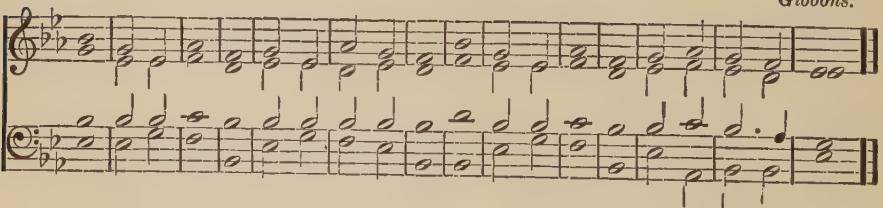
96

Cooke.



97

Gibbons.



St. Luke 2: 29.

- 1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant de-|part in|peace : ac-|cording|to Thy|
word.
- 2 For mine|eyes have|seen : Thy |sal=|va=|tion.
- 3 Which Thou|hast pre-|pared : before the|face of |all=|people.
- 4 To be a light to|lighten the|Gentiles : and to be the glory|of Thy|peo-ple|
Israel.
- ff* Glory be to the Father|and to the|Son : and|to the|Holy Ghost :
As it was in the beginning, is now, and|ever|shall be : world without|end=|
A=|men.

Special Anthems.

That may be sung or said at Morning Prayer, instead of the *Venite Exultemus*, on the following Days, when any of the Selections are used instead of the Psalter.

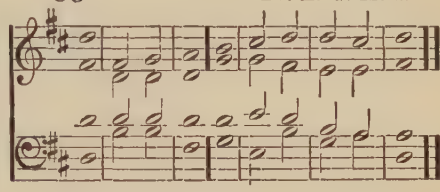
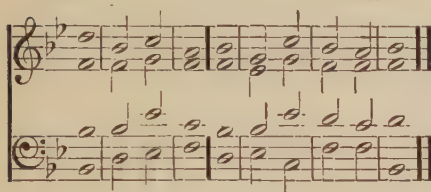
CHRISTMAS-DAY.

98

Dr. Arnold.

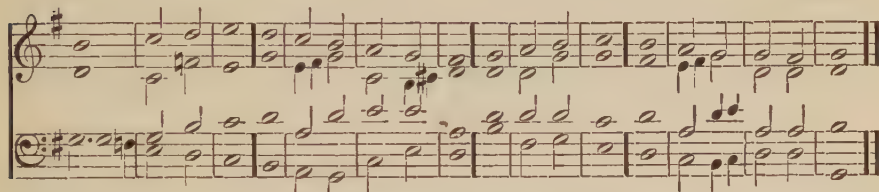
99

Dr. E. G. Monk.



100

R. Cooke.



From Psalms xlv, lxxxix, cx.

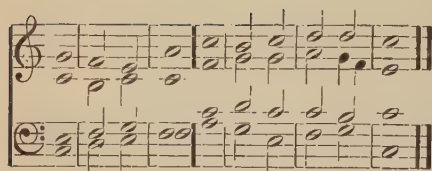
- 1 Thy seat O God, en-|dureth for|ever: || the sceptre of thy kingdom|is a|right =|sceptre.
- 2 Thou hast loved righteousness, and|hated in-|iquity: || wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of|gladness a-bove thy|fellows.
- 3 My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness|of the|Lord: || with my mouth will I ever be showing thy truth, from one generation|to an|o- =|ther.
- 4 For I have said, Mercy shall be set|up for|ever: || thy truth shalt thou|stablish|in the|heavens.
- 5 The Lord is|our de-|fence: || the Holy One of Isra el|is our|King.
- 6 Thou spakest sometime in visions unto thy|saints, and|saidst: || I have laid help upon One that is mighty, I have exalted One|chosen|out of the|people.
- 7 I will set his dominion|in the|sea: || and his|right hand|in the|floods.
- 8 And I will make|him my|first-born: || higher than the|kings =|of the|earth.
- 9 The Lord said unto|my =|Lord: || Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine|ene-|mies thy|footstool.
- 10 The Lord shall send the rod of thy power|out of|Sion: || be thou ruler, even in the midst a-|mong thine|ene-|mies.
- 11 In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee free-will offerings with an|holy|worship: || the dew of thy birth is of the|womb =|of the|morning.
- 12 The Lord swear, and will|not re-|pent: || thou art a Priest for ever after the order|of Mel-|chise-|dech.

Glory be to the Father,|and to the|Son: || and|to the|Holy|Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and|ever|shall be: || world without|end =|

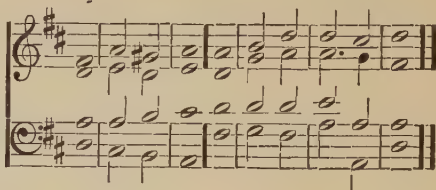
A =|men.

EASTER-DAY.

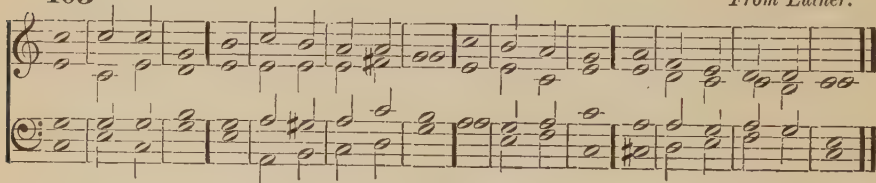
101

Dr. Stainer.

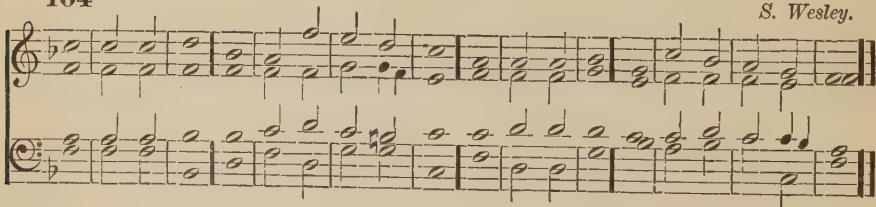
102

From Tomlinson.

103

From Luther.

104

S. Wesley.

- 1 Christ our Passover is | sacri-ficed | for us : || therefore | let us | keep the | feast ;
 2 Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice and | wickedness : ||
 but with the unleavened bread of sin-|cer-i|ty and | truth.
 3 Christ being raised from the dead, | dieth no | more : || death hath no more do-
 minion | o-ver | him.
 4 For in that he died, he died unto | sin = | once : || but in that he liveth, he |
 liv-eth | unto | God.
 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | un-to | sin : || but alive
 unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
 6 Christ is risen | from the | dead : || and become the first-|fruits of | them that |
 slept.
 7 For since by | man came | death : || by man came also the resur-|rection | of the |
 dead.
 8 For as in | Adam all | die : || even so in Christ shall | all be | made a-|live.
 Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son : and | to the | Ho-ly Ghost : ||
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be : || world without | end = |
 A = | men.

Burial of the Dead.

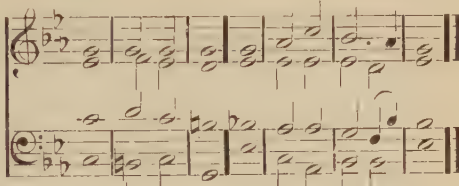
(One or both of the following Selections taken from the 39th and 90th Psalms.)

105

L. T. Downes.

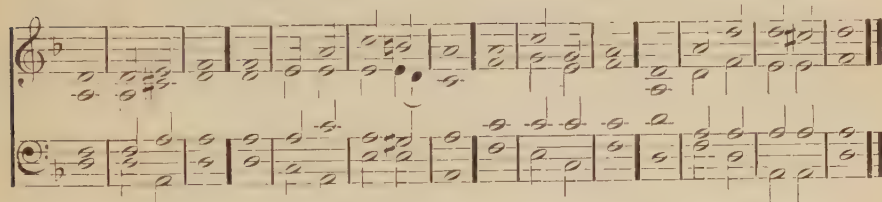
106

W. Felton.



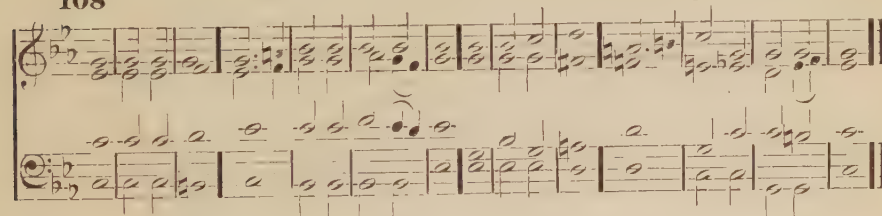
107

T. Morley.



108

J. Goss-Beethoven.



- 1 Lord, let me know mine end and the number | of my | days: that I may be certified how | long I | have to | live.
 - 2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span ' = | long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee and verily every man living is | alto- | gether | vanity.
 - 3 For man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth him- | self in | vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell | who shall | gather | them.
 - 4 And now Lord, what | is my | hope; truly my | hope is | even ' in' | thee.
 - 5 Deliver me from all | mine of- | fences: and make me not a re | buke ' = | unto ' the | foolish.
 - 6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin thou makest his beauty to consume away like as it were a moth | fretting ' a | garment: every man | therefore | is but | vanity.
 - 7 Hear my prayer. O Lord, and with thine ears con- | sider ' my | calling: hold not thy | peace = | at my | tears:
 - 8 For I am a stranger with thee | and a | sojourner: as | all my | fathers | were.
 - 9 O spare me a little that I may re | cover ' my strength: before I go hence | and be | no more | seen.
- Glory be to the Father | and ' to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end ' = | A ' = | men.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

109

L. T. Downes.

110

W. Felton.



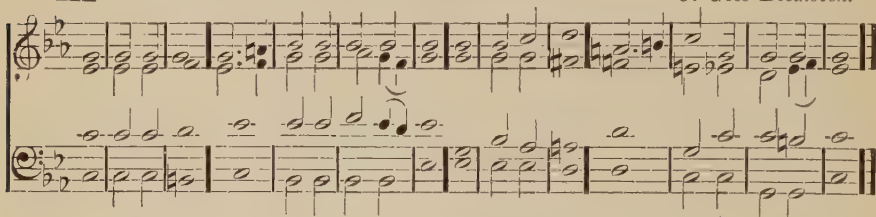
111

T. Morley.



112

J. Goss-Beethoven.



- 1 Lord, thóu hast | been our | refuge: from óne gener- | ation | to an- | other.
 2 Before the mountains were brought forth or ever the eárrth and the | world were || made: thou
 art God from everlásting and | world with- | out * = | end.
 3 Thou turnest mán | to de- | struction: again thou sayest, Cóme a- | gain ye | children * of |
 men.
 4 For a thousand years in thy sight are | but * as | yesterday: seeing that is pást as a | watch
 * = | in the | night.
 5 As soon as thou scatterest them they are éven | as a- | sleep: and fáde away sudden * ly | like
 the | grass.
 6 In the morning it is gréen and | groweth | up; but in the evening it is cut dówn | dried | up
 and | withered.
 7 For we consume away in | thy dis- | pleasure; and are afráid at thy | wrathful | indig- | nation.
 8 Thou hast sét our mis- | deeds be | fore thee: and our secret sins in the | light * = | of thy
 countenance.
 9 For when thou art angry, áll our | days are | gone; we bring our years to an end as it wére a
 | tale * = | that is | told.
 10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten and though men be so strong that they cóme
 to | fourscore | years: yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow so soon pásseth it
 a- | way and | we are | gone.
 11 O téach us to | number * our | days; that we may apply our | hearts * = || unto wisdom.
 Glory be to the Fáther | and * to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórlđ without | end * = | A * = | men.

HOLY COMMUNION.

113

Gloria Tibi. 114

ff Maestoso. *B. Tours.*

Glo-ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord.

Maestoso. *ff*

ff Maestoso. *B. Tours.* *poco rall.*

Glo-ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord.

Maestoso. *ff* *poco rall.*

115

Monk.

116

Tallis.

ff

Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord.

ff

Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord.

117

Garrett.

118

Dr. Hodges.

ff

Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord.

Ped. Ped.

Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord.

119

Pleyel.

120

Dykes.

ff

Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord.

f

Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord.

HOLY COMMUNION.

121

Fifth.

122

Short.

Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord.

Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord.

123

Trisagion.

MINISTER.

Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we

laud and magnify Thy glo-rious Name; evermore praising Thee, and saying,

FULL.

pp Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of hosts, heav'n and earth are full of Thy

p glo-ry, *f* Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord, most High. A-men.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Sanctus.

124

Sir G. J. Elvey.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God, Lord God of Hosts; Heav'n and

earth are full of the Ma-jes-ty, are full of the Ma-jes-ty of Thy glo-ry Glo-

- - ry be to Thee, O Lord, to Thee, O Lord Most High. A-men.

Gloria Patri.

125

H. W. Greatorex.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it

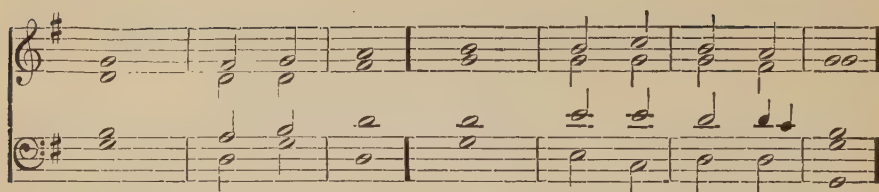
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, A - men.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Gloria in Excelsis.

126

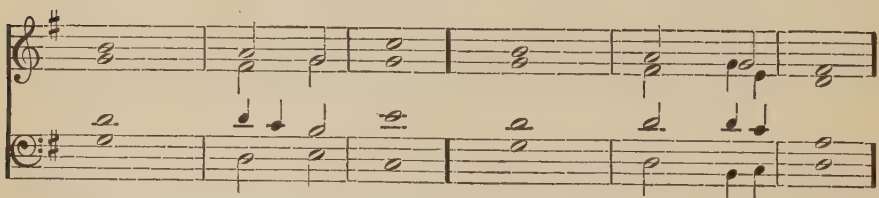
Old Chant.



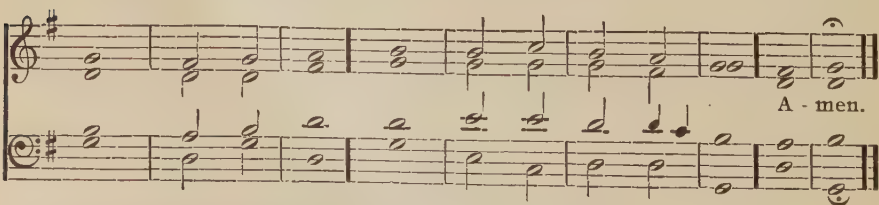
- 1 Glory be to|God on|high : || and on earth,|peace, good|will towards|men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we|worship|thee : || we glorify thee, we give
thanks to|thee for|thy great|glory.



- 3 O Lord God,|Heavenly|King : || God the|Father|Al—|mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son|Jesus|Christ : || O Lord God, Lamb of|God,
Son of the|Father.



- 5 That takest away the|sins of the|world : || have mercy|upon|us.
6 Thou that takest away the|sins of the|world : || have mercy|upon|us.
7 Thou that takest away the|sins of the|world : || re—|ceive our|prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of|God the|Father : || have mercy|up-on|us.

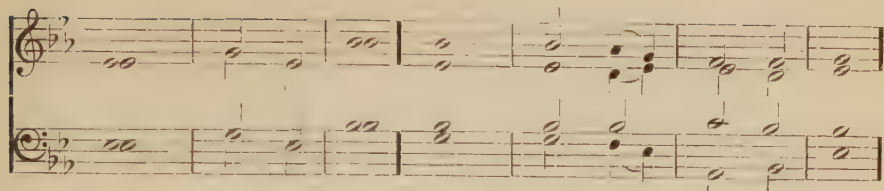


- 9 For thou only|art—|holy : || thou|only|art the|Lord.
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the|Holy|Ghost : || art most high in the|glory
of|God the|Father. Amen.

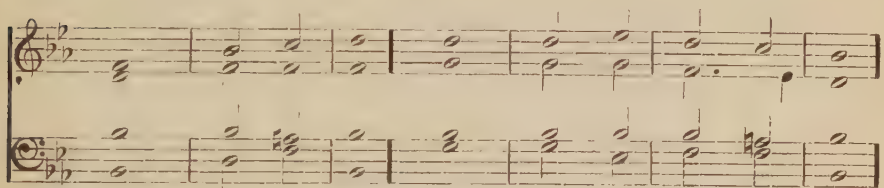
Gloria in Excelsis.

127

Ch. Zeuner.



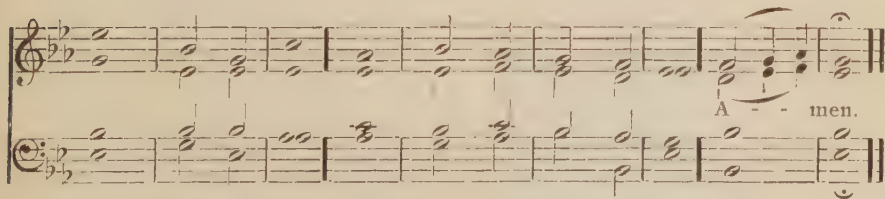
- 1 Glory be to|God on|high : and on earth,|peace, good|will towards|men.
2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we|worship|Thee : || we glorify Thee, we give
thanks to|Thee for|Thy great|glory.



- 3 O Lord God,|Heavenly|King : || God the|Father|Al—|mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son|Jesus|Christ : || O Lord God, Lamb of|God,
Son|of the|Father.



- 5 That takest away the|sins of the|world : || have mercy|upon|us.
6 Thou that takest away the|sins of the|world : || have mercy|upon|us.
7 Thou that takest away the|sins of the|world : || re—|ceive our|prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of|God the|Father : || have mercy|up-on|us.



- 9 For Thou only|art—|holy : || Thou|only|art the|Lord.
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the||Holy|Ghost : || art most high in the|glory
of God the|Father. Amen.

Appendix.

677 PATMOS. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.

H. J. STORER.

1. I heard a sound of voices A-round the great white throne,

With harp-ers harp-ing on their harps To Him that sat there-on:

"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - or!" I heard the song a - rise,

As thro' the courts of heav'n it rolled In wondrous har - mo - nies. A - men.

2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar.
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war.
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one grand triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
With jeweled diadem:

The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street:
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet.

4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light:
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.

Appendix.

5 O great and glorious vision!
 The Lamb upon His throne;
 O wondrous sight for man to see!
 The Saviour with His own:
 To drink the living waters
 And stand upon the shore,
 Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death,
 Shall ever enter more.

6 O Lamb of God who reignest!
 Thou Bright and Morning Star,
 Whose glory lightens that new earth
 Which now we see from far!
 O worthy Judge eternal!
 When Thou dost bid us come,
 Then open wide the gates of pearl,
 And call Thy servants home.

G. THRING.

678 REDEEMER. 8, 7, 8, 7.

THOMAS L. BERRY.



1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;



Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. A - men.



Copyright, 1919, by Thomas L. Berry.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing.
 Plead and calm my peace with God.

5 Here I find my hope of heaven.
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Loving much, and much forgiven.
 Let my heart o'erflow with praise

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
 Low before His cross to lie,
 While I see Divine compassion
 Pleading in His dying eye.

6 Lord, in loving contemplation
 Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
 Till I taste Thy full salvation,
 And Thine unveiled glories see.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death.

7 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
 For the griefs that wrought our peace:
 Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
 In my heart Thy love increase.

Rev. WALTER SHIRLEY.

Appendix.

679 MOUNT SION. C. M. D.

H. W. PARKER.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the

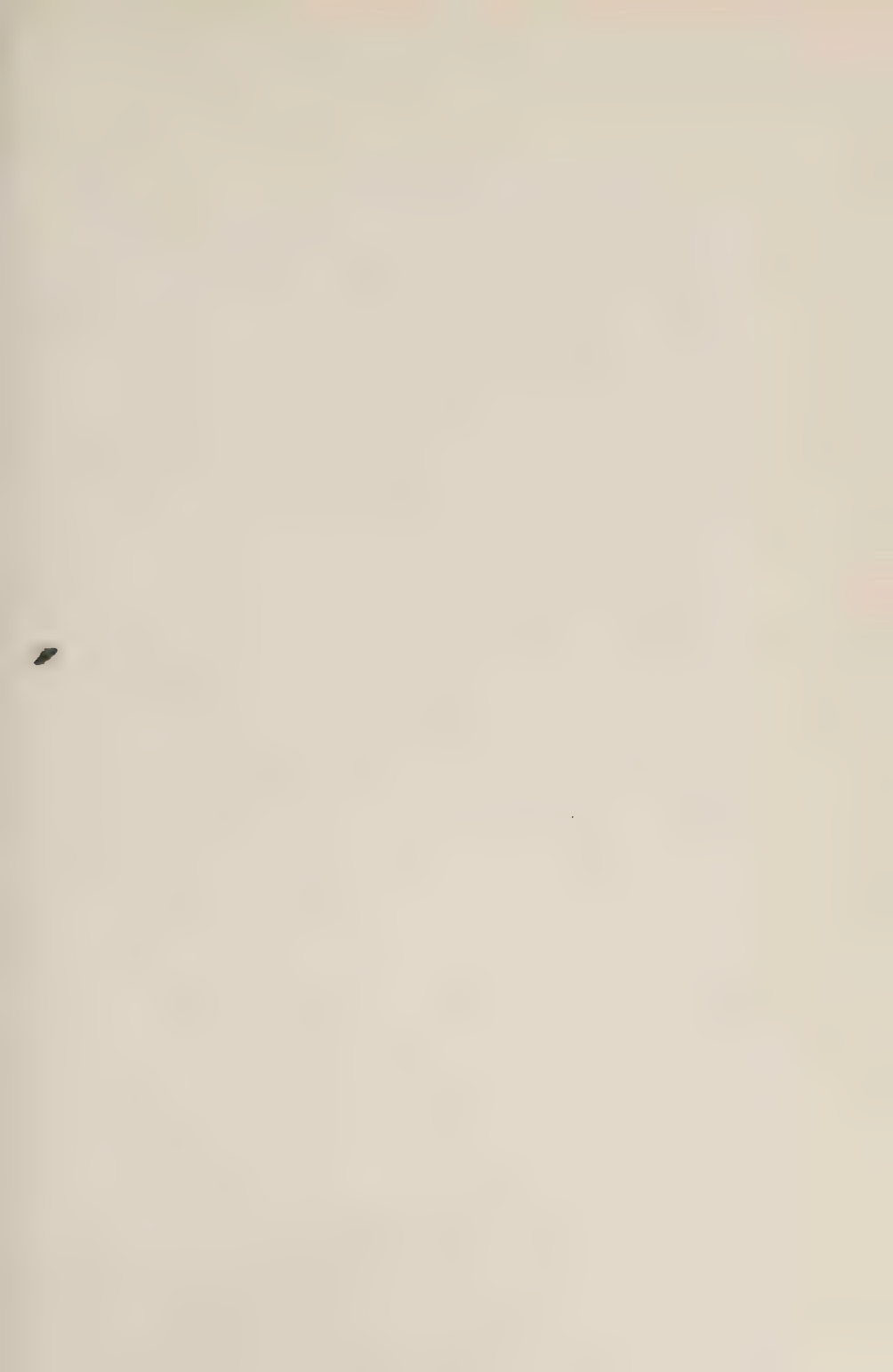
Lamb,..... And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His

Name?..... Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of

ease,.... While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas. Amen.

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
Thy glory shall be Thine.



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Reformed Episcopal church
Book of common praise

DATE

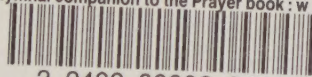
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